New York can be the next Pearl Harbor—by Ex-Secretary of War Patterson

Hearst's International Combined With

COSMOPOLITAN

OCTOBER 35¢

★ Edna Ferber

★ John Hersey

★ P. G. Wodehouse

★ Philip Wylie

★ Nelia Gardner White

★ Vincent Sheean

★ Mignon McLaughlin

★ Libbie Block

★ George Bradshaw

★ Plus a reprint of a classic novelette by

★ Ernest Hemingway

Once upon a lifetime color! Crimson riding in a golden coach

New

REVLON

"Cinderella's Pumpkin"

Lastron Nail Enamel
Lipstick
Fashion Plate Make-up

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Match Box Set—
Lastron Nail Enamel,
"All-Plus" Lipstick—
1.60 plus tax

Cinderella's was a magical pumpkin—remember? So don't expect to see *orange.* When Revlon works its color magic, it's *crimson riding in a golden coach* for matching lips and fingertips.

Change, change into beauty rich and strange . . . with "Cinderella's Pumpkin" in Revlon's new Lastron Nail Enamel that makes everything else seem obsolete! There's matching magic in Revlon Lipstick, Fashion Plate face make-up and face powder, too.

Revlon—creators of genius colors in make-up for well-dressed hands and face

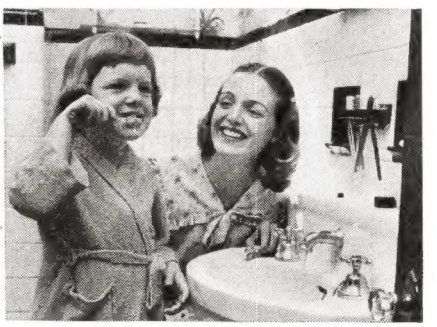
Perfect formation! At least, 3-year-old Bobbie thinks so. Look at his pleased-as-punch smile! Look at the sparkling smiles of *all* the McClains and you see why they use Ipana Tooth Paste—specially designed to help keep teeth sparkling bright. Dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 *for their own personal use,* a recent national survey shows!

Best way to guard against sunburn, Bobbie, Celeste and Robyn tell Daddy, is to cover up with sand. *Really* the best way to get a "model" smile is to remember what thousands of schools stress—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And firm healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth.

Model Mother...Model daughter... Model son, too!

Even father Roy McClain has a "model" smile, thanks to Celeste's model dental care.

"A good patient" is 5-year-old Robyn, who visits her dentist for regular check-ups on teeth and gums. If *your* gums flash a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist right away!* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."



Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. Correct massage is important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile—so important, in fact, that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey! *Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty.*

QUITE A FAMILY, the McClains of East Orange, New Jersey...

Mrs. Celeste McClain, Robyn and Bobbie are all Powers models, with (naturally!) "model" smiles. *Mr.* McClain is not a model (he's a department store executive) but his smile is a "model" one, too!

Actually, that's not surprising. Celeste has been modeling beachwear, furs and formal fashions for seven years, so she knows how important a sparkling smile can be. It's only natural, then, that she sees to it that her family safeguards its smiles by following the dental routine of so many successful models: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*

IPANA TOOTH PASTE for your Smile of Beauty

Product of Bristol-Myers

Picture of the Month

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"THE UNFINISHED DANCE"

with

MARGARET O'BRIEN

CYD CHARISSE • KARIN BOOTH

And Introducing

DANNY THOMAS

A HENRY KOSTER Production

PHOTOGRAPHED IN TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by MYLES CONNOLLY

Based on "La Mort Du Cygne" by PAUL MORAND

Directed by.....HENRY KOSTER

Produced by.....JOE PASTERNAK

We never cease to be amazed at Hollywood's constant quest and discovery of new stars, new stories, new excitements for the movie-loving millions.

Now, in "The Unfinished Dance"—a new and spectacular kind of Technicolor musical entertainment—M-G-M lifts the velvet curtain on a fascinating and hitherto little-known world: the back-stage of the ballet.

"The Unfinished Dance" presents talented Margaret O'Brien, in an amazing performance as a youthful dancing star.

"The Unfinished Dance" also presents at least two of tomorrow's most scintillating stars: Cyd Charisse and Karin Booth. With young Margaret and other exciting people, and breathtaking Technicolor settings, they reveal the joys and dreams and romances of a life you perhaps never knew existed.

This is the story of the most exquisite dancers in the world . . . and of a girl who wanted to become one of them. She had to decide between her idolatry of the reigning favorite and her hatred of the newcomer. With her hand on the switch of a hidden trap door, she had it in her power to end the brilliant career of a beautiful girl. Out of drama such as this, out of intrigue and romance and music, M-G-M has woven a really unusual film, brimming with emotion and beauty.

Director Henry Koster and Producer Joe Pasternak were entrusted with this production plum. We cry them "Bravo."

For a refreshingly and excitingly different kind of Technicolor musical, a combination of tense drama, exquisite spectacle and musical delight—see "The Unfinished Dance"!

Hearst's International combined with

Cosmopolitan

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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Lovely Hair!

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"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

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What's ? Going On

The provocative story on Page 42, "Welcome to Our City," is Edna Ferber's first magazine writing in several years. When we asked her why she had not been in print lately, she explained that during the war she found it difficult to work because she felt herself undergoing a radical change in her assessment of values. "I used to think pretty much in terms of black and white," she says. "Now there are more shadings in my thinking. I'm sure it will affect my future writing."

Miss Ferber hopes that her next job will be a play that will mark her first attempt at solo writing for the theater. She has turned out successful dramas in the past—such as the memorable comedy, "The Royal Family"—but always in collaboration. Her favorite collaborator is George S. Kaufman who also collaborates with Moss Hart, J. P. Marquand and Marc Connelly. "Our system was me at the typewriter and George pacing the carpet," Miss Ferber says. "When one of us thought of a line, we bounced it against the other like a sounding board. If it rang true, I typed it."

After the play, Miss Ferber wants to do a novel that is already well formed in her mind. Chances are she won't write it at her farm in Stepney, Connecticut, which seems like a logical place for such composition. "This business about writers working best in a woodland retreat is a lot of nonsense," she says. "The ideal place for work is a New York hotel room. On the farm, I am continually distracted. The gardener is always calling a conference about planting something. Or a cow is always having a calf."

Edna Ferber

In our July issue we published an interview with Laura Z. Hobson, the author of "Gentleman's Agreement." The report was written by Robert van Gelder and, in the course of it, he indirectly quoted Mrs. Hobson as remarking that it must be pretty dull these days to be a white Protestant American. It never occurred to van Gelder to indicate with quotation marks or by a qualifying adverb that Mrs. Hobson was being ironic when she made that crack. It never occurred to us, either, while we were editing the manuscript. We thought, like van Gelder, that the meaning was perfectly plain and needed no pointing up or underlining. Mrs. Hobson was merely saying, in a joshing way, that it must be dull to be a member of the racial and religious majority in this country because you don't face the problems that a member of a minority runs into every day.

But a lot of our readers took the sentence very literally and assumed that Mrs. Hobson, in using the phrase "white Protestant American," was throwing a low punch. She's been receiving indignant letters by the score on that count, and she wants you to know that she didn't mean it that way.

"The phrase, 'white Protestant American,'" writes Mrs. Hobson, "has been for years the very slogan and banner of all the Kluxers and Fronters, all the anti-Catholic, anti-Jewish, anti-Negro rabble-rousers in the land. Stated, as Mr. van Gelder stated it in his interview with me, baldly and dead-pan, without the identifying quotes around the phrase, it becomes as bigoted and idiotic a statement of prejudice as anything could be. From the author of a novel which attacks prejudice, it becomes ludicrous as well.

"I feel somewhat like George S. Kaufman when he asked at a bridge table, 'May I have a review of the bidding—with all the original inflections?' Even though he omitted the vital quotation marks, Mr. van Gelder might have added some indication of how I said it. 'Sardonically' or 'ironically' or 'with a rueful shake of her head.'

"For the unfortunate misinterpretation, I offer an apology to any reader—be he white or colored, Protestant, Catholic or Jewish—any reader who detests racial or religious prejudice and all the loaded phrases and hate words like 'white Protestant American.'"

We weren't able to conduct our customary interview with the cover girl this month. When we reached her (*Continued on page 14*)

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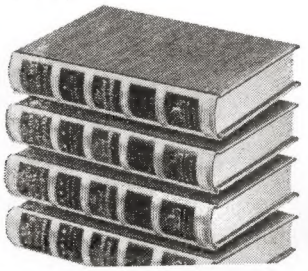

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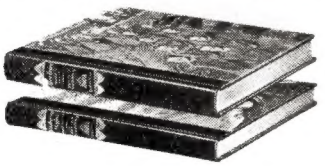

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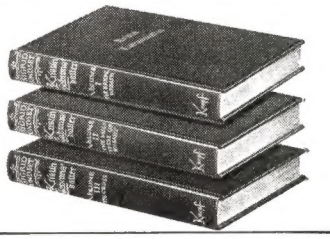

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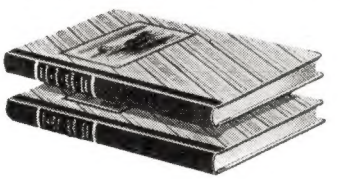

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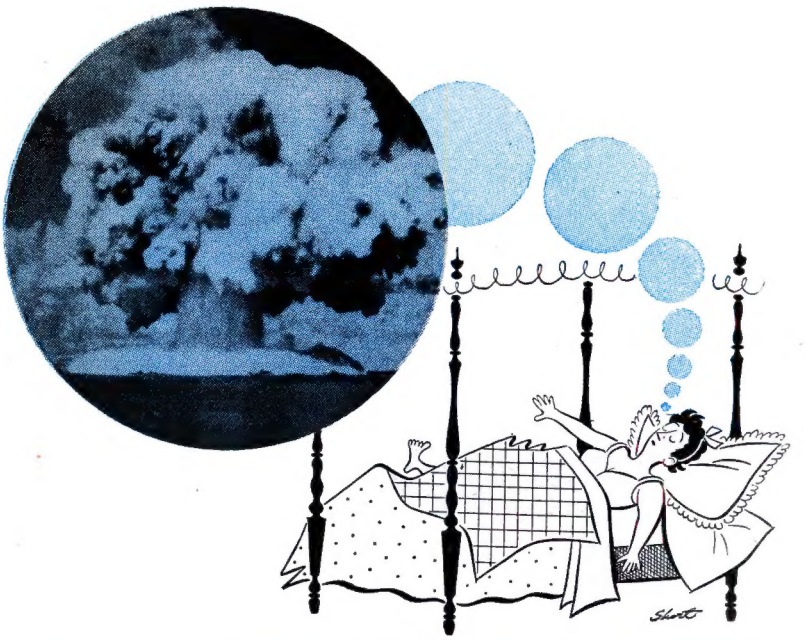

mrs. oberglock's dream

This one was of interest to the U. S. Army—definitely

It was early in 1945, and Dr. Arthur H. Compton had a great deal on his mind. The noted physicist had been exploding atoms at the University of Chicago, and now the world's most terrifying secret, known only as Manhattan Project, was under way. It was a lot to think about.

Nevertheless, busy Dr. Compton answered the telephone, though he'd never heard of Mrs. Oberglock. "I just had to call you," she said. "I had a dream."

"A dream, ah, yes."

"It seemed so real I had to call you. It was an atom bomb."

"A—a what?"

"You know, a bomb. Only this was made out of atoms that exploded all over. It was terrible. Thousands of people were killed. Do you know anything about such a bomb?"

Army intelligence agents sped to a South Side address.

Agent Hershel Oliff found Mrs. Oberglock calmly cooking oatmeal. She was delighted that the Army was interested in her dream. She had dreams all the time. The newspapers sometimes printed stories about them. Oh, yes, she always wrote to the papers about them. Sometimes there are good ideas in dreams. Like the atom bomb. May sound crazy. But the Army better look into it.

The Army would indeed look into it, Oliff assured her. But it must be secret. No talk about it. No letters to newspapers. Why not keep all her dreams secret from now on? Strictly between Mrs. Oberglock and the U. S. Army. Every morning Mrs. Oberglock was to telephone Oliff and tell him her dreams. She agreed.

And so every morning Oliff was awakened by Mrs. Oberglock who recited in detail everything she had just dreamed.

Then came the morning of August sixth and Hiroshima. Oliff didn't wait for Mrs. Oberglock's call. Instead he called her. "Did you see the papers this morning?"

"Why, no."

"Hurry out and get one right away. And good-by, Mrs. Oberglock—good-by—and happy dreams!"

by Ralph Wheelwright

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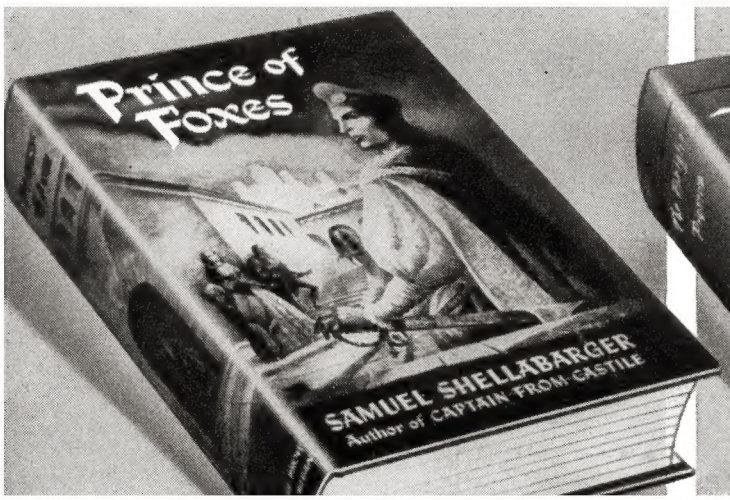

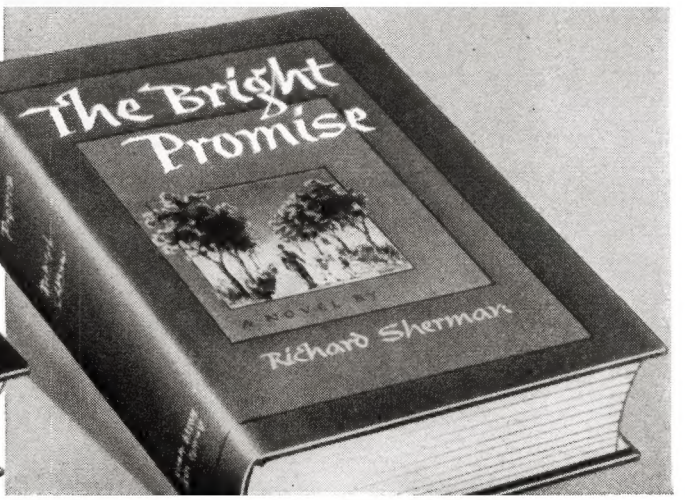

PRINCE OF FOXES *By Samuel Shellabarger*

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An old and harmless husband
A handsome, unscrupulous rake
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She was the big boss
He was her right hand man
He was attractive—she, glamorous
—MAKING LOVE TO HER WAS PART OF HIS JOB!

The President closed the banks on their wedding day, and they had just $4.00 in cash and one job between them! But they loved each other—and love always finds a way. Yet when fantastic success came to him, something went desperately wrong. His "boss" was a glamorous, ambitious woman who knew what she wanted and usually got it . . . and Lyle found part of his job was making love to her! Here is a deeply-moving novel about the years we all remember—about people we know, about those strange human emotions that affect us all. Publisher's price is $2.75, but you may have *your* copy of this sensational best-seller in the special Literary Guild edition for only $2.00—and with it your copy of "Prince of Foxes" absolutely FREE, by joining the Literary Guild *now.*

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Lovilla Bush

The Cosmopolite of the Month

Louis Bromfield calls her "my perpetual dream girl." She always knotted H. L. Mencken's bow tie before he went out for the evening. Although he knew that she never drinks, Robert Benchley once presented her with two cases of liquor. (It was the nicest compliment he could think of.) It was John Gilbert who first reached across the desk and kissed her, a custom which has since become as traditional as the kissing of the Blarney Stone.

"I have been kissed by the best of them," says Lovilla Bush, telephone operator for the past thirty-five years at The Algonquin, that famed hotel in New York which serves as a headquarters for actors and writers, and their producers, editors, agents and assorted hangers-on. A list of Miss Bush's intimate friends reads like a Who's Who of the Arts.

Bushy—the nickname was bestowed upon her by John Drew, uncle of the Barrymores—listens to their troubles, gives them advice and takes no nonsense. A movie star or a novelist will call her in the morning and ask for orange juice and coffee. "That's not enough to keep a bird alive," she says. "I'm sending eggs, too." She sends them, and he eats them.

Although she probably receives tickets to more first nights than any other New Yorker outside of the Critic's Circle, Bushy rarely goes to the theater.

"This hotel," she says, "is more fun than most of the plays I've seen."

before a girl marries...

You're on the go...you're doing so much, there's little time to dream. But you do...don't you? You dream of him and what a wonderful husband he'll be. You dream of making him proud of his home...as proud as you both were today when you bought your first Gorham Sterling place-settings.

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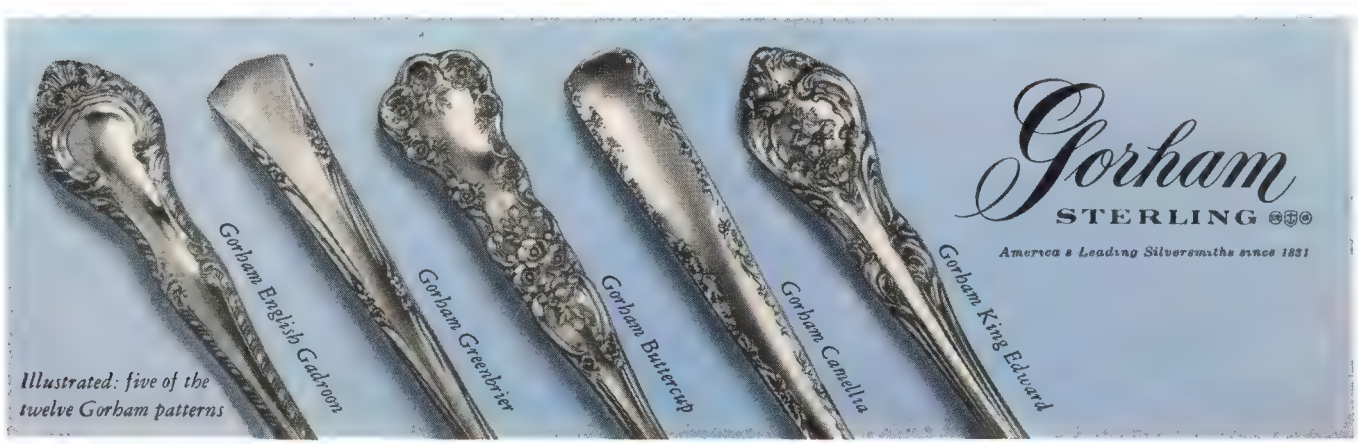

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HOW-TO FOR YOU, TOO ISSUE

How to Be a Teacher

The one teacher we know stands five foot one in her bobby socks. And, to look at her, you can't imagine her saying boo to a butterfly, unless the butterfly started something.

Yet she maintains complete control over the thirteen-year-old (or incarnate fiends from Tophet) group at her school. Does a magnificent job with them, too. When asked for her secret by your tireless correspondents, she said:

"The whole thing is to get on top right away. The day your first class troops in, *don't* look up to see what *they* are like. Make them wonder what you are like. Let them think you know already what *they* are like and aren't a bit worried about it. Have a pencil and paper and be writing something. Look up suddenly and say 'Take your seats, children.'

"I try to appear like an adult, who is naturally not scared of a bunch of silly children. Then I say, 'I will now call the roll. Please answer to your names, and each of you stand up so I can know you. Adams!' The Adams brat will stand up. If he says 'Here' you say to him, 'In this class, answer "Present."' If he happens to say 'Present' tell him and the rest that we say 'Here.'

"After that, all you have to do is teach them their lessons, which most of them can learn, and you can go back to being your own most likable self. Silly as the act may sound, it must be right. Those terrible kids like me, and I love those terrible kids."

How to Feed a Child

Several young mothers had gathered together at one end of the living room, the way young mothers do at a party. And to hear them, you got the idea that luring a youngster into eating three meals a day required all the artifices in the repertoire of a lady spy working on the Admiral of the Ruritania Navy.

A young man weaved over to the group, clutching his third highball. He had no medical training (he's in the automobile-accessories game), no children, nephews or nieces. Not even a wife.

He listened gravely for a moment to one account of little William, a Pablumphobe. Then he stated, "I can take any kid, any kid at all, and I can make him eat like a wolf."

There was an indignant silence.

"Precisely how would you achieve this miracle?" said William's mother.

"I would simply offer him too little food, and I would not ask him to eat it."

This time the silence was a shocked one, and even more hostile.

"And what, may I inquire," said another young matron frostily, "qualifies you as an authority on this, Ernest?"

"I qualify because I now weigh one hundred and ninety-two pounds," said Ernest. "Whenever a hostess hands me a plate I eat everything on it. I'll even eat the hostess's arm off to the elbow, too, if she'll put mustard on it. But up to the age of fourteen I was a spindly lad who did all his eating under protest.

"My aunt, who brought me up, was one of those women who is always begging men and boys to eat more than their stomachs can hold. If I didn't eat, she pleaded. If I did eat, I was urged to try a tiny bit more. Gradually I got the idea that eating is only one more of the unpleasant things that adults insist on, like washing behind the ears, or homework. Countless other children have the same idea. The ones with spirit rebel. I was one of them."

The young matrons looked at one another guiltily.

"Have another drink, Ernest," one said. "What happened?"

"I was (*Continued on page 202*)

BY JACK GOODMAN AND FRED SCHWED, JR.

HEADACHE
UPSET STOMACH
JUMPY NERVES
TAKE FAMOUS
BROMO-SELTZER
RELIEF!
For three-way relief from headache, upset stomach and jumpy nerves . . . take Bromo-Seltzer. It fights ordinary headache three ways:
1. Relieves pain of headache
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Simply put teaspoonful in a glass and add water. Bromo-Seltzer effervesces with split-second action . . . ready to go to work at once. Caution: Use only as directed.
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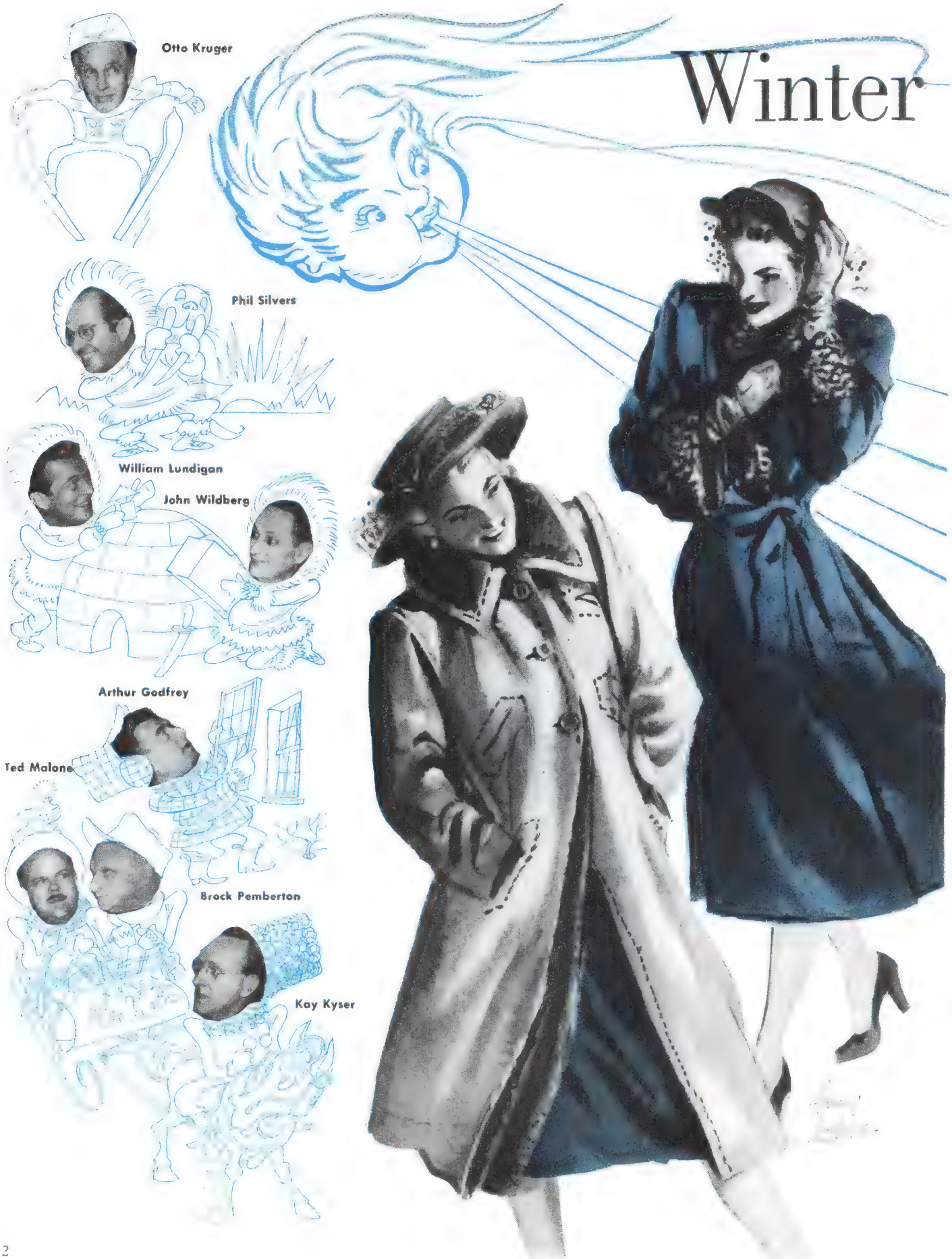

Otto Kruger
Phil Silvers
William Lundigan
John Wildberg
Arthur Godfrey
Ted Malone
Brock Pemberton
Kay Kyser

Warning

by Hinda Gould

Cosmopolitan's Male-tested Fashions

When the mercury starts its downward slide, most of us like to think, ostrich-like, of the pleasanter moments of summer, instead of projecting our thoughts into the winter season. To help jolt our readers into thinking of colder days ahead we gathered a carload of deeply piled and fur-trimmed coats and unwrapped them this month before an all-star cast of male eagle eyes at the Stork Club.

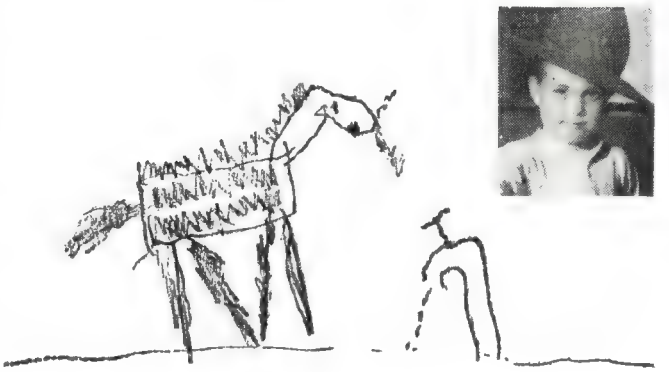
"All my life I have wanted to be judge at a fashion show," Arthur God.rey mourned. "Finally I get my chance, and what do they show me—winter coats, buttoned to the chin."

"Between the collars and the hats there's plenty to see," comedian Phil Silvers responded in obvious compliment to our models.

The first group of models to pass before the judges' bench wore simple, untrimmed sport coats, best suited for country and campus wear. Two tweeds, a chesterfield (*Continued on page 196*)

(Continued from page 4)

on the phone at her home in Scarsdale, New York, she explained breathlessly that she couldn't make it that day or any day the following week. Being a hard person to discourage, where cover girls are concerned, we wanted to know just how soon we could see her. "Oh," she said, "maybe in a year and a half or two years." She went on to explain that she was catching a boat to South America in two hours and that she was going to get married to a man in Venezuela who works for an oil company down there. So we take this opportunity of wishing Mr. and Mrs. James Fletcher Chace (the former Jean Garver) the best of luck and lots of happiness. Mrs. Chace has quit the modeling business, naturally, so this is probably the last time her likeness will ever appear on a magazine cover.



Tom Lovell's four-year-old son, David, does an illustration. "This is a horse drinking at a faucet," he says. "See the drips?"

Proving something or other about heredity, we reproduce, on this page, the first illustration from the pencil of David Lovell, four-year-old son of Tom Lovell, the famed illustrator whose current assignment for Cosmopolitan is the Lionel Shapiro serial, "The Sealed Verdict." Tom thinks David shows promise as an artist, but David, at the moment, is thinking of being an automobile mechanic when he grows up. He'd rather collect old spare parts of trucks and sedans than play with toys. He has one great desire in life—he wants somebody to open a garage and service station across the road from the Lovell home in Westport, Connecticut.

Not many readers realize the time and work that go into the construction of a personality article for a modern magazine, like Maurice Zolotow's study of Jack Benny which appears on Page 48. There was a day when such an assignment could be handled satisfactorily by interviewing the subject for an hour, but that day seems to be over. Zolotow spent seven weeks doing research for the Benny article and one week writing it. He started working on it in New York and then traveled to Waukegan, Illinois, the scene of Benny's childhood, and to Hollywood, where Benny now lives and does his radio show. He interviewed Benny himself several times, the longest session lasting for fifteen straight hours on a train traveling from Los Angeles to Chicago. "I met Benny for breakfast in the diner," Zolotow says, "and I stayed with him until around midnight. It left me limp and Benny even limper." Zolotow also sat in on one of Benny's ultra-private Saturday-afternoon story conferences. The only other outsider who was ever admitted to one of these sessions was Fred Allen.

To get the rest of his material on Benny, Zolotow interviewed Fred Allen, Barbara Stanwyck, George Burns, Danny Kaye, Bill Goetz (of the Universal-International studios), Michael Curtiz (the movie director), Alexis Smith, Goodman Ace (the radio writer and producer), Walter Bunker (another radio producer), Julius H. Sinykin (a boyhood chum of

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in RHYTHM STEP alligator-grain calfskins
to wit: ruby, emerald, sapphire, topaz, jet! Hidden treasure in
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Benny in Waukegan), E. Beloin (a former Benny radio writer who now writes for Bing Crosby), Mary Livingston, Dennis Day, Phil Harris, Don Wilson and Rochester, Steve Hannagan (Benny's public relations advisor) and several people in Hannagan's office, Bob Wachsman (a former press agent for Benny), Jeanne Eymann (Benny's script secretary), Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzar and John Tackaberry (the writers of Benny's radio show), a man at the Warner Brothers studio who used to work for Benny but whose name Zolotow does not recall, Herb Stein (a former columnist for the Hollywood Reporter) and several other people in California and New York whose names Zolotow can't recall, either. There was only one person whom Zolotow wanted to ask about Benny but didn't. This was a radio writer who did Benny's scripts in the early days. The radio writer said he wouldn't talk to Zolotow unless Zolotow agreed to split with him, fifty-fifty, the money that Cosmopolitan paid for the article. Zolotow tried to explain that the article was about Benny, not about the radio writer himself, and that the radio writer was only one of many people he was seeking to interview. The radio writer was unimpressed. "I can give you so much inside stuff," he said, "you won't need to talk to anybody else."

Philip Wylie, the iconoclast who tears into the tradition of America's love for children on Page 26, is working

Philip Wylie

on a series of his inimitable essays of social criticism which will appear regularly in Cosmopolitan. We were discussing with him the possibility of writing one of the essays on the subject of income taxes. We said we doubted whether any American ever lost his incentive to work because of taxes. If such a man existed, we said, we'd certainly like to have a look at him. Wylie, who has turned his back on the gold in Hollywood to spend most of his time these days building a rock garden in Rushford, New York, stared at us ominously. "You are looking at one right now," he said.

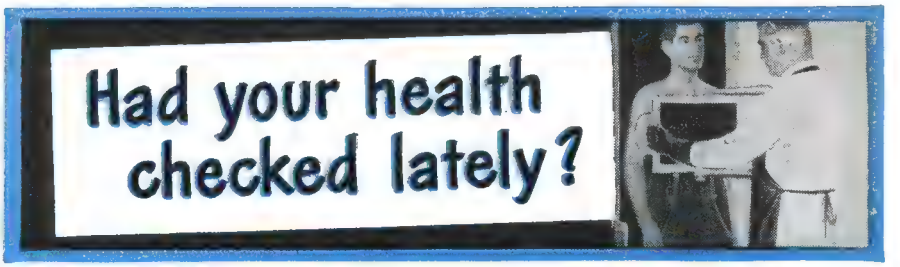
One of our editors came to work this morning complaining because he had not slept, as usual. He lives on Fifty-fourth Street, just across the way from one of New York's busiest night clubs. The arriving and departing guests make such a racket that he never gets a minute's rest from midnight on.

"Last night I threw water out the window," he complained, "but it didn't do any good."

We asked why didn't it.

"It was raining," he said.

THE END



Q. Why see a doctor when you're well?

A. Health is more than an absence of disease. A medical examination permits your physician to determine whether you are as healthy as you can be, *and should be*, to live and work at your best. Or if you are below par, the doctor can often catch and correct trouble *before* a breakdown occurs. Most people should have such examinations once a year. In certain cases, and for people over 65, more frequent checkups may be desirable.

Q. Are "Fifth Column" diseases threatening you?

A. Diseases such as high blood pressure, cancer, tuberculosis, heart ailments, and diabetes may develop to a dangerous state without any warning symptoms. But they can be detected by your physician, helped, when necessary, by blood tests, urinalysis, X-ray, fluoroscope, electrocardiograph, or other diagnostic aids. Annual examinations will usually lead to the discovery of "fifth column" diseases *in their early stages*, when modern medical science can do most to control or cure them.

Q. What about your daily living habits?

A. As part of your physical examination, the physician will probably check your daily living habits. He may ask about the amount and kinds of food you eat, whether you are getting sufficient rest and exercise, or how you use your leisure time. Knowing your daily habits and your attitude toward life may enable him to advise and guide you to better mental and physical health. By faithfully following his instructions you can do a lot to help assure yourself a longer, happier life.

To help you protect your health by observing sensible habits and simple precautions, Metropolitan has prepared a leaflet on selecting foods and one on general health habits as related to age. Write for free leaflets 107-B.

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TO YOUR GOOD HEALTH

WHAT'S NEW IN THE FIELD OF MEDICINE

A NEW ECZEMA treatment, simply using fat to supplement the diet, benefits most cases in infants under two and clears up the skin condition in many older children and adults. One to two ounces of fresh lard are given daily, either alone, as a spread, or mixed with sugar or peanut butter. In some cases, raw linseed oil or corn oil is also used.

NIGHT-CRAMP SUFFERERS can now get quick relief. The cramps in the arms or legs—sometimes brought about by diabetes, varicose veins, pregnancy or blockage of deep veins in the leg—may be promptly stopped with quinine sulphate taken under doctor's direction.

UNBEARABLE PAIN may now be relieved by a simple, safe operation. Not a painkiller itself, the operation involves the severing of certain brain nerve paths, relieves the terror associated with pain and thereby makes it bearable. The technique has been used successfully to help patients with late cancer, others with excruciatingly painful tabes (a late stage of syphilis) and even those with mentally caused distress.

A NEW DRUG, TRIDIONE, has been used successfully for children suffering from spastic cerebral palsy, the condition in which they stumble about because of brain injury at birth. Working in sixty-five percent of cases, the drug quiets the children, permits them to move more normally.

SIMPLY BY EXCLUDING milk and milk products from the diet, forty-two of sixty-seven patients were completely relieved within two days of chronic diarrhea which had followed dysentery infection or common food poisoning. The milk-free diet, which excluded butter, cheese, cream, ice cream and chocolate and prescribed milk-free bread and cake, worked in cases which had been hospitalized for as long as ten months and in which all other treatment had failed.

PEOPLE WITH circulation disorders are being helped by a new drug called priscol. Taken by mouth, it relaxes the arteries, lowers blood pressure and increases the heart's ability to pump more blood. Its use results in a marked warming of hands and feet.

A SINGLE INJECTION of a drug called khellin has brought complete and long-time relief to forty-one of forty-five sufferers from bronchial asthma. While khellin's action is not as prompt as that of adrenalin or ephedrine, the usual remedies, it is more lasting and, because it has no effect on blood pressure, can even be given to very weak patients.

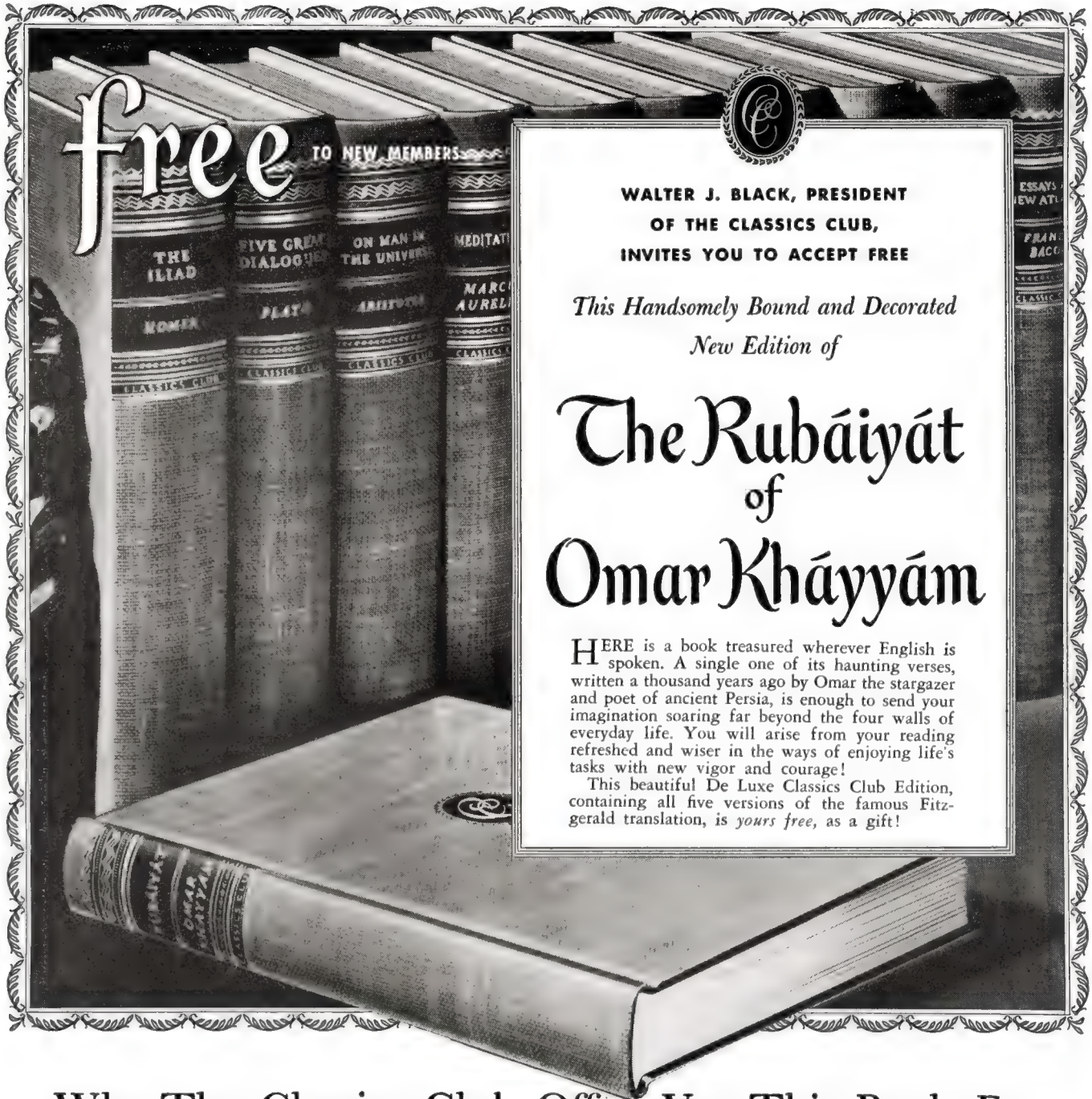
NITROGEN MUSTARD, the war gas, has shown good results in half the cases of lung cancer on which it has been used. The gas causes the cancer to get smaller and the condition to improve at least temporarily.

Medicines mentioned in this column should be used only on the advice of a physician

By LAWRENCE GALTON

★

Due to popular demand, this column will be expanded to a full page or more, beginning next month



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Mrs. } .....
Miss } (Please print plainly)

Address .....
Zone No.
City.....(if any).... State.....

Interview with a best-selling author:

Thomas B. Costain

by Robert van Gelder

For thirty years Thomas B. Costain, author of that current best seller, "The Moneyman," spent five or six days each week listening to authors talk about their work.

"I'd sit with their manuscripts before me and tell them, briefly, what I thought should be done. And then they'd tell me why it hadn't been done, or what they wanted to do, and so on. I like authors. I can say of one after another, 'He's a prince of a fellow,' and mean it. But all my life, I'd wanted to be an author; I'd wanted to be on the other side of the desk talking about *my* work. Finally, when I was fifty-five years old, I moved half over.

"For five years, I was a half-time editor and a half-time author. Now, since January, 1946, I've waked each morning to the thought that all that day I need talk to no one about any work except, possibly, my own. The appointment pad is blank. When the telephone rings, it's news."

"You don't miss the contacts, the stir of a lot of people around?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I had built up," he said carefully, "a certain distaste for opening another man's manuscript. I'm happy to give up all that goes with that."

He remains a non-bubbler; by old habit, he is more listener than talker, a practiced listener who rarely nods or smiles and yet gives no impression of being bored. He talks in short takes, with many pauses to let his companion get a word in, which is not a trait common in his trade. He is tall, has been white-headed for twenty-five years. He lives the year 'round in the Berkshires of Northern Connecticut.

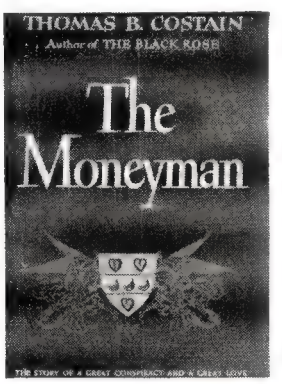
"I write by hand so rapidly and so badly—one letter and a dash is my idea of a word—that after I've put down three or four hundred words, I must shift to the typewriter and decode before I forget what I've said."

He turns out two or three thousand words in a morning, usually rewrites twice. "The afternoons are something of a problem. All the neighbors work in the afternoons—there is no possibility of bridge. I go for walks."

When in New York, he spends most of his time in the public library making notes, he said. "I make hundreds of notes but have no good way of organizing them, so I can't always locate them when I need them. I always mean to organize them better. There's nothing I enjoy more, though, than making notes."

He agreed that the life of the historical novelist is particularly happy because of the note-taking. The novelist dealing with today must work or endure frustration, cursing himself as lazy and worthless; the historical novelist always can make notes and feel that he has put in a good day and deserves his dinner. In general, historical novelists turn to the bottle less often than do the more nerve-racked portrayers of the current scene. Costain remarked that he has been on the wagon most of his life and that he recently succeeded in giving up cigarettes.

"I tried working with an empty pipe in my teeth. That didn't help much, but I found that if I always had (*Continued on page 201*)



The latest Costain historical novel concerns a fifteenth-century Frenchman who originated the chain-store idea.

A real old-fashioned hitching post

WE PUT the four red roses and the cocktail on this old-fashioned hitching post to make it an even more delightful symbol of welcome for arriving guests.

For there's nothing quite so heart-warming as an Old Fashioned made with that matchless whiskey—Four Roses.

That's because Four Roses has a special, distinctive flavor all its own—rich, velvety-smooth, and satisfying—a flavor that's *different* from that of any other whiskey you've ever tasted.

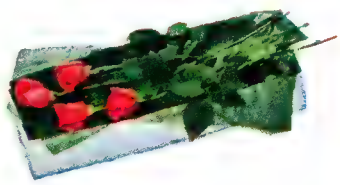
We wish you'd get some Four Roses today. At the very first sip you'll see what we mean. Try it, won't you?

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York

FOUR ROSES



AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

A LESSON IN FAMILY FUN!

"fresh up" with Seven-Up!

WORK AND PLAY TOGETHER
BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

The millions of "fresh up" families share their pleasures. One of these is crystal-clear 7-Up. Clean-tasting 7-Up with its merry sparkle and fresh flavor pleases everyone of every age.

Be a "fresh up" family. Let a "fresh up" with 7-Up add to *your* family fun. Order where you see those friendly 7-Up signs displayed.

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YOU LIKE IT···IT LIKES YOU!

a noted professional photographer's favorite Color photo

My favorite color photo changes from time to time, with the spirit of the country. Right now, for instance, I think America is restless, the people are on the move—westward, most of them—and they are moving leisurely and in comfort. So this roadside scene is my current favorite because it reflects that mood.

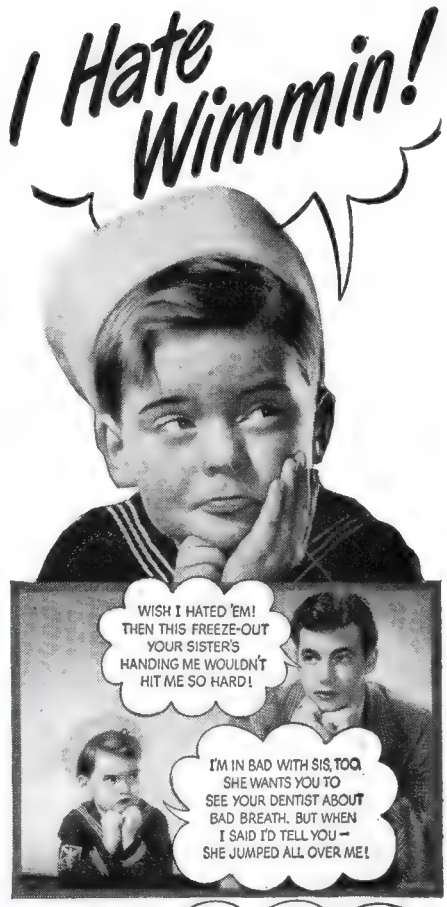
Heading for California, this family has taken time out for a rather bountiful lunch in a shady spot alongside an Indiana highway.

This group is typical of hundreds who, with wartime restrictions lifted, have hitched up their trailers and hit the road. Some of them are on vacation, but many are moving permanently. They all have their reasons, and most of them add up to postwar restlessness.

To take this picture I used a Speed Graphic camera and Kodachrome daylight film.

The extreme depth of focus was obtained by using a Schneider wide-angle lens stepped down to f.16. No filter was necessary.

By Robert L. Purdy


I Hate Wimmin!
WISH I HATED 'EM! THEN THIS FREEZE-OUT YOUR SISTER'S HANDING ME WOULDN'T HIT ME SO HARD!
I'M IN BAD WITH SIS, TOO. SHE WANTS YOU TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH. BUT WHEN I SAID I'D TELL YOU — SHE JUMPED ALL OVER ME!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth —helps clean out decaying food particles— stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"
LATER- Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
HER KID BROTHER'S TIP-OFF SHOWED ME HOW TO GET THE TREATMENT I'M GETTING NOW!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

DOCTORS PROVE

2 out of 3 women can have

Lovelier Skin in 14 days!

"Woe was me!" says Ina Gardy of Philadelphia. "I was so ashamed of my dull, coarse-looking complexion! I was just about ready to hide. Then suddenly, I had a chance to try the Palmolive Plan, under a doctor's supervision.

"Naturally, I jumped at it! Altogether, 1285 women made the test. We were all ages, from 15 to 50. Some of us had dry skins; some oily; some just fair-to-middling. My group reported to a leading Philadelphia skin specialist. After a careful examination, he gave us the Palmolive Plan to use at home for 14 days.

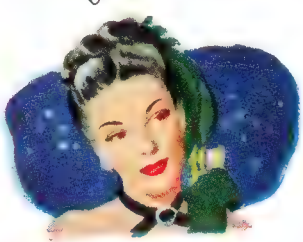
DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

"Here's all you do: Wash your face with Palmolive Soap. Then, for 60 seconds, massage with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this 3 times a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage brings you Palmolive's full beautifying effect. After 14 days, my doctor agreed my complexion was smoother, fresher, less dull-looking! See what the Palmolive Plan can do for *you!*"

You, too, may look for these Skin improvements in only 14 days!

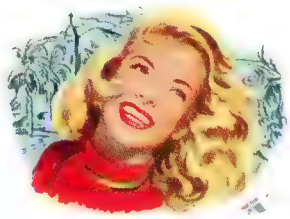
Less oily—clearer

"Less oily," reports Florence Kilgallen of New York. Excessive oiliness often leaves skin blotchy-looking—robs it of that clear, lovely look. The Palmolive Plan brought real gains to 89% of the women with oily skin!



Less coarse-looking—smoother

"Skin less coarse-looking in 14 days!" reports Imogene Lindsay of Seattle. The 36 doctors reported almost two-thirds of all the women tested had smoother—actually finer looking skin! See what Palmolive can do for *you!*



Fewer tiny blemishes

Tiny blemishes—small blackheads due to improper cleansing respond to the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. "My skin improved a lot," says Bertha Granger of Los Angeles. Over half the 1285 women tested got clearer skin!

Fresher, brighter color

"Skin brighter, actually less sallow!" says Marjorie Frerks of Chicago, after testing the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. The 36 doctors report this same improvement for 2 skins out of 3. Start your Palmolive Plan today!

P.S. **For Tub** **For Shower** **get the New, Big, Thrifty** **Bath Size Palmolive!**

Wake up again, America

NEW YORK CAN BE THE NEXT PEARL HARBOR!

Wake up again, America! New York can be the next Pearl Harbor!

Or Pittsburgh, where they make the steel. Or Detroit, where tanks and airplane engines are built in wartime. Or Washington, where a properly placed annihilation weapon could wipe out the men who run the government.

Members of Congress, leaders of state, can make endless speeches debating whether we will or won't be attacked. They did that before Pearl Harbor. It didn't mend a shattered bone or staunch an ounce of blood when the enemy struck. It never will.

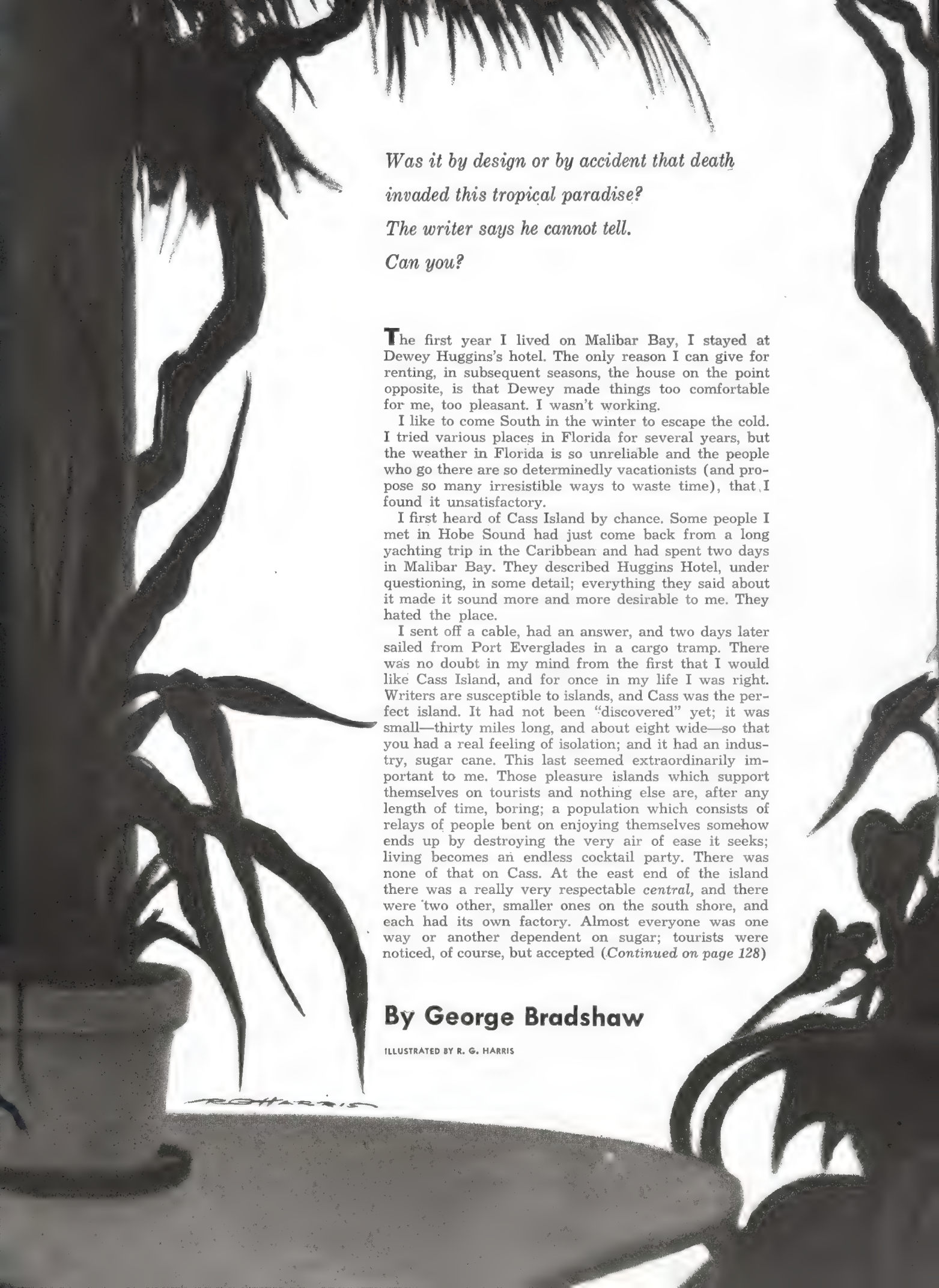
Even after the lessons we should have learned at Pearl Harbor, we have no specific, detailed plans for civilian defense today against sudden attack. Early study toward this program was carried out some time ago, but the final blueprint has not been drawn. This must be done without further delay. The plan must be comprehensive. Proper dispersement of industry, facilities for emergency treatment and for the wounded must be worked out. Arrangements must be laid down for the evacuation of inhabitants from any wrecked area. The time has come for the Army, collaborating with other government departments, to put down the plan on paper and hand it to the President. We don't know when we'll have to use it, but if and when the time comes, (*Continued on page 198*)

By Robert Patterson

FORMER UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF WAR

Montage by Pinto-Wide World

The island of lost dreams
It didn't occur to me until later that Dewey might have seen them in each other's arms.



Was it by design or by accident that death invaded this tropical paradise? The writer says he cannot tell. Can you?

The first year I lived on Malibar Bay, I stayed at Dewey Huggins's hotel. The only reason I can give for renting, in subsequent seasons, the house on the point opposite, is that Dewey made things too comfortable for me, too pleasant. I wasn't working.

I like to come South in the winter to escape the cold. I tried various places in Florida for several years, but the weather in Florida is so unreliable and the people who go there are so determinedly vacationists (and propose so many irresistible ways to waste time), that I found it unsatisfactory.

I first heard of Cass Island by chance. Some people I met in Hobe Sound had just come back from a long yachting trip in the Caribbean and had spent two days in Malibar Bay. They described Huggins Hotel, under questioning, in some detail; everything they said about it made it sound more and more desirable to me. They hated the place.

I sent off a cable, had an answer, and two days later sailed from Port Everglades in a cargo tramp. There was no doubt in my mind from the first that I would like Cass Island, and for once in my life I was right. Writers are susceptible to islands, and Cass was the perfect island. It had not been "discovered" yet; it was small—thirty miles long, and about eight wide—so that you had a real feeling of isolation; and it had an industry, sugar cane. This last seemed extraordinarily important to me. Those pleasure islands which support themselves on tourists and nothing else are, after any length of time, boring; a population which consists of relays of people bent on enjoying themselves somehow ends up by destroying the very air of ease it seeks; living becomes an endless cocktail party. There was none of that on Cass. At the east end of the island there was a really very respectable *central,* and there were two other, smaller ones on the south shore, and each had its own factory. Almost everyone was one way or another dependent on sugar; tourists were noticed, of course, but accepted (*Continued on page 128*)

By George Bradshaw

ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. HARRIS

This latest blast against all of us from America's severest social critic is guaranteed to make you mad. But there's a lot in it that can't be brushed aside lightly. For instance . . .

★

"Our protest that we want a better education than our own for our children is a lie. What we really want them to be are carbon copies of our inadequate selves."

★

"The child is exiled as much as his family can afford it—in school, in supervised play, in camps and even at home with a 'sitter' in place of a father and mother."

★

"The richer the average American becomes, the more schooling he has, the fewer children he produces."

★

"The people who live in the 'No Children' apartment houses are the people most of us call successful."

★

"We run this nation in favor of the short-term wants of adults. We act against our children with incredible hostility, on such a scale that the scale itself keeps us from noticing it."

AMERICANS

Love of children is an American tradition. Since the founding of our nation we have proclaimed our foremost goal to be increased advantages for our young: better educations, better health, better homes and food and clothing, along with larger opportunities for a start in the adult world. Our lives abound with examples of parental sacrifices in behalf of children. Our great American heart bleeds for the underprivileged child and breaks over the ragged footsteps of the child-cripple. We imbue our young with a proud legend: any boy can become President—or a millionaire; any girl can marry glamour. Our politicians are baby kissers. They must display a love of children—for people know instinctively that a man who is even neutral towards youngsters cannot be trusted with the future of the nation. Children—and our national future—are identical.

But, since our early beginning, the face of America has changed. Originally, we were a nation of farms and villages, of small towns and cities, where the horse set the pace. You know what we are today: citified, industrialized, mechanized, specialized. The family has lost its independence and the home its secure unity. The child has lost much more.

We have turned this country into a nation for adults, overlooking the needs of youth. We run that nation almost entirely in favor of the short-term wants of adults. As a people, we no longer seem to give a damn for our future. We have abandoned hope; our fetish is *status quo*. Our ambitions—and therefore our fears—hinge upon what may happen in the next fiscal year, or the next five years. With that we are so occupied that we will extend our minds and feelings no further. Childhood suffers. We Americans today act against our own children with an incredible hostility—with aggression, greed, thieving, exile and every other expression of hatred—and (*Continued on page 98*)

Pix, Inc.

By Philip Wylie

Author of "A Generation of Vipers" and "An Essay on Morals"

HATE CHILDREN

No one cut in on them—
they danced too perfectly together.

Flesh and the devil

The thing that made it appalling was that there were so many children involved. The Renaults had four, and the Blakes had three.

The gossip was both speculative and malicious on this account. In Eastminster—in the best huntin', shootin', fishin' circles of Eastminster, that is—it was slightly preposterous, and more than slightly gauche, to have had four children in the first place.

And three was only one less gauche.

In Eastminster, you came out—if you were a girl, and Anybody. You came out in your eighteenth year, at the Division Dances, and it didn't matter one bit whether your family had money or not. It was the recurrent boast of Eastminster society that theirs were the only debutante parties uncontaminated by any hint of commercialism. They could, and did, quote you examples. Only two, it's true. Still, no other place had any such cases. There was the deb who one year came to the Division straight from her salesclerk job; one of the Lawson girls it was, and Buck Lawson had lost his money in the stock market and killed himself, and she'd been forced to take this dreary job in a dress shop, and she didn't get through work till eight o'clock the night of the Division, and she put on her evening dress right there in one of the shop dressing rooms and (*Continued on page 113*)

By Mignon McLaughlin

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

Sin and divorce never reared their ugly heads in Eastminster.

Oh, no, not much!

If you want to know why, read this bitterly sarcastic story

Here is the behind-the-scenes story of how Roosevelt tried to break up the Republican convention of 1940 by shanghaiing its leaders, Landon and Knox, into the New Deal cabinet. He named Knox Secretary of the Navy without bothering to get his consent first. But Landon was harder to handle

By Merrill C. Meigs

"I couldn't run for a

When it came to the dubious game of politics, nobody could surpass Franklin D. Roosevelt. Who else would have tried to smash the Republican Party on the eve of its 1940 convention by scheming to appoint the GOP presidential and vice-presidential candidates of 1936—Alf M. Landon and Frank Knox—to the New Deal cabinet?

The plan didn't quite work out. Landon deliberately spoiled one end of the scheme by publicly denouncing Roosevelt's third-term ambitions a few days before he was scheduled to have lunch at the White House and receive an offer of a cabinet seat. Roosevelt had better luck with Knox. He persuaded the Chicago publisher to consider the proposition by promising that he would never run for a third term. Before Knox reached a decision, Roosevelt hurriedly announced to the press behind Knox's back that he was the new Secretary of the Navy. Knox was furious but, feeling obligated to his country on the verge of war, he reluctantly accepted the appointment.

Here is the behind-the-scenes story of how Roosevelt tried to swing the deal, as it was told to me by Knox himself before his death and as it was confirmed by Landon from his personal records:

In September, 1939, Landon and Knox were invited to a White House conference to lay the groundwork for the repeal of the Neutrality Act. Landon opposed the repeal. Before the conference, two newspapermen in Washington asked Landon if he knew that he was being considered for a cabinet post.

Landon was amused. "That," he said, "is Washington latrine gossip."

"No," said one of the newspapermen. "There is more to it than that."

After the conference Landon and Roosevelt talked for a few minutes. The President gave no hint that he was considering Landon as a member of his cabinet, although Landon had been informed by newspapermen (*Cont. on p. 122*)

★

Roosevelt made a date for lunch with Landon to offer him a cabinet seat but canceled it when the Republican put out a statement denouncing a third term. When Landon started to tell the press why the lunch was called off. Roosevelt quickly invited him again. But the table talk consisted only of harmless reminiscences.

Third Term"

★

When Knox was offered the Secretary of Navy post, he asked if Roosevelt was planning to run again. "Look at me, Frank." said the President, holding out trembling hands. "I couldn't run for a third term." Thus reassured, Knox promised to consider it. While he was considering, F. D. R. named him to the cabinet job.

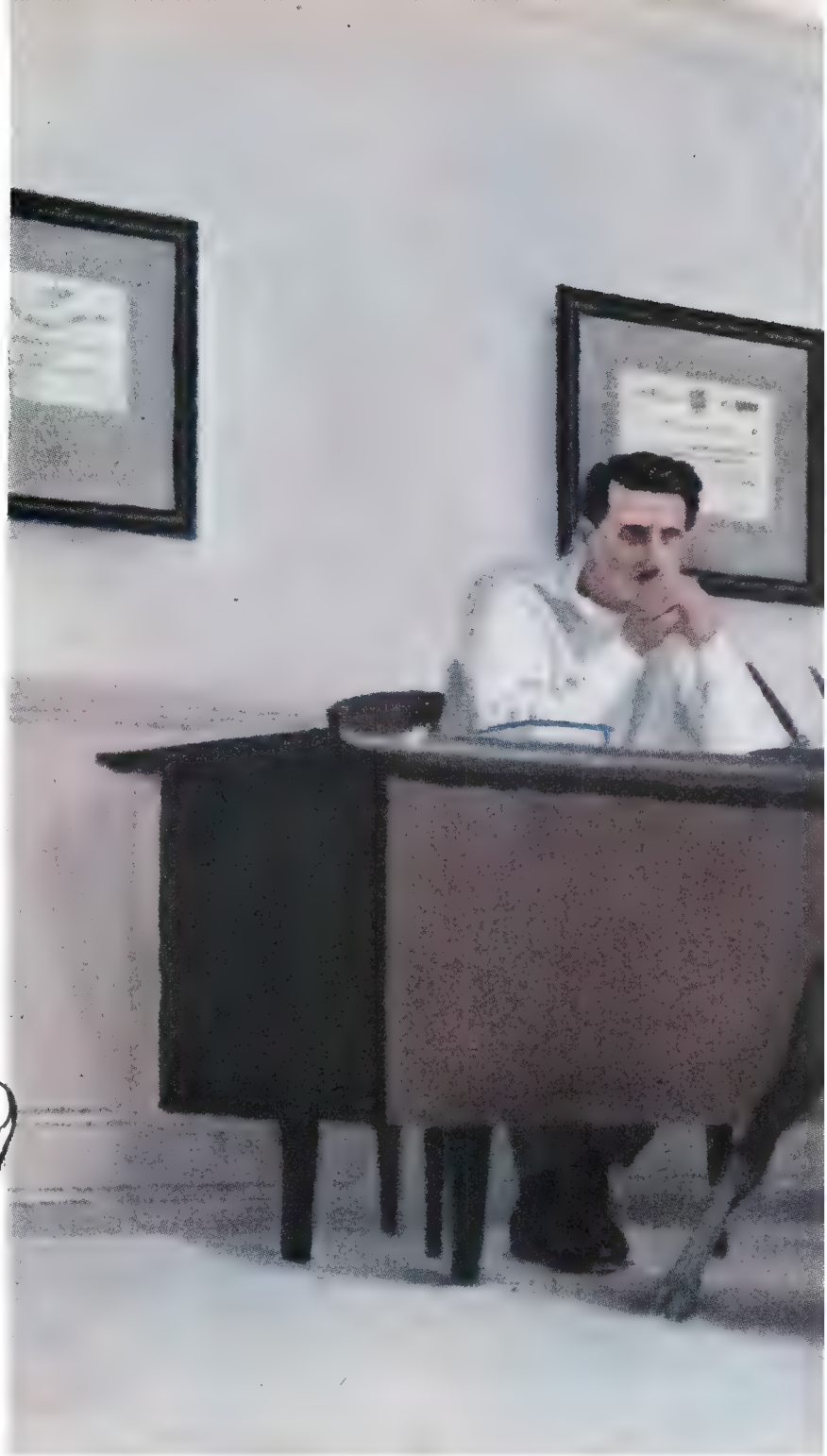
Acme

A story
memorable if you love dogs—
unforgettable if you love people—
by

john hersey

famous for his
"Hiroshima"
and
"A Bell for Adano"

in touch



The office was brilliantly lighted. Its walls were light; its carpet was beige; its wainscoting and bookcases were bleached oak; and from behind a cupped molding all around the room, about a foot below the ceiling, a sharp, bluish, indirect light flooded the cleanly calcimined overhead. A large desk stood to one side, facing two large plate windows, through which poured the thin and wasted sunlight of an autumn afternoon. The windows looked

ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN GROHE

THE DOG JUST STOOD THERE, MAKING UP HIS MIND. NO ONE MOVED.

out on a wide lawn. The director sat at the desk, writing a letter in longhand. He looked tired; though the brightness all around him seemed to erase the fine lines in his heavy face, the tiredness was in his attitude.

When one of the trainers walked into the office without knocking, the director did not look up, but finished the sentence he was writing; then he blew on the page and set the letter aside, off his blotter pad, precisely, squaring it with the corner of the desk. Still looking at the letter, the director said, in a voice professionally benign, "Rudi, a man came in day before yesterday who's one of the most interesting people we've accepted—and I dare say he'll be one of the most difficult. That's why I've asked for you." The director paused a moment. "You've got the best available dog."

The trainer, a (*Continued on page 93*)

Her technique was a neat blend of "come-hither" and "keep-off-the-grass." No wonder the beautiful brakeman lost his head

goldie and the beautiful brakeman

If you were looking for a romantic background for a little love affair in Ohio the summer before last, Louie's Tonsorial Salon near the train depot at Cleveland Junction would probably not have been the first place you would have looked. Louie's boasted no carrousel, no chestnut tree, no wishing well. No mandolin music throbbed in the background. No waters washed the cool Tahitian shores at Louie's. However, something could have been found there the summer before last which seldom, if ever, turns up in any lazy lagoon. Goldie Garfinkel. And if you were looking for a little love affair, and weren't too particular about the background, Goldie would do very well indeed.

I worked at Louie's the summer before last, and I knew Goldie. In fact, I knew her quite well. But this isn't a story about me and Goldie. It's a story about Goldie and a beautiful brakeman on the CD&NY, named Tony Casenove, and a little guy named Harold—who *could* have been me. Or you.

Goldie's real name was Lano-Jo Garfinkel which, if there was no other reason, was enough reason for calling her Goldie. However, there was definitely another reason. By some wondrous alchemy of her natural coloring and Gold-Glo Rinse (which Goldie applied to her hair as often as the average person puts on his clothes), Goldie had achieved an effect, from the forehead up, not unlike the sunrise you drive to the top of Pikes Peak to see.

Beneath this flaming halo, Goldie wore a face that the Breen Office would likely blue-pencil and that very definitely would be banned in

By Charles Hoffman

Boston. Her eyebrows began where Lucille Ball's leave off and were a testimonial to the lead industry; below them, her eyes were those of a capricious cougar. Her nose was the nose of all women from Cleopatra through Myrna Loy. Her mouth was something she must have got up at five in the morning to put on, and kept adding to every hour on the hour, so that by the end of the day the only reason you knew it was her mouth was because it was where the cigarettes went in and the sound came out.

From the neck down, Goldie was stacked like a Hollywood gin-rummy hand. And this chassis was trimmed like a White House Christmas tree. Louie had a rule that all his employees should wear white, but Louie never had a rule that brought in the customers the way Goldie did, so, in her case, the rule was shall-I-say-winked-at, and Goldie dressed according to the dictates of her emotions. Her emotions usually dictated either red or black satin, spike heels, and a counterful of costume jewelry. One more bracelet, and Goldie would have had to bend her elbows at her shoulders.

But don't get me wrong. For Cleveland Junction, Ohio, Goldie was a stunner. Particularly with that sign, FOR MEN ONLY, which she could light up by pressing a bulb in her eyes.

And Goldie was great with the mots. The day I walked into the shop, she greeted me with a throaty, "Hello, Frankie," while her eyes left me taking a nude sun bath in the doorway. The boys died.

I countered with something like an apt, "Huh?" and she moaned, "Send me, Frankie—send me, Boy!"

I am six-feet-three, weigh two-eighteen, have a broken nose and no hair and look less like Frank Sinatra than Joe Louis or Joe Stalin does or do, but I had on a bow tie that morning, and from then on, while I was at Louie's, I was Frankie. And the boys always died.

There was another manicurist at Louie's, something gray called Maudie. Which sentence is half of her part in this story.

For all the above, Goldie was what could euphemistically be called a "good girl." At least she was responsible for as many incompleted forward passes as any other girl in town that summer; and plenty were attempted in Cleveland Junction, it being a typical American city. She wriggled on her little stool beside the barbers' chairs, squealed at the customers' jokes, massaged their hands, but that was in line with her job, and she definitely avoided the hardier fellows. These fell to the subdued charms of Maudie, to whom your bachelor uncle wouldn't tell a shady story.

Not that Goldie didn't capitalize on there being two

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC VÁRADY

sexes; she, as another poet had said before me, "loved the idea." But for all her femininity—and she had the market cornered—she was a backslapping, wise-cracking, glad-handing good sport. And there is something about a woman who is a "good sport" that reminds you and your libido of your sister. In the shop, at least so far as Goldie was concerned, there was a decided shortage of soap.

However, this "come-hither-but-keep-off-the-grass" run-around never worked with the beautiful brakeman on the CD&NY, named Tony Casenove. Not even from the beginning.

It was a sunny afternoon in May. I was playing pinochle with Louie in the window of the shop. Gaby Williams (Chair Three) had a customer. Ham Shipman's (Chair Four) wife was going to have a baby, so Maudie was knitting something for Ham's wife's baby, and Goldie was reading a movie magazine and making like Ann Sheridan and Joan Crawford in the closet mirror, when the beautiful brakeman, Tony Casenove, walked in.

As Cleveland Junction is a railroad town, and Louie's is its only tonsorial salon, a lot of brakemen, some beautiful, and some not so, drop in from time to time, so Tony's initial entrance wasn't world-shattering. That day, as I look back, he was merely a tall, dark, good-looking (*Continued on page 162*)

I stepped directly on an object lying next to a ravishing blonde.

It happened to be the beautiful brakeman's face.

how to get ahead in Business

Here is some plain talk on that perplexing question from six of America's most successful executives . . .

ROBERT W. JOHNSON
of Johnson and Johnson

PHILIP REED
of General Electric Company

ROBERT R. YOUNG
of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

ELIZABETH ARDEN

JUAN TRIPPE
of Pan American Airways

DAVID SARNOFF
of Radio Corporation of America

By Isabel Leighton

There are many definitions of success. It can be doing what you want or wanting what you can do. It can be money or social position or power. Bernard Baruch feels that money runs a poor second to power and, to illustrate his argument, tells an anecdote about the man who came to Baron de Rothschild, desperately seeking a loan.

"I won't give you the money," de Rothschild said. "But I'll do better than that. Tomorrow morning I'll walk arm and arm with you across the Bourse. By evening you won't need the money."

For that great slice of the American population—the men and women who are white-collar workers—success means getting to the top in business. Recently I discussed the qualifications for this kind of success with six of the outstanding executives in American business. Each one of them feels that there is plenty of room at the top for anybody who wants to get there. When it comes down to the way and means of getting there, the recipes call for varying ingredients.

Robert Wood Johnson, president of the Johnson and Johnson surgical-supply firm, advises the starting youngster to work at any job for the first few years.

"I wouldn't puzzle over whether the job was the ideal thing for me until later. I would find out what my aptitudes were. Then I'd pick out a few medium-sized corporations—not big enough to be bureaucratic, not small enough to be weak—and I would try to see the president of the one that seemed to be the best bet."

But suppose you couldn't get to see the president?

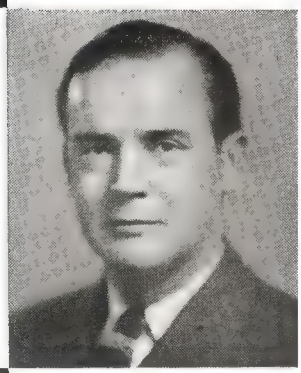
"I'd choose another corporation and feel grateful to have found out in time that he was that kind of a guy. I see any man who wants badly enough to see me. And I'm not 'off' him because he hasn't found his direction the first shot or two. I'm not one of those people who look with horror on the rolling stone. It doesn't hurt to be a rolling stone if you're young enough to afford to be one."

Johnson arose and walked to the window of his office. He looked out on the industrial town of New Brunswick, New Jersey, which his family had helped to develop.

"There's something in knowing when to quit a job," he said. "Once you're sure the boss doesn't

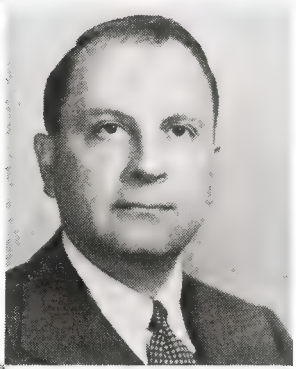
Acme

"If the boss doesn't think you're good, quit the job," Johnson advises.



Reed says, "Hard work gets you nowhere unless it can be seen by the boss."

"Don't buy a house," Young warns. "It may keep you from a better opportunity."



Trippe doesn't believe in luck. He feels you must force your own breaks.

Acme

Miss Arden tells young people to work with those who know more than they do.

←

"Take one step at a time," says Sarnoff. "Keep your eye on the work at hand, not on a future goal."

realize you're as good as you know you are, there's only one thing to do—get out. You'll never get to first base in that company." He paused and smiled cannily. "Of course, I wouldn't leave until I had found something else first. I'd make a strong bid for a job that would teach me something specific. Then, if things got tough, I'd know a certain line, and I'd have a much better chance of getting placed than a man who has only general knowledge."

Johnson's warning about getting stuck too firmly in one spot is echoed with much more vehemence by Robert R. Young, the hard-driving head of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company. Young is even inclined to think that owning a house can hold a young man back from success.

"If I'd bought my house in Penns Grove when I was working at the du Pont plant in Wilmington," Young says, "I might have stayed there. I never would have moved on to a better opportunity. I'd have been scared to pull up the roots I'd put down. You should feel free to shift your business scene, providing your desire for a change does not indicate a personal wobbliness."

Young moved from the du Pont job to the Domestic Dehydrator Corporation and a year later moved on again to the Allied Chemical Corporation. Then he jumped to General Motors where he stayed for seven years before breaking away and forming his own investment business. Pulling a coup that gave him control of the vast but tottering Van Sweringen interests, he fought for and finally won the Chesapeake and Ohio company.

"After those four years I spent as a boy at Culver Military Academy, I guess everything I did seemed easy," he says. "Teach a child self-discipline. Teach him the fundamentals of Christianity. Instill in him a love of the outdoors that will make him self-reliant. Teach him the value of time—it's the most important thing he's got. Teach him the necessity for saving something—no matter how little he makes. The day is sure to come when he'll be able to buy into something that may help to set him up for life. And there's also one thing I didn't learn at Culver. Teach him to be a nonconformist."

The fine art of being a nonconformist is Young's favorite subject.

"Be an idol smasher! Be vocal about what you feel deeply, about what goes on in your own community or in your country's capital. Break away from the 'club' atmosphere. Don't be bulldozed into thinking the way everybody else thinks. On all sides, people throw at you, 'We must have unity.' Why must we? We never discover our mistakes that way."

Young's parents repeatedly stressed to him man's responsibility, not only to himself, but to those whose lives he touched. They thought of that quality of responsibility as the skein around which character is woven. Today, at fifty, Robert Young still has faith in their idea.

"Responsibility and the inner security we need in order to live compatibly with ourselves are pretty closely related, as I see it. Security, I'd say, comes, not out of the possession of things, but out of the possession of the knowledge that, having average attributes, you've used them and will continue to use them to the best of your ability for the benefit of those to whom you owe it to use them. Out of the consciousness that you've done the best you can, comes the sense of peace you need with which to carry on."

I asked Young about success.

"Years ago I wanted success to buy leisure. I was wrong; wrong for me, anyway. Success—or happiness, if you like—comes with constructive effort. To deprive a child of the incentive for work is to do it the greatest possible harm. It may sound trite to say that often the things we cavil at most bitterly become springboards to success, but it's true. We should thank God for our responsibilities. Without them the will to succeed is rarely present."

Elizabeth Arden, the self-made queen of the cosmetic industry, feels that education is important in the business world.

"It isn't enough to skate along with the equipment I had when I started out; a high heart and an unquenchable enthusiasm. Not that those qualities aren't assets, but they don't stack up favorably against not knowing what you're doing."

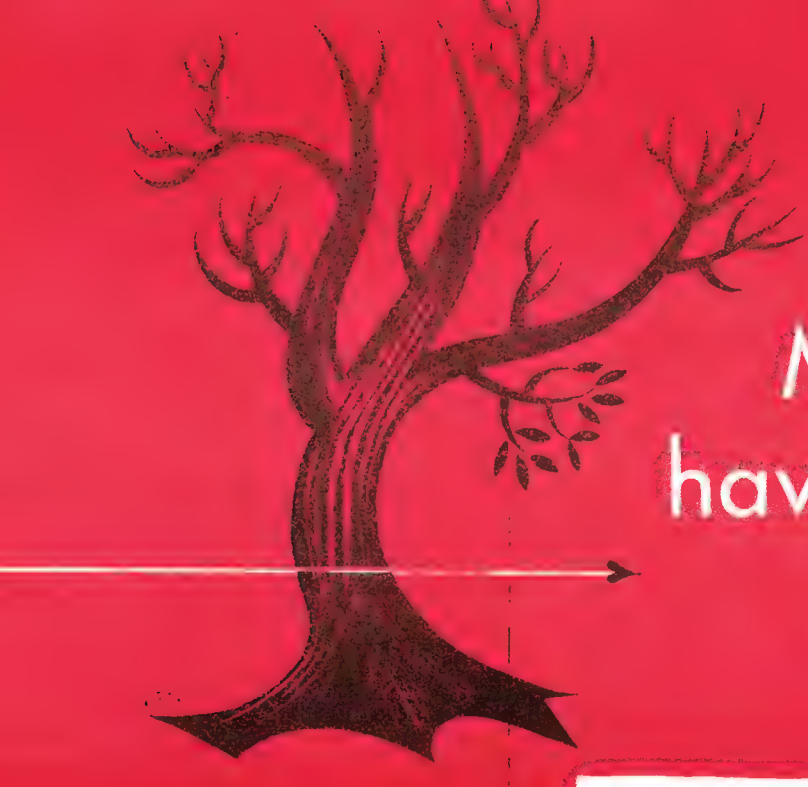
She nodded her ash-blond head vigorously and with a firm hand pushed back a wisp of loosely curled hair that had strayed from its wind-blown bob.

"What I feel, really, is this. We don't, any of us, know when we start out exactly what we want to do or be. I suppose the lucky ones have a special bent. When that's true, it's wise to learn everything in sight about that field. But take me, for instance. I was a dentist's receptionist for a while. I'm sure the dentist was delighted to be rid of me. I got him so filled up with appointments he had to work himself almost to death. Then I had a job as a bookkeeper. Then I was in real estate. I took a course in hospital nursing.

"Aptitudes are funny things. You have them, or you haven't. But attitudes are another matter. It's within your capacity to control those and, depending on what they are, you often have in them the key to success or failure."

I asked Miss Arden for a success formula. Here is what she dictated to me:

1. Always try to work with someone who knows more than you do.
2. Don't use your time worrying over the success of the next person: concentrate on creating your own success. There's room for both of you.
3. Never watch the clock. Use as much time as it takes to do a job well, and let the hours take care of themselves. It's rare when that doesn't pay off.
4. Try to forget your personal stake and sink yourself in what you're doing.
5. Force yourself to self-discipline even if it hurts. If you can't manage yourself, you can't expect anyone to have confidence in your ability to manage others.
6. Never look back. It doesn't change anything. Yesterday is gone, and tomorrow will be a new day.
7. Never recognize the existence of a handicap that can't be (*Continued on page 202*)



Men, too, have a change of life

More and more doctors are becoming convinced that the middle-aged male is subject to the menopause disturbances that used to be associated only with women

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Drawing by Van Valenty

The man we'll call John X was a top executive in a large corporation, long successful in his family and social life, too. When he was fifty-eight, Mr. X changed over a six-month period from an even-tempered, understanding and well-adjusted individual to a forgetful, quickly fatigued, irritable and unnecessarily worrisome crank. He lost interest in both his work and his home.

Back in 1935 he might have consulted his doctor and then a long series of specialists, and there would have been little likelihood that any one or all of them together could have pinned down his trouble. He might have gone to a psychiatrist, spent thousands of dollars and hundreds of hours, and that probably would have done him little good.

But this happened in 1946. After hearing the facts, giving him a thorough examination and making a few tests, Mr. X's doctor announced the diagnosis promptly: "You're going to be surprised, but there's little doubt what your trouble is. You're passing through change of life."

Startling as it may seem, doctors have been recognizing increasingly in the last few years that men, too, go through change of life and experience all the distressing bodily symptoms, strange behavior and queer moods that used to be associated only with the woman in middle age.

"Not infrequently," an editorial in the Journal of the American Medical Association points out, "complaints are made by men in any age from the third decade on."

"Men," reports Dr. Thomas H. McGavack, an expert who has written articles on the male menopause for the American Medical Journal, "may and do suffer as much discomfort as women as a result of a changing balance between the glands of the body."

"There is," says Dr. Lydia Giberson, noted psychiatrist, "just as much psychological crisis in the male climacteric as in the menopause. And, frequently, even more."

The degree of disturbance in a man's change of life varies with his individual physical and emotional (*Continued on page 146*)

One of our great American writers
takes a long look at our life and times.
She is not too encouraged by what she sees.
This short story tells why

By Edna Ferber

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

They loved each other dearly. Married eleven years they had longed for each other daily (or thought they had) throughout the three years of his absence in India and Japan and China. Yet now, a year after his return, they frequently counted ten before trusting themselves to speak. They were saying, "Look, dear, will you please not do so-and-so"; or, "Honey, do you mind for God's sake letting me tell this my own way just once?"

She had forgotten the loneliness, the terror, the physical and emotional and economic deprivations. Now there were times when she privately thought it used to be pretty wonderful, during those years of enforced grass-widowhood, to be in bed by nine if she felt like it, in a cosy pink flannel high-necked nightgown because of the fuel shortage, and cold cream slathered all over her face and her hair pinned up in anchovy curls and no one to be considered. A murder mystery with no war in it; and Barkley, Jr., aged nine, asleep just across the hall, his room despite her disapproval an arsenal of miniature and make-believe guns, airplanes, armies, bombs, tanks. Everyone had said she was wonderful, doing her own housework and laundry; Red Cross; air-raid warden; earning a decent little additional sum soliciting ads at home by telephone for the classified telephone directory; keeping Bark, Jr. beautifully in line without making him feel woman-ridden. Managing to look smartly dressed in vintage clothes. Even Bark's mother, that iron woman, broke down and admitted that Missy wasn't exactly a toy.

His home-coming. A dream realized. Still too thin, certainly; somewhat yellow from a late jaundice; given to silences or sudden irritability.

"What goes on here? Why the hell isn't there a maid? Where's that What'shername —Millie or something—that used to do those blueberry muffins for Sunday breakfast?"

"Maid! Why, you dreamer, there hasn't been a maid seen in centuries. I hear they have one, stuffed, in that room where they keep the dinosaurs at the Natural History museum in New York."

"Advertise."

"Forty dollars a week, five days a week, ten to six. By ten I have the house cleaned. At six I start to get dinner. If she'll marry you, I'll take the forty."

Missy's tongue, always tangy, had taken on a somewhat (*Continued on page 102*)

"Will you please let me manage this," growled Bark. "Or do you think you can do better?"

Copyright 1947, Edna Ferber

to our city

THE Enchanted Lake

A story to remind you how certain moments in our lives are clothed with a wistful beauty. And how swiftly and irrevocably such moments can be gone

Nick went into the water at half past seven in the morning and splashed around for a long time. He swam far out into the lake, almost to the middle, and was there when his cousin Joyce and her husband Stan came whooping out and sprang off the board.

It was Stan who was his cousin, really, and Joyce was only his cousin's wife, but somehow or other these facts had reversed themselves in Nick's mind so that Stan became a stranger and Joyce, whom he had never really known until this summer, was the familiar spirit.

They did not swim as well or with as much determined hardihood as Nick did, and he knew they would never come out to join him. He swam lazily towards them, emitting a friendly yowl or two to indicate his presence. By the time he reached them they had already had enough and were ready for breakfast.

"The water's icy," Stan declared. "Too much for an old man."

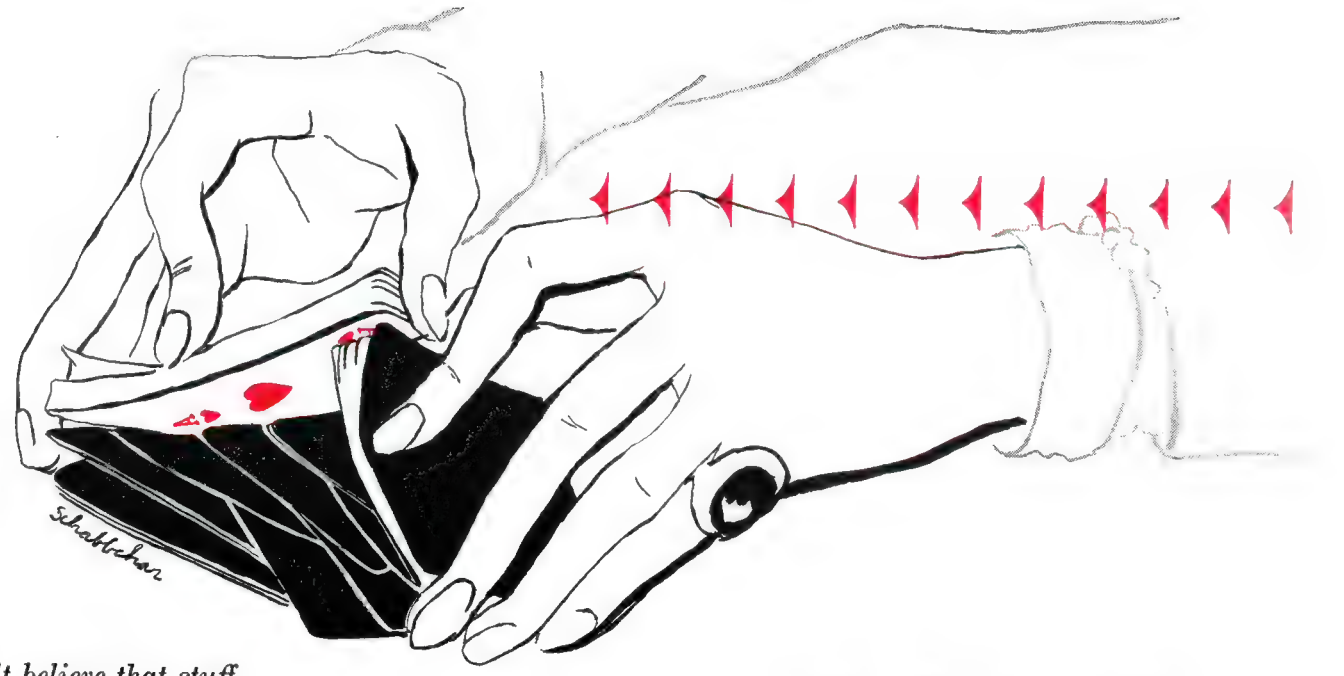
He was first out and was drying himself with a towel when he made this pronouncement. He was old, of course, probably even as much as thirty-five, but he had only taken to referring to himself in this way since Nick, who was sixteen, had become a member of the household. In fact, the announcement was always made in a half-plaintive tone, as if he would have liked a protest raised but knew perfectly well it never would be.

Joyce got out and wrapped herself in a big towel. "I don't think you ought to stay any longer, Nick," she said. "You've been in a long time, and it really is cold this morning."

He got out (*Continued on page 184*)

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY



Don't believe that stuff about the number of them in a deck corresponding to the number of weeks in a year. But it is true that they came to America with Columbus

If you want to change the subject after pulling an embarrassing boner in tomorrow night's neighborhood bridge game, you might ask the gathering if they know the identity of the queen of hearts. They'll never guess. She is supposed to represent, of all people, Judas.

Chances are they will also be ignorant of the fact that the king of hearts is a likeness of Charlemagne and the king of diamonds is Caesar. Alexander is the king of clubs and Jeanne d'Arc is the queen of spades. According to reliable authorities, the jack of spades is alleged to be one of Charlemagne's lieutenants, a fellow named Hogier La Danois.

Every year thousands of people knock themselves out working up modern and streamlined designs for playing cards, which, they hope, will make them rich if not famous. They find out that playing-card manufacturers are afraid to touch a hair on the heads of the old and traditional models. New types of cards, with, for instance, Mae West as the queen of diamonds, never sell. This is even true in Soviet Russia where the government has made several attempts to replace the despised symbols of royalty in the various suits with revolutionary heroes. Even the most loyal Communist card sharks demand that the king, queen and jacks be unmolested.

Nobody knows where cards originated. One story has it that they were invented in China early in the twelfth century during the reign of Seun-Ho for the amusement of his concubines. A Hindu legend claims that they were devised by a maharajah's wife to prevent her husband from pulling his beard.

The Egyptians and Arabs also lay claim to the discovery of cards. It seems certain that they did originate somewhere in the East and may have been introduced into Europe by the returning crusaders or by wandering gypsies. It's also certain that they were well-known in Europe by the fifteenth century. When Columbus sailed to discover America, his crew (he refers to the fact in his diary) were playing card games.

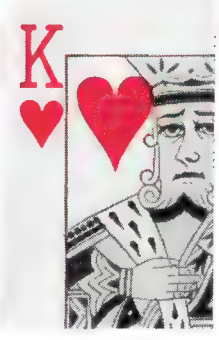
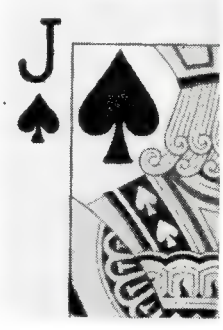
Today playing cards are found in eighty-seven percent of American homes. But in the early days in Europe, cards were only for the aristocrats and the wealthy classes. Until the development of mechanized printing, the rich and the nobles commissioned leading artists to prepare decks of cards especially for their families. The work on these old cards reveals both artistry and skill. In the Morgan Library in New York are thirty-five cards, painted in Italy in the fifteenth century for Gleazzo Maria Sforza, Duke of Milan, which compare favorably with other examples of Renaissance art.

Even before the arrival of printing presses in the American colonies, cards were manufactured by early settlers—from leaves, sheepskin, deerskin—and painted by hand. As soon as paper mills and printing establishments were set up there was considerable production of playing cards. Benjamin Franklin was a leading card manufacturer of his time.

The very first paper currency issued in America consisted of IOU notes, written on the backs of playing cards in 1685 by Jacques de Meulles, French governor

BY BRADLEY NORMAN

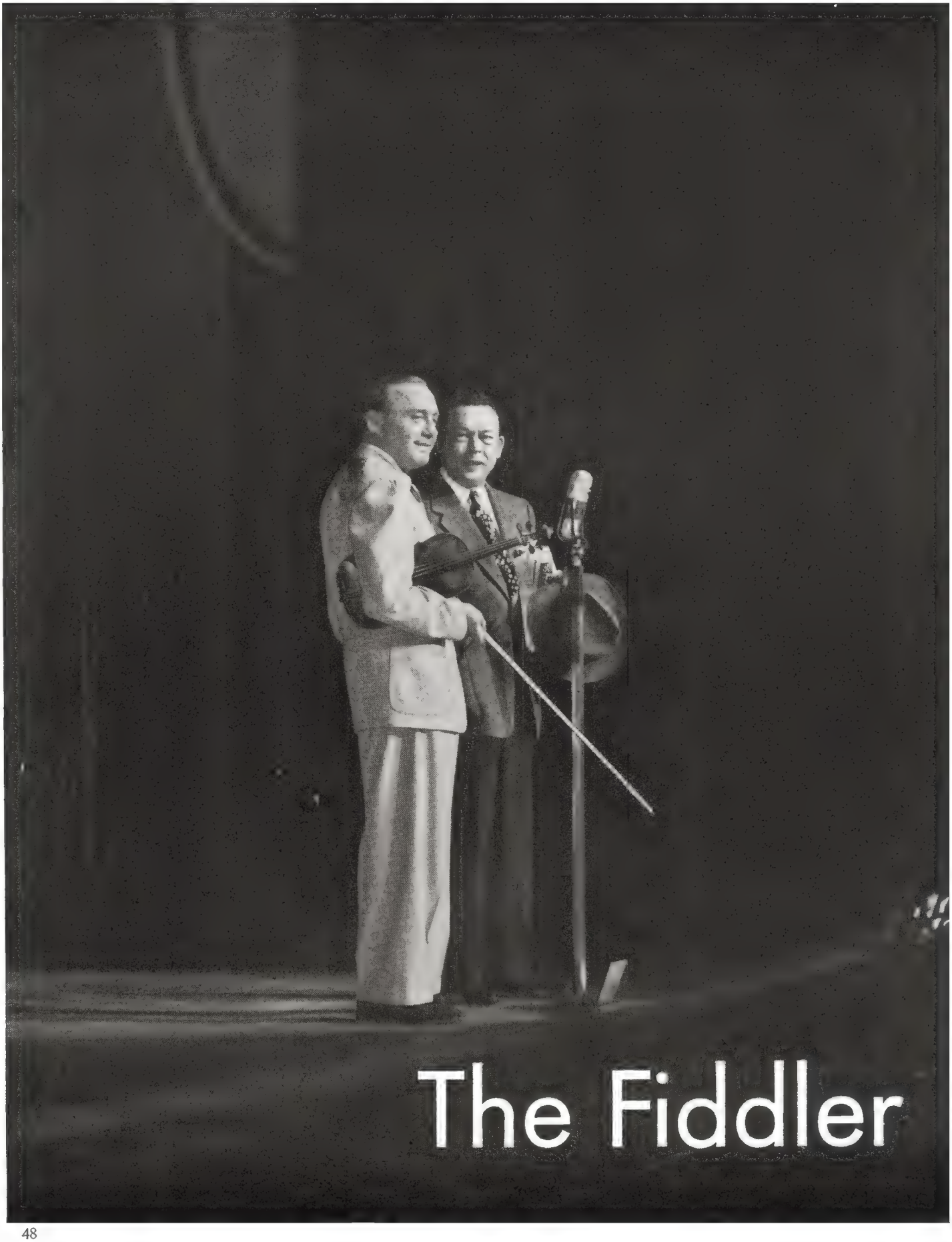
It's in the Cards

in Quebec. In the New World, too, it became the custom to pen social invitations to balls and soirees on playing cards, a custom still occasionally followed. And in 1765 in Philadelphia, they were even used as admission tickets to classes at the University of Pennsylvania.

Have you ever heard the nine of diamonds called the "Curse of Scotland"? That's because the Duke of Cumberland wrote an order on this card in 1746 commanding his soldiers to show no mercy on Scottish troops captured at the Battle of Culloden. And the six of hearts is the symbol of loyalty and honesty because in 1688, Colonel Richard Grace, although knowing that his King, James II, was defeated, wrote on it his refusal to capitulate to William of Orange: "Tell your master I despise his offer, and that honor and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth and titles a prince can bestow."

There have always been efforts to attach significance to everything about a deck of cards. It's often pointed out that there are twelve face cards corresponding to the twelve months of the year; fifty-two cards, in all, for the fifty-two weeks; a total of 365 pips on the cards for (*Continued on page 96*)



The Fiddler

By Maurice Zolotow

Jack Benny never ceases to be perplexed by the fact that many of the twenty-five million people who listen to his Sunday evening radio program take its improbable happenings with more than a grain of seriousness. Last year a lawyer in Cleveland wrote Benny complaining because he paid Rochester, his valet, so little money. Benny laughed at the letter and ignored it. The lawyer sent more letters, accusing Benny of white chauvinism, antilabor tendencies, reactionary ideas and enmity toward the common man. When the lawyer started writing to Rochester, too, Benny was stung into making a reply.

"Please stop writing these foolish letters," he told the lawyer. "I only hope that you're making in one year what Rochester makes in a month."

Rochester, as a matter of fact, makes two thousand dollars a week for an appearance of about three minutes on the Benny show. He lives in a fifteen-room house in southwest Los Angeles. He has three servants, two cars, a breeding farm and a racing stable.

On his radio program, Benny refers to the Ronald Colmans as his next-door neighbors. He drives an ancient Maxwell automobile and forces Dennis Day to mow his lawn, as well as sing on the program, for eight dollars a week. He represents himself as a tight, grasping show-off who is constantly being exposed and humiliated and ridiculed by Mary Livingston, Phil Harris, Don Wilson and other members of his cast. They make sneering references to his baldness and his anemia.

But Benny often has to stop and explain, sometimes even to his intimate friends, that the Colmans in real life live about eight blocks away from him. His next-door neighbors are actually a couple named La Chappelle who are not moving-picture actors. His lawn is mowed by a gardener named William Holden. He drives a 1947 maroon Cadillac convertible. He has a receding hairline, but he is not bald. He is not sickly.

And Benny is not a pinchpenny. He pays his actors and writers the highest salaries in radio. He gives gifts lavishly and supports a horde of relatives and down-at-the-heel vaudeville actors. He is a heavy tipper. His wife—the Mary Livingston of the radio show—is one of the smartest dressed and most generously jeweled women in Hollywood. He never allows anybody else at his table in a night club to pick up the check.

By submitting himself to such public abasement and embarrassment every Sunday at seven o'clock (Eastern

This will come as a shock
to many of his listeners,
but Jack Benny
in real life isn't a tightwad.
As a matter of fact,
he never lets anybody else
pick up the check.
Here is a complete and entertaining
study of one of the most popular
comedians of our time

from Waukegan

Jack Benny, who is shown at the left with Fred Allen, his constant heckler, feels ill at ease on the stage without a violin.

The fourteen-room Benny home in Beverly Hills cost $250,000 to build in 1939

Standard Time) over 161 stations of the National Broadcasting Company, it would seem that Jack Benny has an almost neurotic urge to be derided on a mass scale. A psychiatrist might find in this mania for self-humiliation an interesting case of psychopathic compulsion.

Jack Benny, however, is as psychopathic as a fox. Since 1932, his willingness to undergo these weekly half hours of public humiliation has grossed for him about ten million dollars. While almost all the great names of radio in the early 1930's have drifted into obscurity, Jack Benny still remains steadily at the top of the Hooper ratings, which measure the number of listeners for every network show. He is usually in first, second, third or fourth place on the list, battling it out with Bob Hope, Fred Allen, Fibber McGee and Molly, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy.

In May, 1947, Benny made his first theater appearance in ten years, a vaudeville engagement at a Chicago movie house. In one week he grossed $113,466, setting an all-time record and beating by twenty thousand dollars previous records established by Danny Kaye and Frank Sinatra, two Johnny-come-latelies who are the hottest box-office attractions of our time.

So there is a method in Benny's mania. Still, he can't quite understand why his listeners mistake the carefully rehearsed realistic effects of his show for true facts in his real life.

"If I was really such a skunk like I'm supposed to be

The final Saturday story conference takes place behind locked doors. Benny with his writers and producers puts the Sunday radio show into finished form at this session.

At the right, we have Sailor Benny in 1917 with an unidentified soldier friend.

Jack Benny's wife is the Mary Livingston of his radio show. They've been happily married since 1927. Joan, an adopted daughter, is their only child.

on my program," he says, "would I broadcast it to the whole world? How am I supposed to get laughs? Should I be a spendthrift?"

Then he explains. "The humor of my program is this. I'm a big shot, see? I'm fast talking. I'm a smart guy. I'm boasting about how marvelous I am. I'm a marvelous lover. I'm a marvelous fiddle player. Then, five minutes after I start shooting off my mouth, my cast makes a schmo out of me. Wherever I go, I get into trouble for no good reason at all."

On a recent program, Jack Benny goes to a ticket window at the Union Station and says that he is taking the Chief to Chicago, and he wants to know if the clerk at this window is validating tickets. "What," snarls the clerk, "do you think I'm doing with this rubber stamp—voting for Hoover?" Benny still wants his tickets validated and the clerk, a character named Nelson who appears in many guises on the Benny program, continues to frustrate this perfectly reasonable request. In the midst of the argument, a man comes to the window and wants to know if the train on track eight is going to Pasadena, Anaheim and Glocca Morra. Nelson beams genially and says that it certainly does. The man thereupon inquires how are things in Glocca Morra and is the little brook still leaping there and does it still run down to Donney Cove, through Killey-beggs, Kilkerry and Kildair. To these questions, Nelson courteously replies while Benny quietly goes out of his mind.

"It's difficult," remarks Benny thoughtfully, "to analyze why a situation like (*Continued on page 137*)

The Benny family stages a reunion when Jack returns from a U.S.O. personal appearance tour through Europe.

Lashley seized the man's jacket. "My duty is to punish the guilty and protect the innocent. And I'll punish you, Rodal."

By Lionel Shapiro

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

part three of a four-part novel

THE STORY SO FAR: Was Major Robert Lashley, prosecutor in the Reschweiler war-crime trials, going soft now that all seven of the accused had been found guilty? Or was he just a stubborn American who didn't like to see people pushed around—especially women? Especially one beautiful Frenchwoman, Themis Delisle, with whom he had fallen deeply in love, despite the fact that she had been the sole defense witness for Otto Steigmann, cruelest of the condemned war criminals.

Lashley knew she was to be arrested the minute she returned to the French Zone. He knew, too, that his own case against Steigmann had depended entirely on the story told by the Czech, Rodal, who was now demanding money for his testimony. If this miserable creature was insane, as Lashley was beginning to suspect, then where was the proof of Steigmann's guilt? Could Themis tell him the truth? Would she?

The Deuxième Bureau's dossier "presumed" that the Delisle woman had had relations with the enemy serious enough to cause her father, hero of the French resistance movement, to disinherit her as a traitor. But presumption was not evidence, and *her* story was that her father disowned her because he so violently disapproved of the young Jewish boy with whom she had been in love.

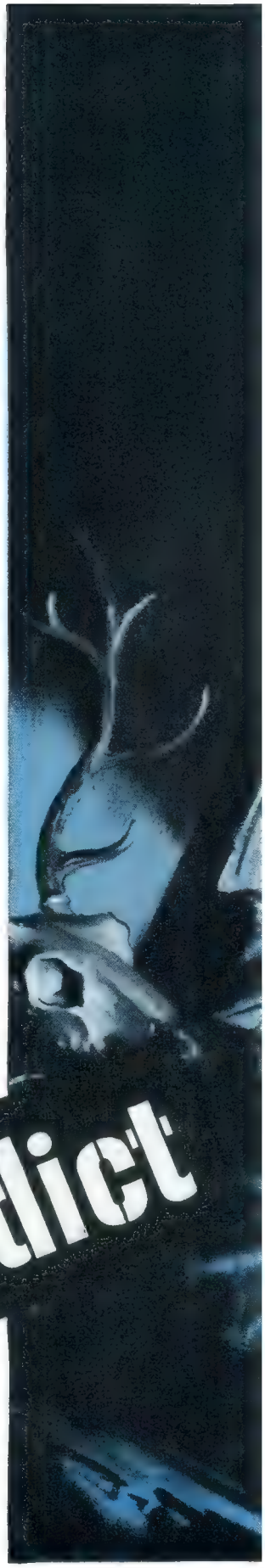
Lashley was so disturbed by all this that he had difficulty concentrating on the next case assigned to him by order of Marriner, commanding general of the 11th Army—a case involving Erika Wagner, a nineteen-year-old German civilian who had shot young Clay Hockland, an American soldier, and who claimed that he was the father of her unborn child.

Immediately after breakfast on Wednesday morning—the second day after the Reschweiler trial had ended so triumphantly—Lashley rushed to the 135th Station Hospital, where he hoped to get from PFC Hockland a statement that would convict the Wagner girl. At eleven o'clock he was due at (*Continued on page 172*)

Wednesday . . .

Thursday . . .

Friday . . . Time was running out for the condemned man,
but it was running out too for the man
who had condemned him without proof of guilt—
and for the woman who would not
testify against him



THE Sealed Verdict

TOM
LOVELL

BEST DIRECTION—Clarence Brown's expert guidance gives a lift to "Song of Love," starring Katharine Hepburn, with Paul Henreid.

Cosmopolitan's

Movie Citations

By Louella O. Parsons
Motion Picture Editor, International News Service

So similar in treatment to "I Remember Mama" is 20th's newest Betty Grable musical that it might well be titled "I Remember When Mama Wore Tights." But it isn't. It's just "Mother Wore Tights."

As in the highly successful stage play, "I Remember Mama," daughter tells the story, looking back on the days when Ma was in vaudeville and—oh, wicked, wicked!—wore tights!

Who cares that Betty, more luscious in technicolor than a big ripe peach, wears practically every becoming costume under the sun except tights? The title implies a naughtiness that is no part of the picture, for, believe me, here is a singing-dancing picture that has charm and nostalgia minus the good old standard formulas.

Not long ago, blond Betty opined to a writer, "I'm not out to prove a thing with my acting. I just want to make pictures that people like." People will like this all right, all right. They simply can't help it, for it has a little bit of everything delightful.

To begin with, "Mother Wore Tights" is a family story on backstage life, or maybe it's a backstage story on family life, registered from 1900 up to about 1920 in pretty Valentine-type technicolor. Betty and a startlingly effective newcomer, Dan Dailey, are a couple of vaudevillians who parent two children—one of whom turns out to (*Continued on page 168*)

BEST PERFORMANCE

Deanna Durbin, who is her singing self again in "Something in the Wind."

BEST SUPPORTING ROLE

Lilli Palmer, for her convincing performance with John Garfield in the fight film, "Body and Soul."

BEST PRODUCTION

"Mother Wore Tights," a delightful musical featuring Betty Grable.

If you have read many stories
by P. G. Wodehouse,
you already know that he is probably
the funniest writer in the world.
If you have not read many stories
by P. G. Wodehouse,
this one will make you wish you had

Joy Bells FOR Barmy

It was owing to his godmother's fondness for bazaars that Eustace (Barmy) Fotheringay-Phipps first set eyeglass on Hermione Brimble. She had insisted on lugging him to one at a house called Balmoral on Wimbledon Common, and it is ironical to reflect that, as he climbed into the morning coat and sponge-bag trousers, he cursed a bit. He little knew what was awaiting him at journey's end —*viz.* a girl so divine that, as his gaze rested upon her, the topper rocked on his head, and he would have fallen had he not clutched at his carnation.

She was presiding over a stall in the shade of a large cedar at the edge of the lawn, and he immediately charged up and started buying everything in sight. And when a tea cozy, a golliwogg, two Teddy bears, a penwiper, a bowl of wax flowers and a fretwork pipe rack had changed hands he felt that he was entitled to regard himself as a member of the club and get matey.

"Topping day," he said.

"Beautiful," said the girl.

By

"Will it be all right," Barmy asked tremulously, "if I come down and smother your face with kisses?"

"The sun," said Barmy, pointing it out with his rolled-up umbrella.

The girl said, yes, she had been noticing the sun.

"I always think it seems to make everything so much brighter, if you know what I mean, when the sun's shining," said Barmy. "Well, it's been awfully jolly, meeting you. My name, in case you're interested, is Fotheringay-Phipps."

The girl said hers was Hermione Brimble, and further enquiry elicited the fact that she lived there with her aunt, Mrs. Wilberforce Gudgeon. And Barmy was wondering if he could start calling her Hermione or whether it would be better to wait a few minutes, when a formidable woman of the heavy-battle-cruiser class came rolling up.

"Well, dear," said this rather breath-taking exhibit, "how are you doing?"

The girl, addressing the newcomer as Aunt Beatrice, replied that the market had opened easy, but that sales had recently been stepped up by the arrival of a big-time operator, Mr. Fotheringay-Phipps, she said, indicating Barmy, who was standing on one leg, looking ingratiating.

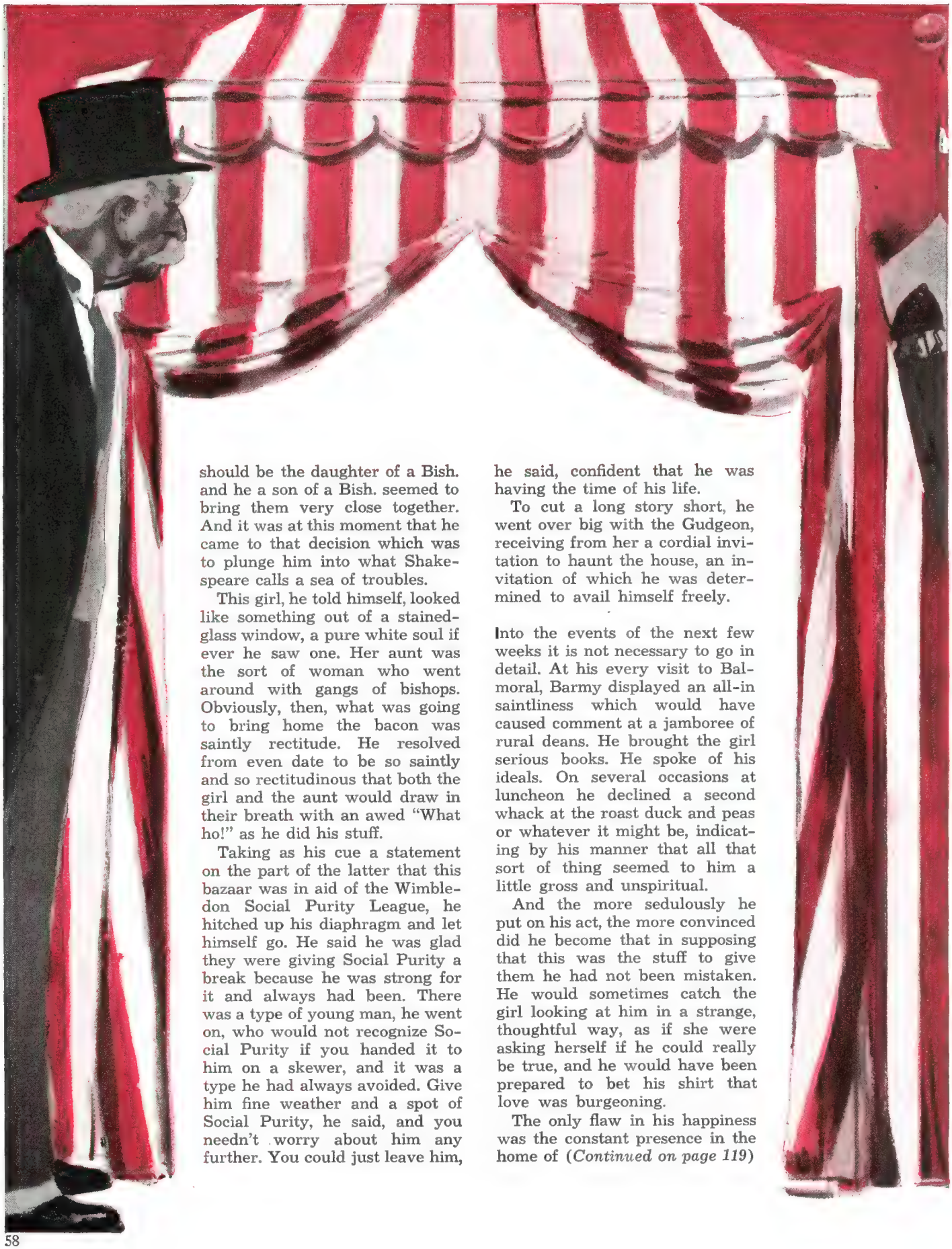
"Fotheringay-Phipps?" said the Gudgeon, looking pleased. "Are you related to the Bishop of Bognor?"

"My father."

"Really? We were great friends when I was a girl. Many of my best friends are bishops. My sister, my niece Hermione's mother, was the wife of the late Bishop of Stortford."

Barmy quivered all over. That this girl

P. G. Wodehouse



should be the daughter of a Bish. and he a son of a Bish. seemed to bring them very close together. And it was at this moment that he came to that decision which was to plunge him into what Shakespeare calls a sea of troubles.

This girl, he told himself, looked like something out of a stained-glass window, a pure white soul if ever he saw one. Her aunt was the sort of woman who went around with gangs of bishops. Obviously, then, what was going to bring home the bacon was saintly rectitude. He resolved from even date to be so saintly and so rectitudinous that both the girl and the aunt would draw in their breath with an awed "What ho!" as he did his stuff.

Taking as his cue a statement on the part of the latter that this bazaar was in aid of the Wimbledon Social Purity League, he hitched up his diaphragm and let himself go. He said he was glad they were giving Social Purity a break because he was strong for it and always had been. There was a type of young man, he went on, who would not recognize Social Purity if you handed it to him on a skewer, and it was a type he had always avoided. Give him fine weather and a spot of Social Purity, he said, and you needn't worry about him any further. You could just leave him, he said, confident that he was having the time of his life.

To cut a long story short, he went over big with the Gudgeon, receiving from her a cordial invitation to haunt the house, an invitation of which he was determined to avail himself freely.

Into the events of the next few weeks it is not necessary to go in detail. At his every visit to Balmoral, Barmy displayed an all-in saintliness which would have caused comment at a jamboree of rural deans. He brought the girl serious books. He spoke of his ideals. On several occasions at luncheon he declined a second whack at the roast duck and peas or whatever it might be, indicating by his manner that all that sort of thing seemed to him a little gross and unspiritual.

And the more sedulously he put on his act, the more convinced did he become that in supposing that this was the stuff to give them he had not been mistaken. He would sometimes catch the girl looking at him in a strange, thoughtful way, as if she were asking herself if he could really be true, and he would have been prepared to bet his shirt that love was burgeoning.

The only flaw in his happiness was the constant presence in the home of (*Continued on page 119*)

She was so divine that his topper rocked on his head as he stared at her.

ILLUSTRATED BY

Louis Ber

The Natural Wonders of America:

THE General Sherman

The biggest—and probably the oldest—living thing in the world is the General Sherman, a giant redwood tree which stands in Sequoia National Park, high in California's Sierra Nevada mountains.

According to the experts, the General Sherman, also known as the *Sequoia gigantea* or bigtree, was a well-grown tree more than a thousand years before the birth of Christ. Today it is still fertile, producing thousands of seed-bearing cones from which young saplings grow. Its long life is largely due to the fact that its wood resists insects and fungus growth, and its bark is almost as fireproof as asbestos.

Although there are, in Sequoia National Park, nine thousand *Sequoia giganteas,* measuring ten feet or more in diameter, the General Sherman towers above them all. Taller than the average sixteen-story building, it reaches a height of 273.9 feet. There is enough wood in it for forty five-room houses or to build a box big enough to contain the liner Queen Mary.

The big tree was discovered in 1879 by James Wolverton, who named it after the general under whom he served in the Civil War. It is located on U. S. Highway 198, called the General's Highway in recognition of its principal roadside attraction. The tree is easily reached from Highway 99, which connects with Highway 198. From the north, Highway 180 from Fresno leads into Highway 198.

In addition to giant trees, Sequoia National Park has excellent trout fishing, ski trails, horseback-riding facilities and camping areas. The government rents lots in the park at rates from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a year to outdoor enthusiasts who want to build their own cabins.

The General Sherman and other members of its family are sometimes confused with the Pacific Coast redwoods. They are, however, two distinct types. The latter are found only on the coast, and the larger sequoias are confined to the Sierra Nevada range.

THE THIRD IN A SERIES OF COSMOPOLITAN COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADLEY SMITH

GENERAL SHERMA

unless love is music
SHE LAY THERE LIMP AND UNCONSCIOUS

HER DESPERATE ATTEMPT HAD FAILED.

What sort of lie must a woman tell
when she fears the truth
may cost her the love of her husband?

A Cosmopolitan Novelette

By Libbie Block

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

Being married to Sam was like having Santa Claus as a husband. He opened his sack of bachelor dreams and bestowed upon her all the tenderness, gifts, passion and admiration he had spent a lifetime storing. A real Santa Claus, he asked nothing for himself. But she was like the rare and sensitive child who wants to leave a cookie for Santa on Christmas Eve and water for his thirsty reindeer. It overwhelmed her to receive so much and give so little . . . she had nothing to give except herself and that, she thought, was very little indeed. One day about two months after their marriage she did a reckless thing. She told Sam she could play the piano.

His sweetness provoked her to say it. This evening they were giving a dinner party, their first, and he came home with a big box containing a hostess gown of white lace like fresh snow. In the box, besides the gown, were other things—intangible things. Sam's effort—for he had sent to New York for the gift, even remembering the name of a shop she had once mentioned as a place she wished she could afford; Sam's pride—for their dinner guests would be his dearest Ondega friends, and he wanted her to be beautiful. Most of all, packed in with the exquisite garment was Sam's love. The tissue paper crackled with the intensity of his feeling for Fay.

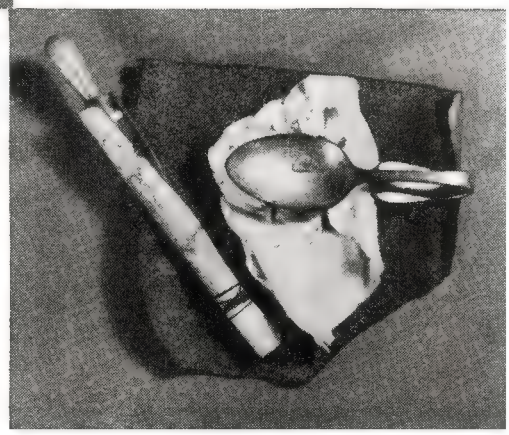
The gown was like an angel's misplaced wing. Holding it she thought the force of his love would break her heart.

"What's the matter, baby? Don't you like it?" He put out a hand to touch the lace.

"That you did it for me! Sam, that you went to the trouble!"

He understood her sober rapture. "If it was twice as nice it wouldn't be nice enough for you. Wait a minute, I nearly forgot." He put his hand into (*Continued on page 150*)

Homemade hypodermic needle concealed in a safety-match box by an inmate at the United States Public Health Service Hospital, Lexington, Kentucky.



Another tiny hypo outfit found at the Lexington hospital, where the author of this article was confined.

Continuing the true story of a narcotic addict's harrowing fight against the morphine habit. This is the second of three articles

When I awoke the sunlight was streaming through the window. The room looked disordered, and the floor was strewn with cigarette butts. Strangely, I had no hang-over. Instead my mind was unusually clear.

I thought about what had happened the day before. I couldn't forget the look on my brother Steve's face when he found out that I was back on the morphine habit again. I remembered the sound of his sobbing.

Then I remembered how I had left him and rushed to my room at this summer hotel in the mountains where I was staying, needing an injection of morphine more than I had ever needed it, only to discover that my supply was all gone.

I had run downstairs and called the doctor in town who had been giving me prescriptions for the drug, but he was away for the week end. I finally had located a dentist who was staying at the hotel, and he had written a request for morphine for me, but the local druggist had refused to accept it.

I had come back to the inn, frantic and beginning to feel the first pains that come when injections are stopped. I met the dentist, and he advised me to take sleeping pills and liquor until I could get morphine in the morning. His advice worked fine. We both got tight on two bottles of champagne which I happened to have in my room, and I had swallowed the pills between drinks. I had slept peacefully.

And now here I was.

I thought about Steve again and about the misery I had caused him. It had started a year before when I was in the hospital with the strange and painful disease of the joints which had been attacking me at regular intervals. This time they had given me morphine, and it was the only thing that relieved the pain. I kept on taking it after I got out of the hospital, and I found that I couldn't get along without it.

When I went to another hospital a few months later, my affliction was diagnosed for the first time as a rare thing called Reiter's Disease. They tried to cure it with penicillin, but during the treatment they forgot to continue my injections of morphine. Deprived of the drug, I went insane. One night the nurses had found me trying to build a fire on the bathroom floor . . . The next thing I knew

BY JAMES DAVIS WITH WALTER SLATOFF

Skid
Row

SKID ROW

I was in the state insane asylum at Stonybrook. But after I was released, I went back on morphine again. This time I did it secretly.

Through it all, Steve had kept faith in me and had made sacrifices to provide me with medical care and to support me. When he had sent me to this inn for the summer, he thought I had given up the drug habit. I did everything to keep him and Ida, his friend who owned the inn, from knowing that I was still taking morphine. But yesterday Steve's wife, Rhoda, had accidentally learned from the druggist in the village that I was getting morphine prescriptions every week. She told Steve. When he found out that I had been lying to him, it was more than he could bear. "Why?" he kept asking me, "Why?"

Lying in bed now in the morning sunlight, going back over that scene in my mind, I suddenly realized that I had taken no morphine since the day before. And I had none to take today.

I knew that the terrible pain and the watering eyes and the sneezing and the soreness of the whole body that comes with the withdrawal of the drug would be upon me soon. But I thought again of Steve turning away from me hopelessly, flinging himself down on his bed and starting to cry. I made a quick decision. I swore to myself that I would never take another injection. I was through.

When the chambermaid came in to clean the room, I asked her to call Ida, the owner and manager of the inn. Ida told me that Steve had let her know about my drug habit.

"Ida, I'm going to stop," I said. And I meant it.

She believed me and said she would help me. She called the doctor and, after telling him my story, asked him to come and take care of me while I was going through the agony of breaking the habit. He refused to have anything to do with me. He said it was impossible for an addict to cure himself, and he did not want to get mixed up with it.

I told Ida I would try it anyway. I asked her to send me tea and toast every two hours and to sort of keep an eye on me.

Steve telephoned about two that afternoon. The pains were already starting, but I managed to get downstairs to the telephone and speak with him. He said that he had called both doctors and the druggist in Valemill, the nearest town, and had made them promise to give me no more drugs.

I told him it made no difference because I had really stopped taking morphine that morning. He asked me again why I had lied to him. Sitting there at the telephone I made up a story.

I told him that two days before I had left the city to come to the inn, I had seen a judge whom I knew and, telling him about my addiction, asked him to send me to a doctor who could cure me. Instead he sent me to two narcotic agents who advised me to take injections until the habit was strong enough to cause pain and weeping and sneezing when I stopped giving myself morphine. Then I was to stop the injections completely and go to bed for three days, taking only tea and toast. For the first forty-eight hours in bed I was to take no medication of any kind. After that I could take sleeping pills. On the fourth day I was to get up and start living a normal life again. I told Steve that the judge and the narcotic agents had made arrangement with a doctor to give me several morphine prescriptions and a letter to a doctor in Valemill who was to give me more prescriptions when the first ones ran out. They made me swear not to tell anybody about this because it was illegal, but they said it was the only effective cure they knew. I explained that I had been taking the drug, as they directed, and now the habit was confirmed again so I was ready to stop it and start the cure.

I made the story sound convincing. In fact, before I finished it, I almost believed it myself.

Steve said nothing.

"The tragic thing," I added, "was that I got the first symptoms of sneezing and tears yesterday, only two hours after you left. If you had stayed here two hours longer, I'd have been able to tell you what it was all about."

Steve said he was going to call the judge and check on my story.

"If you do that," I said, "I'll never speak to you again. I told you the judge and the narcotic agents swore me to secrecy. If anybody knew they had supplied me with drugs, even for a cure like this, they'd go to jail."

I called Ida to the phone and made her tell Steve that I had not had an injection since he had left the inn the day before. She also told him I was spending the next three days in bed on tea and toast.

Steve talked to me again and asked me to hand my hypodermic syringe over to Ida. He said he would hold the wire while I went upstairs and got it. I brought it to Ida and while she was telling Steve that she had it, I took it out of her hand and dropped it on the floor and crushed it under my foot.

Ida told Steve what I had done and handed the phone back to me. He said that if I didn't stay from the drug this time he was through with me forever. Then he said he would call me every day to see how I was getting along. From the way he said good-by I could tell that he believed every word of my story.

I went upstairs and threw myself on the bed and wondered why I had made up such a fantastic lie. I could have told him the truth just as easily.

The pain started in earnest that night. There was a gnawing, twitching sensation in my stomach like ravenous hunger; and a dull throbbing pain in my thighs and the calves of my legs. My back, head, and eyes ached and there was a (*Continued on page 190*)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

One of
Ernest Hemingway's
greatest short stories,
"The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber,"
is your Cosmopolitan dividend
for this month.
It appears on page 203

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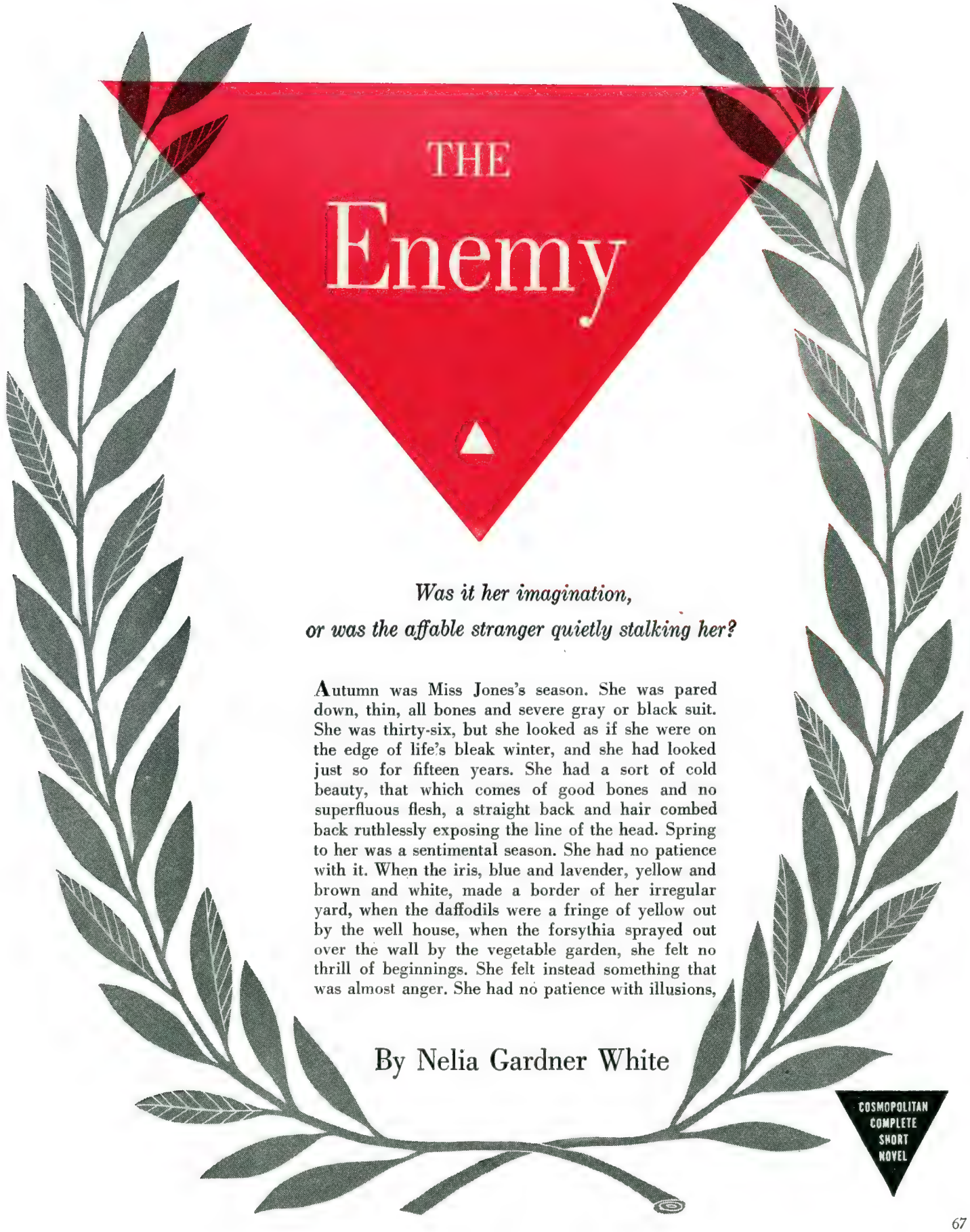


THE Enemy

Was it her imagination,
or was the affable stranger quietly stalking her?

Autumn was Miss Jones's season. She was pared down, thin, all bones and severe gray or black suit. She was thirty-six, but she looked as if she were on the edge of life's bleak winter, and she had looked just so for fifteen years. She had a sort of cold beauty, that which comes of good bones and no superfluous flesh, a straight back and hair combed back ruthlessly exposing the line of the head. Spring to her was a sentimental season. She had no patience with it. When the iris, blue and lavender, yellow and brown and white, made a border of her irregular yard, when the daffodils were a fringe of yellow out by the well house, when the forsythia sprayed out over the wall by the vegetable garden, she felt no thrill of beginnings. She felt instead something that was almost anger. She had no patience with illusions,

By Nelia Gardner White

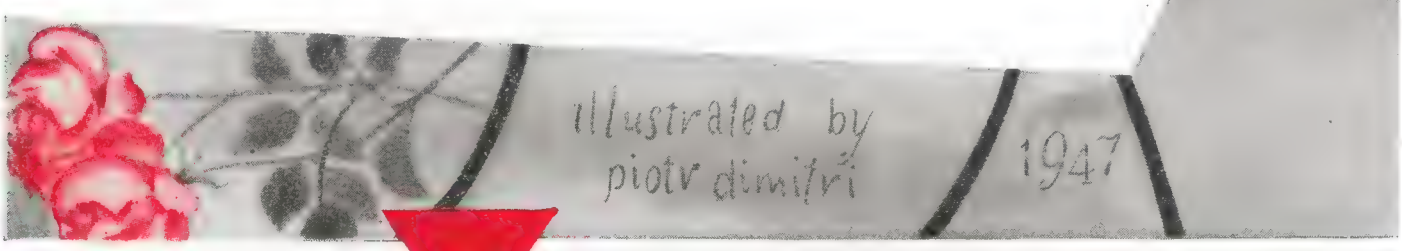
COSMOPOLITAN COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

and spring was to her illusion. In the summer there were sprawling rambler roses, great clumps of velvety red in sevens; there were tall spikes of delphinium, lilies, phlox of white and deep rose, a row of peonies, huge white ones with hearts of coral red. She took care of them because they were hers, and they were there, but she did not love them. She almost never carried flowers into the house. The only plant she cared for at all was one of small white chrysanthemums which bloomed after the rest of the garden was dead. The early fall seemed to her presumptuous, with the great flame of the maples and sumac, the blood red of the laurels in the field next to her, the yellow of the goldenrod and the red of the woodbine on the stone walls. The passionate cry of the world in October seemed to her indecent. But November was her month. She saw no ugliness in the black of the goldenrod against the dead brown of the field. She was kin to the ancient bare maples in the lawn, to the sere oaks, the leafless vines, and perhaps to the white chrysanthemum. She had a kind of autumnal humor, cold and sharp. She was the bride of gauntness, of saplessness, of bleak gray sky and brittle branch.

Her house was like her, austere, fine. There were no knickknacks beyond a small bust of Dante and her grandmother's blue plates on the mantel. In her dining room was a table rubbed down to the grain, sand-white and pure, and an open cupboard that matched, filled with good dishes. The carpet was a plain gray-green, like winter moss. The living-room furniture was mahogany, Early American, polished to dull satin. There were bookshelves, but they had no best sellers, no bright jackets. Aristotle, Voltaire, Paine, Rochefoucauld, Dryden, Herbert—these were her food. She had a deep, unuttered scorn for those who filled their minds with lesser writers, with the paper-bound mystery, the happy ending. The only minds she respected were those without illusion, without softness or apology.

She lived quite alone and admitted to no lack. For ten years she had taught in a girls' school. Then she had had money left her, and she had immediately handed in her resignation, bought this house on this lonely road in the hills. She had been here nearly five years.

One day in this autumn of her fifth year she worked in her garden. She had cut down the phlox, cut the peonies back, and she was now spreading mulch from her compost pile over the long flower bed. The sunlight was thin and cold, and the still unraked leaves kept up a constant rustling. Miss Jones wore a gray corduroy jacket, no hat, thick leather gloves on her fine hands. There was a wind, but one might have thought there was none, looking at the way Miss Jones's



He was her new neighbor. On the surface,
he was casual, pleasant,

noncommittal. But something in his eyes said, "I am your enemy,
and now I have you where I want you!"

hair lay so smoothly away from her thin face, made a lacquered knot of braids at her neck.

Though she was wont to take each day as it came, she had a moment, as she spread the mulch carefully, of suddenly seeing herself doing this same task, moving the spade with the same gestures this time last year, seeing herself doing the same next year and the year after. *In perpetuum*, murmured her thoughts. She was filled with tag ends of Latin, which she had taught during her first three years at Brookhaven. With the slipping of the world's hold on classicism, she had found herself teaching English, but she thought of herself as a Latin teacher. This moment, fringing the edge of the knowledge of boredom, passed quickly, was denied. She lifted the handles of her wheelbarrow as prelude to another trip to the compost heap when a voice said, "I beg your pardon. Miss Jones?"

She turned her head but did not release her hold on the barrow handles. She had not heard the stranger approach. Perhaps her moment of awareness of repetition had gone deeper than she realized. At any rate, she had not heard him come around the house through the dry leaves.

"Yes?" she said without cordiality. Men came sometimes to sell her shrubs or a new roof or an artesian well, to exhort her to insulate her old house. But she wanted no more shrubs, nothing to soften the view of the leafless hills. She had had the roof patched, but she kept to her shallow well which had not failed her yet. Her house was old but snug. So she was distantly polite, no matter how gentlemanly the solicitor appeared.

"I believe you have the key to the Barstow house? May I have it?" the man asked. "I am renting the house for the winter."

She put the wheelbarrow down, said crisply, "I will get it for you," and moved around the end of the flower bed and toward the house without further word. The man walked beside her silently, waited at the door while she went to fetch the key Mrs. Barstow had left with her. She felt oddly reluctant to hand it over to him. She always felt a new freedom after the Barstows had gone to New York for the winter. The hill was wholly hers then. The Barstow house had never been rented before. She came out on the stone step and said, "This is for the side door." She put the key into his outstretched hand.

He gave her a slight smile, a smile that was not friendly, not perfunctorily polite, either. It was an ironic smile, and it startled her, made her aware of him, tall and thin, with a furrowed, ugly, intelligent face. "Thank you, Miss Jones," he said and went off down the drive.

She went back to her task, but the rhythm had been broken. She was aware that it was none of her business what the Barstows did with their house, that they had a right to rent it if they could find a tenant; nevertheless, she felt affronted —felt the solitude, in which she wrapped herself like a nun each winter, assaulted. She was afraid of nothing, Miss Jones, not fire or theft or bitter snows. She scorned the palliatives of religion and easy, meaningless friendship with which others concealed their fears. But she was aware, going steadily from garden to flower bed, from flower bed to garden, that something close to fear was touching her—a nameless fear, but a fear. She kept seeing the way the man had smiled at her. She was alive to the smallest niceties in human relationships, and she knew that there was in that smile something inexplicable by ordinary approaches. It was a look that said, were it not too utterly ridiculous to imagine (*Continued on page 73*)

In the eyes of Miss Jones,
this man and his dog were intruders.
She tried to avoid them,
but she could not.

An Old-Fashioned Soup

The year is 1747. Let's wander back, in fancy, to a Colonial kitchen in that long ago. It's suppertime, and a young wife is bustling about the wide hearth. From an iron fireplace crane swings a softly bubbling kettle of chicken noodle soup sending forth tantalizing wisps of fragrant steam. She's spent hours simmering a plump chicken, rolling the egg noodles, dicing morsels of white and dark meat, to make this favorite soup of our forefathers. But she knows her reward will be her husband's praise . . . and so she stirs, and sips, and stirs . . .

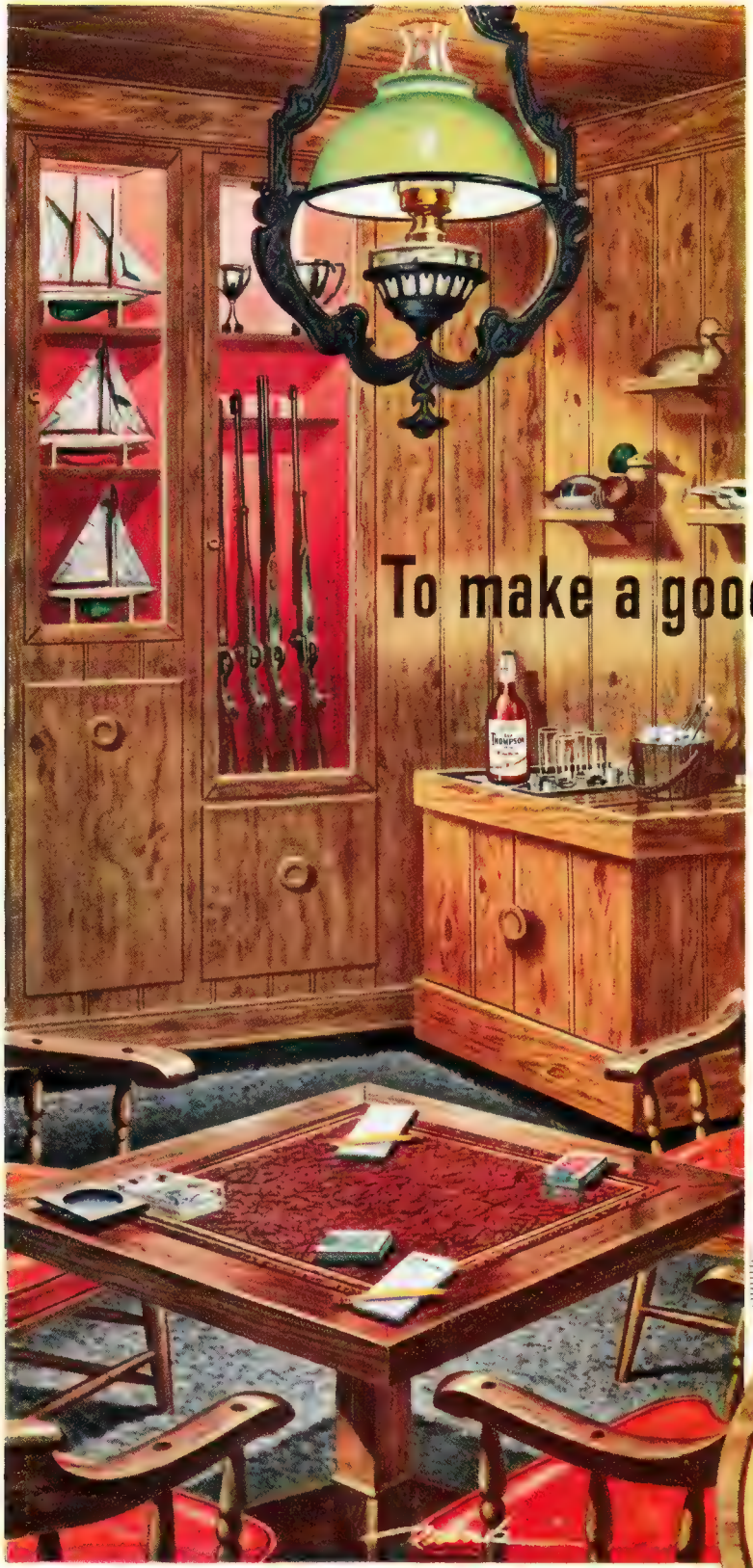
. . . LEADS A NEW-FASHIONED LIFE

The year is 1947. Once again it's suppertime, and a young wife is busy getting the evening meal. The main dish—one she knows her husband will deeply relish—is chicken noodle soup. Only this time it's Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup. Today, Campbell's have done all the work for her, and for you. They've simmered the chickens slowly for a glistening broth, made the golden egg noodles, generously ladled in the tender pieces of chicken . . . How long since you've had this grand old-fashioned soup at your house?

Campbell's

CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



If it's your turn to say
"Come over and play"
It's wise to get set in advance

When you fix up the table
Be sure that you're able
To find "Thompson" with merely a glance.

Allan Clark

To make a good evening even better

With friends coming in, get out Old Thompson. It's a better blend because it's WED·IN·THE·WOOD. In this old-time method, aged Glenmore whiskies are blended with the choicest grain neutral spirits ***but instead of being bottled immediately, "Thompson" is put back into barrels to assure perfect blending.*** This "marrying" in the barrel takes longer and costs more but it gives added smoothness and flavor.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof. The Straight Whiskies in this product are five years or more old. 32½% Straight Whiskies — 67½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Watch for the return of the famous Old Thompson pre-war bottle. It's coming soon!

OLD
THOMPSON
BRAND

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COSMOPOLITAN COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

it. "This key is nothing but the simplest balderdash. I am your enemy, and now I have you where I want you!" But she had never laid eyes on him before.

At noon she came in, washed up, prepared her simple luncheon. She always ate sparingly but she never loosened her fastidious hold on the amenities. She put on the rubbed table the mat of homespun tan and green, laid the yellow plate, the silver, the cup with the yellow band. She brought the moss-green teapot, set it on its tile, a small plate of bread, a bowl of milk, an apple on a white plate with a small silver fruit knife flanking it. That was her lunch nearly every day.

She broke bread into the milk, dipped her spoon, then paused. She was not hungry. She never craved food, but she always ate something. Today she wanted nothing, felt a repulsion toward even this simple meal. She had the odd sensation that the man down the hill in the Barstow house could see her, was seeing her, sitting here alone, that he was smiling at her with that smile of intimate mockery. She was a woman of infinite control, and the wave of senseless anger that swept over her shamed her and alarmed her. She knew it was stupid to give him a thought. Because he was next door was no reason that she should ever see him again. In the summertime when the foliage was thick she could not even see the Barstow house. Now the leaves were gone she could see it quite clearly, huddled down there under the hill; she had not minded seeing it other winters, for it was empty.

This was the day she went to town to do her weekly shopping. She washed her few dishes, dressed herself in a black suit with a smart black topcoat over it, drove her small car out and away toward the nearest town, six miles distant. She never wanted to leave her house, but today the feeling of reluctance was very strong. It was as if she knew something threatened her peace in it, as if she must stay secure inside, with doors bolted against intruders. But habit was strong in her and she drove to town, did her shopping, stopped at the library. There was little at the library that could serve her high needs, but occasionally she found something among the old classics.

She had been asked to serve on the library board when it was known she had been a teacher of English, and she had done so for three years now, but her choices were nearly always overridden, and she had decided that at the next meeting she would resign. It disturbed her that people so craved trash and that the board should satisfy their craving.

Miss Lehn, the head librarian, greeted her, paused to talk with her a bit. Miss Jones escaped her at last, walked back through the stacks toward the corner of foreign books. But when she reached the corner she abruptly could not bear looking at the books. She wanted to run from the library, hurry home as fast as she could go. It was again as if she had left her house unprotected.

But when she reached home, all was as usual. She put her supplies away, prepared vegetables for dinner. It was already growing dark, and she turned on the lights in the living room, laid a fire in the grate for the time when she could sit with a book after dinner. The huge brass bucket and the fire-tongs twinkled in the light, and all looked serene and beautiful. There was no reason for nervousness. Then, passing through the dining room on the way to broil her chop, she realized that something was different. She could see the Barstow house, lighted warmly from top to bottom. She had not dreamed the intruder.

Always in the early evening, after her kitchen was tidy, she wrote in her diary, a thick red book with fairly large pages. She lighted the fire and brought her diary from the old secretary desk that so fed her pride by its good lines, sat down by the fire and opened the book. Miss Jones's diary was surely the most impersonal diary ever written. She was not one to reveal herself even to herself. She wrote of nature, of books she had read, of abstract subjects. She always began by putting a Latin or French quotation at the head of the page. It was good discipline for her memory, and it gave her a pleasant feeling of erudition besides. She poised her pen and wrote, almost without thinking: *Hypotheses non fingo.*

She was startled when she saw the black words on the page. It was certainly true that Miss Jones did not deal with suppositions. *Hypotheses non fingo* might have been engraved on her family crest. If she had a passion at all it was for the factual, the down-to-earth facts of life. She was startled because as soon as she had written the words she tied them to the coming of the man down the hill. Why on earth should she suppose anything about him? Perhaps he was here for convalescence from some illness, a friend of the Barstows. Perhaps he was an author finishing a book in quietude. The Barstows had their house filled summer after summer with professors, actors, artists and the like. What more natural than that one of them should have seen the possibilities of a quiet winter here? Only she had never, on her trips down the hill to the mailbox, seen this particular guest. Then why had he looked at her as if he had known her a long time, known her intimately, could presume to mock her?

Without writing anything at all beyond that one line, she closed the diary, put it away. She reached for a book and took down Chaucer. Chaucer never failed to please her. She liked the hard Anglo-Saxon ring of the words, felt a keen satisfaction in their plainness, their sharpness. But after she had read for a half hour she rose, went out for a drink of water, and as she walked through the dining room, she saw again the brightly lighted house, proclaiming from every window that she was not alone on her hill.

THE next morning it had turned very cold. The sky was pale blue, like a winter sky, and on the horizon were thick heavy clouds pregnant with snow. Miss Jones still had a little work in the garden and she went out into the chill wind and set about her tasks. She had planned to rake the last of the leaves and burn them, but the wind was too high and she would never get a burning permit today. She would finish the flower bed and then go in and polish the silver. It was just before she put her tools away that the man came again, walking slowly down the drive, hands in pockets. He seemed extraordinarily tall and somehow menacing, despite his lazy approach.

"Good morning, Miss Jones," he said. "I was wondering if you knew where the Barstows kept their rakes and shovels? The yard needs attention."

"I believe they are in one of the stalls in the barn," she said coolly.

"Thank you. Since we are to be neighbors, perhaps I should introduce myself. My name is John Crothers."

He said that last in an oddly slow, significant way, almost as if he were asking her if the name meant nothing to her. She nodded brief acknowledgement.

"I am not used to country life. I shall probably often bother you for advice," he said.

"You have chosen a difficult place in which to learn," she said. "We do not have easy winters here."

"If you can manage it, a woman alone, I ought to be able to," he said.

"I happen to like the difficulties."

"Neither do I object to them," he said.

He turned, went away with no more words. She called after him, "Do not burn any leaves without a permit from the fire warden. His name is Gartley—he lives up Pond Hill."

"Thank you," he said and went on.

She hardly knew why she had warned him. Better if he got into trouble with the local authorities.

She went in and prepared to polish silver. She got out polish and cloths, put on an apron and sat down at the kitchen table.

She had a disciplined mind and often at her tasks she thought out some general thesis which later found its way into her diary. Such as: "What is the effect of the movies on the adolescent mind?" Or: "Does the lessening of insistence on teaching classical subjects reveal itself in modern character?" But today her mind slipped away from generalities, went over that brief conversation as if she had to find the significance in it.

Why had the man announced his name in that questioning way? Was he a celebrity of whom she should know? Was he annoyed that she did not know him? And why had he said, so slowly and significantly, "a woman alone"? His words were polite enough, but the sound of his voice was not polite. She had great self-sufficiency and she despised people who had to have another human being always at hand. But sitting there with flannel cloth in hand, rubbing, rubbing at the silver, she became aware that she was just that, "a woman alone." It was disconcerting knowledge. It angered her that she should have come to it. And that "Neither do I object to them." It was stern, like a warning. It was personal, as if she had told him she didn't want him here, and he had said she had him here, whether she would or no. And how had he known she was Miss Jones? Well, if he were a friend of the Barstows, of course they would have told him.

"Stupid!" she said to herself sharply. "Stop thinking about him. He is nothing to you or you to him."

But he stayed there in her mind like a thorn. She was by no means a fool and she knew that women approaching middle-age were apt to have obsessions about men, often young men—though this John Crothers was no younger than she, certainly. She even gave herself an inquisition to establish the fact that this inability to forget him was nothing of that sort. No, she was guiltless on that score. Long since she had determined never to marry, and she had not in the years of her maturity met any man who even deeply interested her. Mrs. Barstow often asked her there to dinner when she had guests from town, but, if the men were learned, she found herself always enough more learned for scorn, and if they were simply charming she thought of them as children. No one had force and intelligence enough to stir her imagination. Then why should this man stir her? His voice had the accents of culture, but she knew absolutely nothing about him. And still she was conscious of

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him down there at the foot of the hill, but conscious of him as an enemy, not as a friend. The riddle of why he was an enemy nagged at her.

For three days she didn't see him. She went about her usual routine of cleaning, polishing, cooking her spare meals, writing her letters. She carried on a correspondence with several scholarly people she had never seen, but she rarely wrote to friends; she had only distant relatives and those unloved. Then on Saturday her neighbor came to the door with a steaming pan of baked beans.

"It's Saturday night—I thought I'd make a New Englander's neighborly gesture," he said. "I am very proud of my success with them."

She took the pan, feeling that this was no gift in spite of his friendly words. "That's very kind of you," she said.

"I thought perhaps you'd be good enough to invite me in to eat them with you," he said.

She turned toward the kitchen, murmuring, "Do come in!" aware that he was already in, brazenly, boldly *in*. Not only in, but was following her out to the kitchen. She saw his shadow on the wall, enormously tall, and she felt a strange frightened trembling setting up throughout all her body.

"What a nice kitchen!" he said matter-of-factly.

"Yes, it is pleasant," she said. "If you're to stay to supper, though, I'd be pleased to have you make yourself comfortable in the other room. I don't work well when I'm interrupted."

"Oh, just bread and coffee with the beans will be enough," he said easily. But he walked away into the living room, and she could hear him moving about in there as if he were freely examining her possessions. She called in to him, "Will you turn on the lights, please, Mr. Crothers?" She suddenly wanted all the house blazing with light. There seemed to be a long silent space before the lights went on in the living room, and in that space she felt again the fright she had experienced when she had felt his tall figure behind her in the kitchen.

She made hot applesauce and fried bacon, opened a can of brown bread, got out chili sauce and pickles, set the table with her usual care, made coffee. It took her a half hour, and all that time he never said a word to her, and she didn't know what he was doing in her beautiful room. But what could he do?

"If you'll come now?" she said.

He came at once. "This is very friendly of you," he said. "It isn't much fun to sit alone at your meals night after night. *Is it?*" he added as an afterthought.

"I have lived alone here for nearly five years," she said, "and I have never craved companionship."

He raised his brows. "Really?" he said. "Not even a dog?"

"No, not even a dog," she said.

"Then I *am* intruding!" he said, but his apology was a mock apology, not meant.

"Not at all," she said politely.

"You don't like people?" he persisted.

"A few people," she answered. "In general, no . . . And if you crave companionship, Mr. Crothers, I should think you might be better situated in a city. There is very little to be found here."

"Well, there's you," he said shamelessly. "I don't need crowds."

"I have little time for idle friendships," Miss Jones said. "I do not mean to be rude, but that is the way I feel."

"Ah, but I have no time for idle friendships, either," he said. He did not elaborate on that but made some remark about the food, then another about the table. He ran his hand along the surface. "Wonderful!" he said. "Nothing so wonderful as just wood, without varnish or lacquer! . . . I notice that your taste in wood is reflected in your taste in books."

"Yes," she said, pleased in spite of herself. "I like my sources pure—unfiltered through minds satisfied with derivation."

At the same time she was annoyed that he should browse, uninvited, among her loved books.

"I would say you had perhaps been a teacher of literature," he said.

"In a small way," she admitted.

"Where—might I ask?"

"Brookhaven. A girls' school."

"Ah," he said. Then, after a moment of silence, "Why did you stop teaching?"

She had an impulse to say, "It is none of your business why!" but she said calmly enough, "I came into a little money. Not much, but enough to buy this house and live in it quietly. If I had been teaching in a university, I might have continued, but there is little exhilaration in trying to rouse sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds to an appreciation of literature."

He spread a piece of brown bread slowly. There was something about his furrowed face that was suddenly infinitely tired and sad. But he said, "I should have thought quite the contrary would be true. That seems to me the age when true appreciation begins."

"No. A seventeen-year-old is completely romantic. Full of illusions. Sensitive in a soft, meaningless way. She likes Rupert Brooke and Houseman. Never Plato or Cicero. Her thoughts are constantly on love, a vague, vaporous love that has no touch with reality."

"Or perhaps they have a reality that we forget exists as we become older and harder," he said quietly.

"Perhaps. I have always considered hardness, toughness, as a prerequisite for living," she said sharply. "Shall we have our coffee by the fire?"

She lighted the fire, then brought in the silver pot, two cups, set them on the table before the fire.

He sat on the sofa facing the fire, while she sat in the chair by the hearth.

"This is a beautiful room," he said. "Too beautiful."

"Too beautiful?" Her voice showed her annoyance.

"Yes. Do you never feel it inhuman to be such a perfectionist, Miss Jones?"

"No, I can't say I do. This is my home. I live in it, alone. Why should I not make it as perfect as I am able to?"

"Perfection has no heart," he said.

"You are being presumptuous on slight acquaintance, Mr. Crothers," she said clearly. "But I don't mind saying that I think little of the heart. I live by what mind I possess, and it demands perfection as far as I am capable of producing it."

"But for whom do you polish and dust and paint?"

"For myself."

"You are fortunate indeed to be so self-sufficient," he said. He put his cup down, stood up. "I must go," he said. "It was kind of you to break bread with me. Particularly since you don't like people."

She found herself flushing, and angry because she did so. "I hope I am not completely unneighborly," she said. "Thank you for the beans. They were very good."

"Yes, they were, weren't they? . . . Good night, Miss Jones."

"Good night."

THEN for three days she did not see him. One day she saw the smoke from his leaves going straight up to the wintry sky. At night there were all those lights. The mailboxes for half a dozen houses were in a row almost across from the Barstow house, but she did not see him on Monday when she went down for her mail. All this time the empty pan sat on her kitchen table. Had it been Mrs. Barstow's, she would have returned it at once. She had a stern rule about borrowed objects, and she rarely lent anything herself. She had once, when younger, lent books, but no more. She hated the borrower too much when he forgot to return them. On Wednesday morning when she started toward the steps cut into the hillside, she paused, turned back, went to the kitchen and picked up the pan. She carried it down the hill, then after she had taken her mail from the box labeled in plain tall letters: JONES, she walked across to the Barstow house, lifted the knocker.

He came so quickly that it seemed he had been waiting with hand on the door latch. That was the way of their every encounter—he was so suddenly *there*. He saw the pan for she held it out at once, but he ignored it, put out a hand to her arm. She did not like to be touched, and his hand on her arm seemed an inexcusable presumption.

"Come in, Miss Jones!" he said.

"I'm afraid I haven't time."

"Of course you have!" He drew her into the room. This was the dining room, and Miss Jones had eaten here a number of times with the Barstows. It was a careless room, with painted furniture that seemed more suited to the Pennsylvania Dutch country than to this severe New England countryside. The table was now strewn with books and papers, and there was a cup of coffee, steaming, at one end. "That's one thing there is plenty of here—time," he insisted. "Just come in and sit down. I'll bring my coffee and some for you." He led her to the living room, almost pushed her into a corner of the shabby sofa. "Be right with you!" He took the pan from her hand, left her.

She felt angry through and through. The anger made the arm he had touched prickle. She had work to do, and she always kept rigidly to the schedule of her days. To sit down in midmorning for a chat and a cup of coffee was utterly foreign to her. And especially in this room, for which she had always felt a distaste. It was the usual New England house, but the partition had been taken down between the two front rooms, leaving two fireplaces back to back. The chairs had none of the dignity of Miss Jones's chairs; they were deep comfortable affairs covered with faded but gay covers. Mr. Barstow had something to do with the theater, and the walls were almost entirely covered with signed photographs of actors and actresses or caricatures and cartoons. There was a battered grand piano with scores piled on its top. The whole atmosphere was Bohemian and careless.

"Here we are!" Mr. Crothers said. He set the tray down on the hearth. There was a table close at hand, but it was cluttered with books and magazines, and there was no space on it for a tray.

"Sugar? Cream?" he said.

"Black," she said stiffly.

He laughed. "Yes, I might have expected that. No trimmings," he said. He handed her the cup.

"This is a nice room, isn't it?" he said, sitting on the couch beside her. "The Barstows must be jolly people."

"You don't know them?" she asked.

"No."

"How did you happen to pick out this house, then?" she heard herself ask.

"Oh, I knew where I wanted to be in this particular valley," he said. "I made inquiries—the postman told me I might

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get this house and gave me the Barstows' address. Theater people, are they?"

"I believe so."

Her cup made a little click on its saucer. She could not know why, but she felt again that wave of fear, that sense of enmity. And yet all his words had been casual, friendly enough. But why *this* house? *Her* hill? Why did he want to be *here*? It couldn't possibly have anything to do with her, and yet she was so sure in that moment that it did have something to do with her she almost said, "What do you want with me?"

"Yes," he said, almost as if to himself, "this was where I had to be."

"Why?" she asked bluntly.

Then there was a moment's silence, a waiting during which tremendous things seemed about to be made clear. But when he spoke he said only, "Oh, I wanted time for thinking, for planning."

"*But why here?*" she wanted to ask protestingly. Instead she lifted her cup again. When she set it down she did so very carefully, not wanting to hear again that click of agitation. "I must go. I have work to do," she said then. She stood up.

"You are altogether too industrious, Miss Jones," he said. "You should learn the pleasures of slothfulness."

"They are not pleasures to me," she said tartly. "I suppose the postman told you who I was, too?"

She hadn't known she was going to say that, and she was startled at her own sharp voice.

She was more startled when he rose abruptly, stood looming over her.

"No," he said. "The postman didn't tell me who you were, Miss Jones." He walked to the door, opened it for her.

"Good morning." she said, and went out the drive to the road, up the hill toward her own perfect, safe house. When she was halfway up the hill she remembered that she had left her little pile of mail on the couch. But she could not go back for it. She would phone him and ask him to leave it in the mailbox.

When she was once more inside her house, she sat down quickly at the dining-room table. She took herself sternly in hand. "What on earth is the matter with me?" she demanded of herself. "I am behaving like a child—or an anxious old maid who thinks all men have designs on her. There is no possible design Mr. Crothers could have on me. I am neither rich nor young. I have nothing to offer beyond my mind, which I am sure does not interest Mr. Crothers. If he likes that house, he could not possibly be interested in mine or in me. There is no reason he should not be here. There is no reason I should ascribe ulterior motives to him. . . He could have found out my name in a dozen ways. The breadman, Pete Clark at the garage. . . He is a little too neighborly, a little too forward, but there is nothing but ordinary civility in him. It is ridiculous to think otherwise, to be afraid. . . Why is he so insistent on *this* locality, though? . . . Oh, he might have been driving through here and felt its pull, as I did. I wanted it, didn't I? This particular place? Why should I assume no one else would feel the same? . . . But is it just neighborliness that made him ask himself here to supper? I am not the sort to invite that sort of freedom. He speaks to me almost as if he had known me for a long time and could be permitted liberties. . . I am just annoyed because he wants to share *my* place. There is no menace in him—there couldn't possibly be."

Then, aware that she was neglecting her tasks, she rose, removed her coat, put on an apron and began to clean the kitchen cupboard. But while she was taking dishes down, she dropped a cup. It fell against the drainboard and broke sharply in two. She had not broken one dish in all the time she had lived in this house, and she stared at it as if some major tragedy had occurred. It wasn't the cup that disturbed her, but the fact that she had lost control for a moment.

She did not phone him about the mail, but in midafternoon she found it stuck through the handle of the storm door. She had not heard him come, and she did not like the feeling that he might have been there so close to her on the other side of the door, making no sound. It was not only that *he* had been there; it was something else, a feeling in the very air itself of intrusion, of emphasis on her living here at all, "a woman alone." A feeling of wanting doors bolted, of wanting lights on, of not wanting to go to the cellar after vegetables. She hated it, hated it intensely. She had never minded dark or empty spaces of the countryside, the sound of the wind. She had liked loneliness. But now there was this feeling that the dark could find her unprepared, that something was gnawing away at her content in loneliness, destroying it subtly but surely.

That night she wrote on the top of the page in her diary: *"Quare impedit?"* She was not thinking of old Latin writs. She was thinking of just what the words said: *"Why does he intrude?"* Then she put the special meaning away from her, wrote a very wise and careful two-page essay on fear itself. She felt pleased that she had become impersonal, objective again, and a little proud of her precise, meaningful sentences which made fear the property of fools and weaklings.

NOTHING happened for a week. Nothing at all, unless you could say it was something when she stopped in the middle of a page, returned her book impatiently to its shelf. Unless it was something that once she neglected collecting her mail for two days at a time. Unless it was something that twice she woke in the night, hearing steps about the house.

The first snow came on Thanksgiving morning, a fine spitting snow, bleak and wet. In the middle of the morning Miss Jones's phone rang. She was preparing her chicken for roasting. She washed her hands slowly, almost willing the phone to stop ringing before she reached it.

"Hello," she said crisply.

"Don't you think we ought to share Thanksgiving, Miss Jones?" Mr. Crothers's voice said without preamble of greeting. "A turkey seemed too big, but I have a chicken in the oven."

"So have I," she said, as if that ended it.

"Well, cold chicken is good," he said. "Shall we have dinner there or here?"

She wanted to say angrily that she preferred eating alone, even on Thanksgiving. "Here, if anywhere," she said.

"Good! Do you have cranberry sauce?"

"Naturally," she said impatiently.

"Well, I'll bring what I have. When? About two?"

"Yes."

She went about preparing dinner, paying no attention to the fact that he was also bringing provender. She had already made a mince pie and cranberry sauce, cleaned celery. She set her table with pale yellow mats and the big blue plates, and the last of the white chrysanthemums.

At one she went to her room and changed her dress. She nearly always wore a suit, but today she put on her plain black wool dress, fastened an old pin of silver at the throat. The pin had a Greek warrior on it, and she had always liked it. She thought of herself sometimes as like the warrior.

At a little before two she saw him through the window carrying a big basket. She opened the door before he had to set the basket down and knock.

"I didn't make gravy. I'm not very good at it," he said, putting the basket on the table. "That bowl is cracked nuts, and that's currant-raspberry jelly I found in Mrs. Barstow's cellar. She said I might use anything there. . . I'd offer to help, but you don't like help, do you?"

"No, thanks. I'll have everything ready soon."

She saw that his chicken was bigger, more golden brown, so she used it, made the gravy. She had a feeling of repetition, as if she had had many meals with this man, would keep on having them forever and ever. Her gravy was lumpy and she had to strain it. That annoyed her unreasonably much.

They sat at the table and Mr. Crothers said, "What are you thankful for, Miss Jones?"

"It would take some time to enumerate my blessings," she said stiffly.

"Name three," he said.

"Health, a home, a sound mind," she said briefly.

He gave her a strangely appraising look which made her flush and said slowly, "Yes, you have health—you will live to be a hundred. I had an Aunt Janice built just like you, fine strong bones, no flesh. She lived to be ninety-five. I suppose you will still be polishing your possessions fifty years from now. I don't know whether that is a blessing or not. I have never known whether a home was a blessing. It often possesses a woman, I've noticed, so that she is nothing without her things about her. I suppose one has to fasten one's pride to something. . . If you'll forgive me for saying so, I doubt if you will be of sound mind when you are a hundred. Living alone is not conducive to a clear mental outlook."

"Indeed?" she said tartly. "I see no reason to let your mind rust because you are alone. A mind can be disciplined to action, Mr. Crothers."

"It has to have other minds to set the action going, doesn't it?"

"I have other minds. Better ones than I would find—say, about a bridge table or at a church supper."

"I would be willing to wager," Mr. Crothers said imperturbably, "that in another five years you will be more pleased with the breadman's coming than with an evening with Aristotle. In five years more you will be talking to yourself for companionship."

"I think better of my own mind than that," Miss Jones said.

"If you were so sure, you wouldn't have let me come to eat dinner with you," he said. "A house gets to be a prison without people in it."

"Speak for yourself," she said sharply. "I like a house without people in it. I am thirty-six years old, Mr. Crothers, and I grow less rather than more inclined to have people about me. I am not inhospitable, but I believe you asked yourself to dinner, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I am sure you know how to say no in a hundred ways."

"Did you invite yourself to dinner for the pleasure of being impertinent?"

"Perhaps I did," he said. "Perhaps I did, Miss Jones. . . Have you another name? Miss Jones sounds awfully plain."

"My name is Rose," Miss Jones said. "But I prefer Miss Jones."

"Rose?" His voice rose like an eyebrow lifted in mocking delight. "I would have thought of Althea or Diana or Cynthia—Rose, never! Rose Jones. That's amazing, really. It changes your whole character instantly."

"No, it doesn't," she denied. "I dislike

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the name very much. I am never called anything but *Miss Jones* . . . Might I ask, Mr. Crothers, why, if you so dislike solitude, you should have chosen this lonely hillside for your home?"

There was an instant before he replied, when she felt a wave of the utmost reluctance to hear his answer. It was as if something had goaded her to make the query, knowing all the time that the answer would crush her. But after the instant that seemed too long, he said, "But I haven't chosen it for my home, Miss Jones. I am here for only a few months, till I finish the task I have set myself."

She couldn't seem to stop. "You are a writer, perhaps? Or a composer?"

"No, neither."

All this time they had been eating, but scarcely noticing what they ate. It seemed they were in the midst of a battle. At that thought, Miss Jones raised a hand and touched the pin at her throat as if to remind herself that she was a warrior and an invincible one. She rose and carried their plates out. She cut the mince pie, brought in the coffee.

"Could I help you with the dishes?" he asked when they were through.

"No, thank you," she answered.

"Mind if I smoke a pipe? . . . Will you have a cigarette?"

"Thank you," she said, taking a cigarette. She had a feeling of pleasure at his surprise. But she liked one cigarette after her one cup of coffee. She despised women who lighted one cigarette after another just as she despised bigots who thought smoking was a sin. Moderation in all things was her inexorable rule.

They were almost companionable as they sat there smoking. Presently he said, "I wonder if you'd read to me awhile? This is just the day for it, with the snow against the windows and all."

He rose, wandered in to the bookshelves, took down Emerson's Essays. "Didn't Emerson write something on friendship?" he asked. "Let's see—yes, here it is. Read this, will you?"

She didn't want to read Emerson on Friendship. She scarcely knew why, but she didn't want to read it. She had read to no one since the days at Brookhaven, but she prided herself on her clear enunciation, her ability to bring out the meaning from complex phrasing. She took the book and slowly replaced it on the shelf. "No," she said, "I do not feel in the mood for Emerson. I will read you Cowley on Solitude." She took down a small brown volume, walked to the well-lighted chair by the hearth, let him make himself comfortable on the sofa, began without ado to read.

She read clearly, not too rapidly, feeling a sharp delight in the insolence of the words written three hundred years since. They were a reproof to the man who sat there with his pipe, the man who had dared to imply that she did not have enough in herself to last her a hundred years. Certain sentences seemed so clearly a part of their conversation that she felt impelled to read them with a personal touch of defiance.

". . . Solitude can be well fitted and set right but upon a very few persons. They must have enough knowledge of the World to see the vanity of it and enough Virtue to despise all Vanity; if the Mind be possessed with any Lust or Passions a man had better be in a Fair than in a Wood alone. . . . In the second place, he must learn the Art and get the Habit of Thinking. . . . *O vita, stulto longa, sapienti brevis!* . . . There is no saying shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, That a man does not know how to pass his Time. . ."

When she had finished the short essay, he laughed. "At thirty-six, that makes a very pretty apology for your way of life," he said. "At forty-six, I think you will be tired of being in a wood alone and will wish you had gone to the fair. . . Perhaps I misjudge you—but have you ever been to the fair, Miss Jones?"

"Certainly," she said coldly. "I have lived in the world, Mr. Crothers."

"And at thirty-one you eschewed it? That is early to lay aside all passions."

"Not too early," she said stiffly.

"You should have been a nun."

"I would have been a good one."

"I'm sure you would." He spoke somewhat shortly; even the sardonic laughter of a moment since was gone from his voice. He stood up. "Thank you for a most interesting afternoon, Miss Jones," he said. "I'll run along now, I think."

After he had gone, without his basket and the rest of his food, she sat there for some time, holding the book of Cowley in her hands. It had been a stimulating but disturbing afternoon. More strongly than ever she felt through all this man's outward friendliness a current of enmity. It was as if, for some strange, inexplicable reason of his own, he were trying to make her dissatisfied with her way of life. The maddening thing was that he was in some measure succeeding. He had put some doubt into her as to the endurance of her own mind, the perfection of her own life, her power to bear solitude. Something akin to hate came like bitterness to her tongue. *If the Mind be possessed with any Lust or Passions* . . . She rose quickly, went out to the kitchen and washed her fine china with great care, almost as if afraid she would again break something.

IN THE morning she put all his belongings into the basket and when Ed Freeman, the breadman, came, she asked him if he'd leave it at the Barstow house. That afternoon she sat down to write letters, especially a letter to the editor of an educational journal for whom she had done three articles on educational matters. This man had been delighted with her scholarly approach to her subject matter and had kept up a correspondence with her for some three years now, a very impersonal and pedantic correspondence.

"My dear Mr. Evenden," she began. She had been interested at last writing with the debt of modern writers to the Greek and Roman writers, finding endless examples of derivation, even of plagiarism. Every time she came upon a bit of what seemed like wisdom in a modern book, she mistrusted it and nearly always found it was ancient wisdom, thinly disguised as new discovery. Today she had intended to report on titles that were taken from old writings. It irritated her and faintly amused her that men nowadays had to take their titles from someone else, pointing up their own lack of originality. But after her salutation, she could not go on. She had an abrupt notion that her mind had become fine gray dust and was spilling out on the polished surface of the desk. So clear was the sensation that she mechanically took her handkerchief from her blouse pocket and carefully wiped off the shelf. When she became aware of what she had done, a painful red went up her thin face. "*In five years more you will be talking to yourself. . .*" With a really great effort she pulled her mind into order, began to write her letter.

Two days later she saw Mr. Crothers walking by with a dog, a Dalmatian. The next day when she got her mail, Mr. Crothers came out of his house toward her, with the dog romping beside him.

"Good morning!" he said. "How do you like my new friend? Being not so self-sufficient as you, I need someone beside me at the hearth of an evening. His name is Gringo, though it seems to me he ought to have something very high and mighty for a name—something to show he is King of the Clowns. But we so seldom get the names belonging to us . . . Look at you!" He gave her a grin and took his mail from the box.

She made some noncommittal answer, walked away. The dog had a black ring around one eye and Mr. Crothers' title "King of the Clowns" was singularly apt. Except for that one comical mark, Gringo was a very impressive dog.

Every day after that she saw the two walking past up the hill. Mr. Crothers wore a short, fur-lined jacket and an odd cap with turned-back fur edge. It had turned very cold now, with snow or great thick quilts of frost in the mornings and ice in the ditches. Miss Jones, for some time, had no words with her neighbor beyond that brief exchange at the mailbox. Then one morning it began to snow in earnest, an early blizzard that went on all day, wiping out all landmarks, buffeting the house, making the chimney whistle. It was Miss Jones's shopping day, but she did not even consider going to town. She had plenty of food to last her and she busied herself about the house, though everything was already so orderly that she could find little to do. She tried to read, but the storm, instead of making her feel shut in securely, intruded and kept her from concentration. It grew dark very early, and she put on lights all over the house, prepared an early supper.

It was eight when the lights suddenly went off. It was a countryside where there were often storms, and any sensible resident always had candles ready for an emergency like this. Miss Jones always kept a thick stump of a candle in a brass holder at the end of the mantel. She rose mechanically, put up her hand toward the mantel, felt for the candlestick. It was not there. Such a swift panic overtook her as she had not experienced in many years. Neither dark nor storm had ever disturbed her before. She had always been prepared for them, with wood for the fireplace, candles for light. The panic was not for being alone in the dark; it was for something else—a horrified sense of having lost her bearings because the candle was not in its accustomed place. A sense of something having happened to her orderly mind. She could have sworn she had not moved the candle. But it certainly was not there and she did not know where it was. In the drawer of the cupboard in the dining room were other candles, and she began to move through the thick blackness toward the dining room. It seemed an extraordinarily long way, but she reached the cupboard at last, found the candles and a small china candlestick there, groped her way to the kitchen after a match.

The candle made a very small glow, but her relief at that glow was intense. Since electricity also controlled the oil burner there came the hush that indicated the furnace was not working. She piled wood into the fireplace and soon a blaze was roaring. She realized that she would have to go to the cellar for more wood if she were to keep the house warm through the night, and again panic seemed to overtake her. Then anger came to her aid, and she got another candle, carried it down cellar and left it there while she gathered an armful of logs and took them upstairs. She went back after another load, or started to, when she realized that the candle had gone out, and the cellar was in dark-

A Word to the Wise...

COSMOPOLITAN COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

ness. Her essay on fear leaped to her consciousness, and with it scorn for the cold chill that had gone over her, the feeling that the candle had not gone out but that something had come between her and it.

While she stood there hesitant on the cellar steps, there came a pounding on the door. "Miss Jones!" Mr. Crothers called.

She moved quickly, too quickly for dignity toward the door, pulled it open.

"Are you all right?" Mr. Crothers said.

"Of course," she managed to say crisply, impatiently.

"It's a frightful night," he said. "I've brought Gringo up to stay with you. It's not a night you ought to be alone here."

"Thank you, but I don't need Gringo," she said stiffly. "I am quite used to storms like this."

"I'd offer to stay myself, but I'm afraid even your impeccable reputation might suffer," he went on. "Go lie by the fire, Gringo. Take care of Miss Jones! Anything I can get for you? Wood? Coal?"

She had grown strong as he stood there, and she said, "No thanks. I have everything I need. And I don't need Gringo, either."

"I insist!" he said. "I won't worry about you so much, alone here, with the lights off and all. . . No, stay there, Gringo. Take care of Miss Jones!" He strode off.

Miss Jones did not want the dog there. Gringo was wet with the snow and making spots on the rugs. He would shed hairs. He would have to be fed. He would have to sleep somewhere. It was unpardonable of Mr. Crothers to have left him there or to have ignored her words of refusal. It was as if he said, "You only think you're strong and unafraid. I know you are weak and lonely." But, oddly enough, she did feel strong and unafraid now. She did not want to admit that it was the dog that made her feel so. She said sharply, "Lie down!" She got herself another candle and went downstairs after more wood. Now she had enough to last the night through.

She made herself a cup of tea on the oilstove and brought it in by the fire. Gringo cocked his head, looked at her from the eye ringed in black. The look seemed to her wise and mocking, as if he shared his master's opinion of her. She tried to read a little by candle and firelight, but she was too conscious of the dog and of Mr. Crothers's impertinence in thinking she needed help. At last she stoked the fire well, put the screen in front of it, took Gringo to the kitchen. There was a small rag rug before the door. She drew it over by the oilstove, said, "Lie down!" went out and closed the door. She made ready for bed in the room off the living room, got into bed. The door she left open for warmth.

Then she heard Gringo whining, pushing at the kitchen door. It was a swing door, and she could hear it moving a little with his efforts. At last she got up, went out and set a chair against the door, went back to bed. She had almost drifted off to sleep when she heard him whining again. Angry, feeling the coldness settling down in the house, she rose again, went out and let him come into the living room. She brought the rag rug and spread it by the hearth, but he did not lie down. He kept looking up at her in a pleading way. She was tempted to open the front door and let him out into the storm, let him find his way down the hill. She was irritated, but she heard the snow thudding against the panes, beyond which she could not see at all, and she could not quite force herself to such an action. She supposed Mr. Crothers let the creature sleep on that shabby sofa down at Barstows', or even on his bed. The thought of Gringo on her fine sofa with the swan arms, or on the white wool blankets of her bed, made her shiver. She felt abruptly helpless, not knowing what to do with him. That whining she could not bear—but what could she do? Sit up by the fire with him all night? "Down, Gringo!" she said sternly. He lay down, but uneasily, turning as if to find a comfortable spot.

Fearfully, hesitantly, she went back to bed. If Gringo were on her sofa when she woke, she could never forgive Mr. Crothers, she thought. She did not sleep for some time. She worried about the fire, about the dog, about that moment of panic when she had not found the candle, about the way she had hurried to the door. When she was again on the fringes of sleep, she became aware of something moving by her bed. So near to sleep she was, that Gringo and all else had been expunged from her consciousness, and she sat straight up in bed in utter terror. All the uneasiness of the past weeks came to flower in the starkness of her terror. Then Gringo's moist nose touched her hand on the cover, and she came back to her senses. "Lie down," she said tiredly, and Gringo curled up beside the bed. They both slept.

In the morning when she woke the lights were on all over the house and the furnace was humming, but the storm seemed to know no abatement and beat on against the house. She let Gringo out and thought that he would go home, but he was back in a moment. She opened a can of meat she had against an emergency, put it in a saucer for the dog.

No word came from Mr. Crothers. There were just Miss Jones and Gringo together in the little house. He followed her about, was always in her way.

At first she resented it whenever Gringo brushed against her, but in the evening when he came and leaned against her knee, she found her hand resting for an instant on his head. And when she went to bed she said nothing at all to him about where he should lie but waited with a breathlessness alien to her till he stretched out beside the bed.

During the night the snow ceased falling, and at dawn the sky was light blue from rim to rim. The world was a white, unbroken expanse as far as one could see, its only shadows made by the hummocks of snow above shrubs and walls. Right after Miss Jones had her breakfast, Mr. Crothers came plodding through the heavy snow, knocked on her door.

"I'll take my dog now, if it's all right," he said. His greetings all had this abruptness, giving her the feeling they had never left off talking. "Did he see you through the storm all right?"

"It would be more correct to say I saw him through the storm," she said with brusque humor. "As I endeavored to tell you, I have no need for protection."

Gringo came and stood beside Miss Jones, as if he belonged to her.

"I say! He does like you!" Mr. Crothers said, as if surprised.

"Did you expect he wouldn't?" Miss Jones asked tartly.

"I didn't know. You said that you had never had nor wanted a dog. I wondered a little how you would get on."

"I didn't say I had never had a dog, Mr. Crothers. . . Come, Gringo. You're to go home now." She spoke sternly, and Gringo after another moment of reluctance, went off with Mr. Crothers.

It was strange, but all that day she kept having the sensation that Gringo was just behind her, or that when she came into the living room, he would be lying by the fire. At night when she lay in bed, she found herself waiting for him to come in and stretch out on the floor near her. It was annoying that she had become accustomed to him in a day.

"That is what he wanted." The words were sharply clear in her mind, as if someone outside herself had spoken.

Miss Jones could not doubt her own logic; she was not made that way. It seemed to her that she had come to this astounding conclusion by a long, logical analysis, as perhaps she had. She did not deal with suppositions, only facts, but she accepted this as a fact as soon as she heard those words. It was completely true, she knew. He knew she didn't like dogs, or any companions. He was thrusting this companion upon her, knowing that whether she would or no, she would be comforted by him; then he had deliberately and with malice aforethought, withdrawn the companionship. He had had no desire to protect her; he had wanted to hurt her. It was ridiculous, meaningless, but it was a fact. He had done the same thing with himself, coming in all friendliness, breaking bread with her, sharing his food; then he had withdrawn himself for days at a time. But why? Why her? Why this intensely personal note in all their exchanges when he did not even like her? She had no patience with riddles or people full of neuroses. Yet, she had to admit, Mr. Crothers did not seem neurotic. He seemed like a man with a steady purpose.

"This is becoming an obsession with me," she said to herself. The moon came through the window at her, and she moved away from it in her bed, almost as if she said, "Don't touch me!"

Suddenly she seemed to see quite clearly the dog she had once owned when she was ten, a toy collie with brown eyes and a touching, friendly little face. She thrust the vision from her, as if all around its fringes lurked other pictures that she could not, would not look at. She shut her eyes tight then seemed to feel the moonlight on her face, lighting up herself and the edges around the little dog. Loki—that had been the collie's name. *Loki.*

In the morning when she woke she did not immediately rise as she had trained herself always to do. Her whole body felt tired, weak, as if she had had a long illness and were only on the rim of convalescence. There seemed nothing of importance waiting to be done, no reason to hurry at anything. When she at last got out of bed, she lighted at once the small fire she always kept laid on her bedroom hearth but seldom used because it seemed a softness to her to start her day with such pleasure, such coddling of the flesh. She bathed, dressed quickly, went out and made coffee. But no toast, no fruit. She carried the coffee into the bedroom and sat on the stool in front of the small fire. This is the kind of thing Mrs. Barstow would do! she thought with a tired scorn. The Barstows kept breakfast going all morning long. But she was not a Barstow; she was Miss Jones, and she had higher, better standards of self-discipline than that. Still, here she sat, dawdling over her coffee, staring at the flames, unable to force her will toward usefulness.

Once she thought: I will use the vacuum today; there will be dog hairs on the rugs. Another time she thought: I will plan my Christmas gifts today. And still she sat there.

She stood up at last, went to the kitchen with pot and cup, washed them, dried them, got out the vacuum cleaner and went over the floors. She polished all the furniture. It was luncheontime. She felt unequal to setting the table, put her

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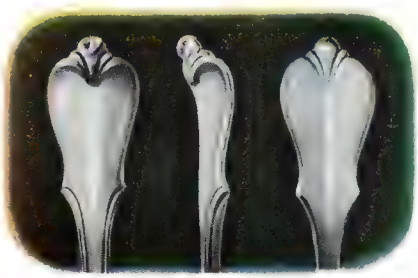

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bowl of bread and milk on the kitchen table. When she was through with that she went after her mail. There were three magazines, one of them the educational journal to which she had a few times contributed. She started home, and Gringo came running after her. She felt curiously pleased to have him remember her, follow her. Then there came a sharp peremptory whistle, and Gringo stopped dead still, then turned and ran back. Miss Jones did not look around, but she had again the feeling of a tall figure looming menacingly behind her.

Though she always saved her magazines for the evening hours, she sat down now and began to wander through them, finding nothing to hold her interest.

"Well, Christmas," she said at last, got a pad and pencil and began to plan. Miss Eliot headed the list. Miss Eliot was the head of the Sands School for Girls, and Miss Jones had met her when she had been at Brookhaven. She admired her as deeply as she admired anyone, and she felt that their friendship, though curiously impersonal, was a firm one. They had the same approach to education, were both skeptical, sane, without nonsense. She generally sent Miss Eliot either a magazine or books. But something in her refused either for this Christmas. No, I must think of something different, she thought.

Cousin Harriet. She never saw Cousin Harriet, who was her nearest relative. Miss Jones thought her frivolous, a useless member of society, but she sent her a present. Generally fine handkerchiefs or perfume. She had found a woman in town who embroidered initials, and she had determined to ask her to embroider handkerchiefs this year.

Miss Lehn. (?) Last year Miss Lehn at the library had given her a book. It had startled her; perhaps she owed a present in exchange. But what?

Hilda Barnell. Hilda had taught with her at Brookhaven but was now in New York. Miss Jones heard from her about twice a year.

Postman: five dollars.

Breadman: three dollars.

Garage man: three dollars.

That was Miss Jones's list. It seemed meager. No children on it. No one she cared much for, unless it were Miss Eliot.

"I will go to the city tomorrow," she said to herself, "It is none too early to get things off."

She did go to town, finally found handkerchief linen at an exorbitant price. That was all she did find. She looked at books for Miss Lehn, but finally turned away from the counters and shelves. I can always get her candy, she thought. Miss Eliot—that nagged at her, but she could find nothing for her, either. She finally drove home, dissatisfied, disturbed at her own indecision. At the four corners was an antique shop, and as she paused at the stop sign she saw in the window a small old-fashioned lamp with a fluted chimney and rosebuds on the glass bowl. She pulled her car off the road, went in and asked the price of it. "Thirteen dollars," the man said. It was a shockingly large amount to spend on Miss Eliot, but she heard herself say, "I will take it. Please wrap it for shipping?"

All the time he was slowly, fussily wrapping the lamp, Miss Jones was torn with doubts as to her purchase. It was, perhaps, a silly present; it might not fit in Miss Eliot's house. She was on the point of telling the man she had changed her mind, but at last the sturdy box was put before her, and she counted out the money, walked out of the shop with the lamp.

When she got into her own house, she had a curious longing to look at the lamp again, to see whether it had the appeal she had thought it possessed. But it was wrapped firmly, sealed and tied. She wrote on a sticker Miss Eliot's name and address. Tomorrow she would take the linen to Mrs. Gentile. Perhaps there would be enough of it to make a handkerchief or two for Miss Lehn.

She felt she had made headway; only Hilda left. But she was conscious, too, of how small her list was. And after she had gone to bed that night the thought came to her: If I died, no one would care. But she so loathed self-pity that she dismissed the thought instantly.

The next day she went to Mrs. Gentile with the linen, explained to her about the initials, then wandered about town shopping for groceries. From being reluctant to leave her house she now found herself reluctant to go back to it.

For some days now she had not written in her diary. That night she took it down and opened the pages. *Quare impedit?* stared up at her from the top of the page. Usually Latin or Greek or French bits of wisdom came to her easily. Her mind was full of them. Tonight nothing seemed to come. At last she wrote slowly: *Qui non proficit, deficit.* It was a sentence she had used to put at the top of the blackboard almost every year for her students to stare at, perhaps profit by. *He who does not progress, retrogresses.* It was self-evident, a truism. But it seemed tonight to apply to herself. She had just put in several days of retrogression, and the fact shamed and frightened her. Where there was no order, there was no peace. She had let her days become disorderly. She had let that man down the hill disturb her unduly. From now on she must control her thoughts, get back into the orderly routine of her life. No stranger could be allowed to influence her mind. She wrote a page on Order. But when it was done, she did not want to go to bed. When she was in bed, strange, unbidden thoughts came.

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So it was tonight, though she began as was her custom, to lay out her plans for an orderly tomorrow. She felt plan slipping from her, saw the moon again, staring in at her. A branch brushed against the window, and her heart set up an unfamiliar pounding. Her mind said it was only a branch, but her heart refused to believe it, took precedence over mind. There seemed to be sounds everywhere in the white, clear night. Steps on snow. She remembered an older teacher at Brookhaven who had taken to imagining a man was always following her, and she remembered the subdued snickers of the other teachers when she passed, looking anxiously behind her. That woman had finally gone to a psychiatrist who had straightened her out. Sex did queer things to you in middle age.

"But I am only thirty-six," she said to herself in the night. "And I certainly don't need a psychiatrist. I know more about my own mind than anyone else possibly could . . . All that's the matter with me is that I am curious and don't like mysteries. Mr. Crother's actions are not to be explained in any matter-of-fact way. I do not imagine they are mysterious. They are. It is not a complex of some sort that makes me think he is against me. He *is* against me. Why? I do not know, but I am not mistaken."

It came to her that probably the teacher at Brookhaven had been sure of her facts, too. She felt suddenly cold.

Then, as had happened last night and the night before, there came to her again that little dog, Loki, she had once had. He seemed to curl up there on the bed beside her, his head against the thin stuff of her nightgown, his anxious loving brown eyes on her face. And then she heard, pushing the words away in a kind of desperation, her father's voice from the doorway saying, "Is that dog on your bed again, Rose?" And in a thin, vague, sad whisper, her mother said, "Let him stay, Hubert. Let him stay!"

Suddenly Miss Jones was crying. Deep, painful, unaccustomed sobs shook her thin body. Long, long ago, even as far back as Loki, she had put tears from her, sworn never to weep again. But she could not stop now. When she ceased at last, she lay very limp and still. Her thin body made scarcely any mound in the bed. With her braids on the blanket, the moon saw her, cold, young, lonely.

THE DAYS till Christmas then passed in a kind of nightmare. She threw herself feverishly into activity. She made Christmas cookies. She made some very fancy candy and arranged a box of it for Hilda Barnell. She scrubbed and polished the whole house, took down all her dishes and washed them, carried blankets out and aired them. She went to bed later and later, reading, writing, anything to put off that time before sleep when her mind would not obey her bidding.

Every day she saw Mr. Crothers go by with the Dalmatian. As if he patrolled her house. She did not see him to talk to at all. When she went after the mail, she had the feeling he was watching her. She never looked toward his house.

Then two days before Christmas he came into her yard with a tree on a sled.

"I've brought you your tree! I hope you haven't bought one?" he said.

"I never have a tree," she said.

"Nonsense! Everybody has a tree! Mrs. Barstow said I could cut one from the woods, and I took the liberty of cutting two. Where shall we put it?"

"It's kind of you, but I really don't want a tree," Miss Jones said. "They are for children, if for anybody. It is silly for a woman alone to have a tree." She found herself flushing at having used those words "a woman alone." It was as if they had been there in her mind, too near the surface, and had come out unbidden.

"Oh, I'll share it with you!" he said cheerfully. "We really can't waste it, Miss Jones. I've made a standard and everything . . . Even the pagans had trees, you know . . . In front of the window, don't you think, where passers-by can see it? We'll have to move the table —just give me a hand with it, will you? It can as well go on the other wall."

"I said *I don't want a tree,*" Miss Jones said, this time angrily.

"But you've got one," he answered, quite ignoring her anger.

And before she had recovered her

COSMOPOLITAN COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

composure, the tree was standing there before the window. "Of course you wouldn't have ornaments in the attic," he said. "Well, I'll bring you some."

It was after dinner when he came with boxes of balls and with silver icicles. "We might as well trim it tonight," he said. "Though I suppose Christmas Eve is the official moment. I got just red and silver balls—all right?"

"Do you never give any attention to other people's desires, Mr. Crothers?" she asked stiffly.

"Oh, but you don't know your own desires, Miss Jones!" he said cheerfully. "Anyone named Rose desires a Christmas tree!"

But when the tree dripped with silver and glowed with the red and silver balls, he stood off and looked at it and there was no pleasure in his face at all. He looked at the tree as if he hated it, as if he didn't know she were there, but were alone with the tree, hating it.

Then he said, "I think that's all I can do for you, Miss Jones," quite formally, and made his way out.

And that was all he did do for her. He did not ask to join her for Christmas dinner. He brought no gifts. He shared the tree with her no more than that. She spent her Christmas quite alone.

She received an art book from Miss Eliot and a subscription to Atlantic from Hilda Barnell. Cousin Harriet sent a silly, furbelowed bed jacket that Miss Jones would not have been found dead in. Miss Lehn sent only an ornate card. Those were her few gifts. She did not put them beneath the tree. She put the jacket away on a shelf where no one would ever see it. The book she left on the table. That was all there was to display. But no one came to see even the book. She realized as the day passed, that she had expected Mr. Crothers would come. He had forced the tree on her, demanded that she celebrate Christmas, and then had ignored her. She would not admit to disappointment, only to annoyance at his incivility. The tree stood there, brave and shining, but Miss Jones found herself disliking it very much. She felt as if she had been made to appear sentimental when she was not. She hardly knew why she said, when she sat down in solitary state before her good dinner, "I might have asked Miss Eliot to come for Christmas."

Three days went by in which she did not see Mr. Crothers or the dog. Then Ed Freeman said, "That fellow down to Barstows'—he's been quite sick."

"Oh, has he?" Miss Jones said.

"Sure has. I come the lower road today—stopped there first. Looks all washed out. Nobody looks after him, I guess."

Miss Jones turned back to her kitchen, confused and somehow relieved, though she would not have admitted to wherein her relief lay.

"He's not a friend, but he is a neighbor. It is only decent that I take him some broth or something, I suppose."

She had a small piece of beef she had meant for a stew, but she boiled all the substance out of it, added barley, and in the late afternoon, she carried a quart jar of it down the hill to Mr. Crothers. He came to the door slowly, opened it. He did indeed look all washed out. Gringo came rushing to the door also, gave a quick bark of welcome.

"Quiet," Mr. Crothers said to Gringo. "Good afternoon, Miss Jones."

He was polite but did not ask her in.

"Mr. Freeman told me you'd been ill. I brought you some broth," she said.

He hesitated, almost as if he were about to refuse her offering, but then he said, "That is very kind of you. Will you come in? I'm afraid things are in a bit of a mess here."

She found herself inside, though his manner certainly gave her the opportunity for a quick departure. Things were, indeed, in a mess. Dust lay everywhere. Ashes were thick on the hearth.

"I will tidy up eventually," Mr. Crothers said.

"I'm sorry you had such an unpleasant holiday," she said.

"Yours, I trust, was good?"

There was irony in his voice, and she answered quickly, "Yes, good enough."

She had an impulse to offer to clean up a bit but restrained it. She felt he would refuse her.

"You spent it alone?"

"Yes. I have never made a fuss over holidays. It's not as if I had a family."

"No," he agreed surprisingly. "Of course a family makes all the difference. You are the last rose on the Jones tree?"

"Oh, I have distant relatives. We have nothing in common," she said. "I am the last of my immediate family."

"You should be proud to be such a wise, sane last member," he said. "The last one is generally a pretty poor specimen . . . Your Christmas present is on the piano in that box, Miss Jones. Open it, won't you?"

She rose and walked to the piano, where a long florist's box lay, still tied. Her hands usually so sure and quick, fumbled on the string. She lifted the cover and inside lay a sheaf of yellow roses, faded and dead. On top lay a card that said, "For Rose." She couldn't look around at him.

"I'm sorry they were late. I wasn't up to delivery service," he said. "But take them along, please."

She tied the string again. Her face

My Luckiest Day

BY PAULETTE GODDARD

Shortly before quitting time on my new modeling job with Hattie Carnegie, I received a call from a friend who had news that made me want to shout with joy. Florenz Ziegfeld would see me at six that evening at his usual eating place. It would only be a bob-and-handshake sort of meeting, but it was certainly enough for me. I excitedly told my friend I would be there—and on time. Then Hattie came in.

"Will you work a little later tonight, Paulette?" she asked. "I have a special customer coming in, an important guy."

"How much later?" I felt a little dizzy.

"Just a couple of hours. I have a special outfit I want to show him, a real prize."

Real prize or no real prize, I was crushed. I couldn't tell Hattie my plans, nor could I deny her request. But whoever heard of standing up Flo Ziegfeld? Nevertheless I had to do the job. But dismayed as I was, I could not help gaping at the stunning suit Hattie brought out. It seemed to give me a lift as I modeled it.

My lifelong dream of being a Ziegfeld girl was surely gone, I thought; but, much to my surprise, a week later I received a formal note from Mr. Ziegfeld asking me to appear at his office. I was amazed and mystified, but I called Ziegfeld's office and accepted. Then I asked Hattie if she would let me wear that special suit for a terribly important date. She said I could.

When I walked into Ziegfeld's office the next day, with what I considered sufficient dignity, I suddenly froze in my tracks. Sitting next to Mr. Ziegfeld was Hattie's special customer. And I had on his suit.

"Is this the girl?" Mr. Ziegfeld asked.

"Yes," the man replied, "and that also is the suit."

I did not have the courage to ask Ziegfeld who he was.

I got the job as a "sitter"—sitting on a cardboard moon while John Steel sang to me. It was my first role in the theater—thanks to the man who told Ziegfeld about me.

I didn't learn until eighteen years later who he was. The day I reported to work on "Unconquered" at Paramount last fall, I greeted the producer C. B. DeMille.

"That's a nice suit you're wearing," he said, and added, as he walked away, "Something like the one you wore in Ziegfeld's office years ago."

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burning. She picked up the box with a defiant movement.

"Is there anything I could do for you?" she asked, but coldly.

"Nothing at all," he said. "Thank you."

She walked up the hill with the long box. She wanted to throw it in the ditch but could not bring herself to do so. Why, the man was mad! That was the answer to everything. Forcing on her a box of dead flowers!

• As soon as she was in the house, she dumped the flowers angrily in the trash basket, then she reached down and reclaimed the card that said, "For Rose." "Impertinent!" she said, looking down at it. But she did not throw the card away. She put it inside her diary.

The next day she had a letter from Miss Eliot. She wrote:

"Dear Friend:

"It is difficult for me to find the right words with which to thank you for your gift. One gets so used to pretending that the life of the mind is enough. A pedant, that is what I am to everyone and, most of the time, to myself. But the part of myself that does not show is a fussy, sentimental little old Victorian. I was, for reasons I will not trouble you with, particularly lonely this Christmas, tired of school, tired of books. Then your lamp came. It moved me very much. I felt—forgive me—that we had just become friends. I cannot tell you how it comforted me to have someone know what my heart really desired . . ."

Miss Jones looked up from the letter, then read it again, as if it were in some foreign language and she had to translate it. In all the years she had known Miss Eliot, she had never had a letter from her remotely as personal as this. At first she was embarrassed, almost affronted by it. Then she found she was moved by it. It seemed like an unexpected gift, a proof of something. A proof of what? A denial of that thought she had had in bed the other night—that no one would care if she died? She felt she was being out of character, sentimental, but the warmth persisted, and she read the letter several times. It seemed like an answer to Mr. Crothers.

In the afternoon, she carried the trash basket in and emptied it in the grate, set fire to the long box. It made a splendid blaze at first, then the blaze was subdued by the green stuff, the poor dead yellow roses. At night she tried to write to Miss Eliot. She found herself wanting to tell her about Mr. Crothers, about his mad actions, his enmity without cause. She even began somewhat melodramatically: "There is a madman living at the foot of my hill . . ." But she couldn't do that. It sounded as if she were the one who was mad. Nor could she find warm words in which to answer Miss Eliot's warm letter. Something in her cold mind was violated by the attempt—and yet—and yet she wanted to. She felt Miss Eliot sitting there in her office at Sands School, her friend, her one link with normality.

Two nights later her neighbor came with the Dalmatian, came in and made himself at home with that curious matter-of-fact effect of continuity, of never having been away. Miss Jones had not even let him in. She had been sitting with her diary in hand when he knocked and she said, "Yes?" without moving. He opened the door and came in, shed his coat and cap and came over to the sofa facing the fire.

"I trust that you are quite recovered from your illness?" Miss Jones asked.

"No. My knees seem to buckle under me. But I am better," he said. "Have I interrupted anything?"

"I was just writing in my journal," she said. "It is unimportant."

"Ah, you keep a journal? Then you do need someone to talk to!"

"It happens not to be that sort of journal," she said stiffly.

"Oh?" He lighted his pipe slowly. She saw his hands, which she knew as swift and sure, move with great difficulty to their task as if they were weak and confused. "Nature notes?" he went on idly.

"No." She didn't know why she felt called upon to explain her journal to him, but she heard herself saying, "I occasionally write articles, and I put down such thoughts as I have on general topics. They serve as a starting point for the articles."

"General topics? Such as what?"

"Oh, plagiarism in writing. The duty of the individual to become politically educated . . . Such things."

"Rather dull," he commented in a tired voice. "I would prefer reading a diary of your thoughts on personal matters. Or have you none such?"

"Naturally. I keep them to myself," she said coldly.

"You wouldn't want to make me a cup of tea, would you? The climb up the hill seems to have made me hungry."

She rose, putting the journal down on the small table beside her chair, went to the kitchen and put the kettle on. She got out Christmas cookies, put them on a fine Haviland plate. Then she thought: Perhaps he hasn't been eating and needs something more sustaining. She sliced a little cold chicken, spread two slices of bread and put them beside the chicken on a plate.

She carried the silver tray into the living room, and Mr. Crothers sat there, holding her journal open in his hands.

He gave her a slow, unembarrassed glance. "Since you said it was impersonal, I was sure you wouldn't mind," he said.

"I'm afraid I do," she said. "You take a good many liberties, Mr. Crothers." She put the tray down and held out a hand for the diary.

"Just a minute. I'll put a heading for your next session. How learned you are, Miss Jones! I remember only one phrase out of all my dreary struggles with Latin!"

He took a pencil from his pocket and wrote quickly across the top of a page. He kept the place, she saw with a quick horror, with the little card saying: "For Rose." He closed the book, made a long reach and placed it back on the table.

He made no more reference to the diary, proceeded to eat and drink with seeming pleasure. Neither could she protest further, remembering the card.

When he was having his second cup of tea, he said, "I am surprised that you disliked teaching so much. Were there no companions? No students in whom you kindled a spark of appreciation?"

"I doubt it. Oh, some had quicker minds than others, of course. . . To be frank, Mr. Crothers, I don't quite know why I disliked it. I only know that when I had a chance to quit, I seized it immediately. Nor have I regretted it."

"My mother was a teacher," he said. "I remember still some of the students of whom she used to speak, as if they had been schoolmates of my own. She found them all different, interesting. And yet she was not a sentimental person."

"Perhaps when your mother taught, youth had not become so standardized."

"I doubt if youth is ever standardized, ever can be," he said. "Manners may be—but the individual still remains, untouched, *different* . . . I daresay you conformed to manners of your childhood, too, Miss Jones. It had nothing to do with your *self*. Or were you ever a child? It is hard to imagine it . . . Tell me about your childhood—your father and mother and brothers and sisters."

She put her hand up to her smooth hair in an odd, troubled way, and he looked at her with curious intent.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Nothing . . . My childhood wouldn't interest you."

"I'm sure it would. What was your father like?"

She found herself in the middle of the nightmare. His dark eyes were on her in a strange, hypnotic way. She reached after words: "My father was a learned professor . . ." "My father was a professor of mathematics in the University of . . ."

"He killed my dog," she heard herself say. The room, the dark eyes, the tired face of her neighbor flowed away from her, and she seemed to sit in darkness.

"He—*what?*" Mr. Crothers's voice came slowly through the darkness.

"He killed my dog," Miss Jones repeated like an automaton. "He said he bit the postman—but it was only that he used to lie on my bed, that he loved me . . . He killed my mother, too . . . He killed everything that loved apart from him. . ."

"*Miss Jones!*" His voice was firm, shocked, calling her back to the light of the room, the warmth of the fire, the actuality of here and now. "You don't mean *actually?*" he demanded.

"No . . . Yes, actually. She faded away like—like the yellow roses. She died of not being able to love . . . If you will excuse me, please, Mr. Crothers. I do not feel like myself." She stood up, but she could not bring the room into focus.

"I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry," his voice said. She stood there while he got his things on.

"You see," she said, "it is not you who is mad—it is I."

He stood there by the door, looking back at her. It was as if he wanted to comfort her but could not.

"Perhaps we are both mad," he said.

He still waited, but she could not speak. She could only hold herself upright there by her chair with the greatest of efforts, waiting for him to go. He went, closing the door slowly, reluctantly. She heard the sound of his footsteps crunching in the snow, going away.

Even after the sounds were quite gone she stood there as if frozen. The darkness swirled around her, and there she was in the middle of it. At last she groped for the chair, quite as if it did not stand there clear in the lamplight; she huddled into it, white-faced, sick.

"My mind—I have lost my mind," she whispered. She remembered the day her mind had spilled out, fine gray dust, on the desk shelf. That was the day she had lost it. No one in her right mind could have spoken as she had just spoken. It was not only that, it was everything else, her queer delusions of persecution, of hate flowing to her from Mr. Crothers, her new fears, her horrible dreams at night. Loki coming to lie on her white cover. That was a sure proof, this sense of conspiracy against one, this sudden slipping from control, this speaking of one's thoughts.

"*My mind,*" she repeated dully.

She sat there all the night through, unable to stir out of her darkness and horror. The silver tray and pot winked cheerfully in the light, but she did not see them. The fire died down. She did not replenish it.

When it was quite light, she rose, turned out the lights, carried the tray out, washed the few dishes. She made

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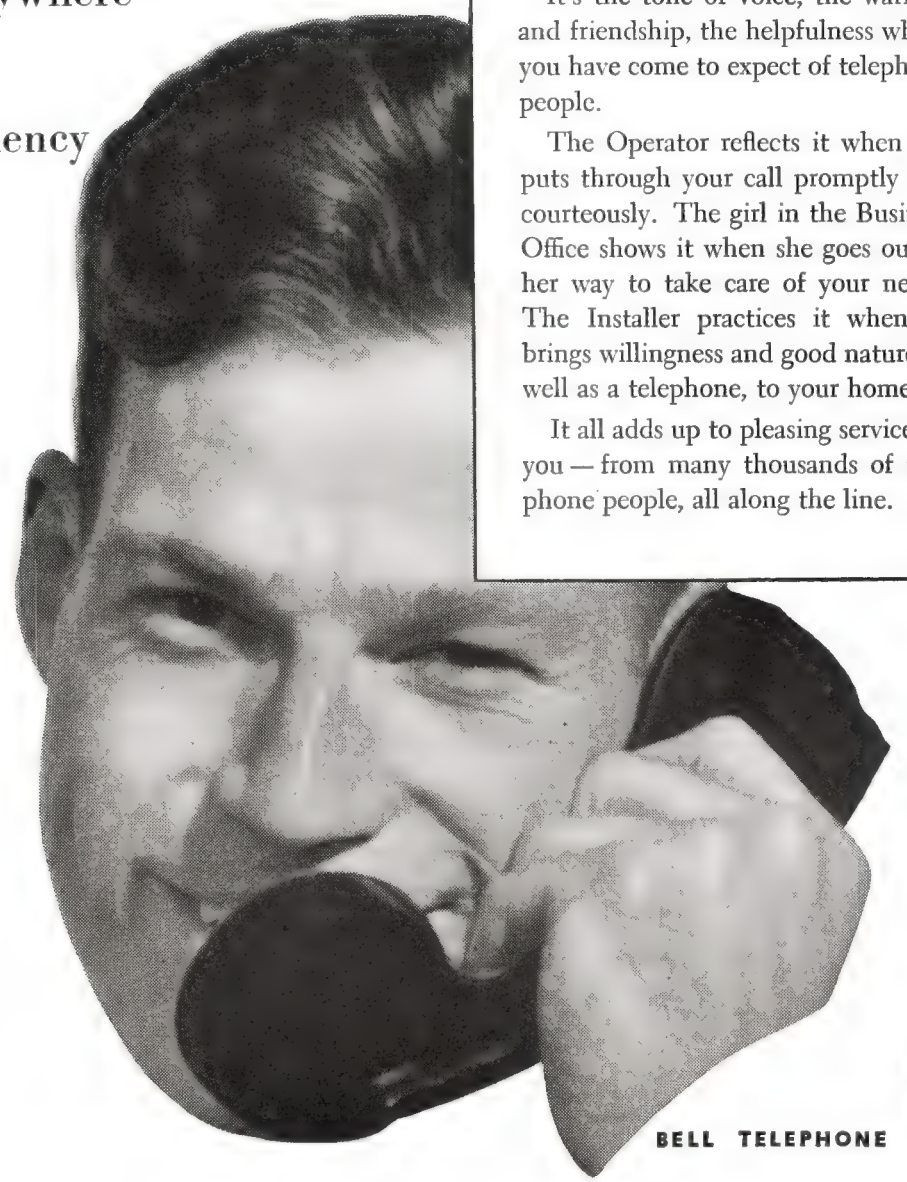

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herself coffee and toast. She did her morning dusting. She was carried through an hour by the mechanical habits of years. It was while she dusted that she touched the journal, and then horror took hold of her again. She lifted the book, opened it to that page where the little betraying card stuck out above the pages. In the same writing as on the card stood the words: *In foro conscientiae.* She stared at it without comprehension. Before the tribunal of whose conscience? "My conscience is clear," she murmured, and the thought was somehow comforting, as if these words were something at last that laid no emphasis on her loneliness or her new strangeness. As if it were Mr. Crothers indicted, not herself. He mistakes me for someone else, she thought, and that, too, was comforting.

But all day she seemed to be holding her mind in abeyance, afraid to look at it. It was when it began to grow dark that she went to the desk, sat down and wrote to Miss Eliot: "Could you come to me for the week end? I need you very much . . . sincerely, Rose Jones." That was all she said. She went to bed early, no longer having the strength to keep away thought or night. There was a moment when her mother, in a white dress with a tight green necklace, came and sat on the stool before the fireplace. Her fair hair was piled up on top of her head in an enchanting way and she was smiling, not at Miss Jones, but at something secret. There were no shadows, as of her father's tall figure listening by the door. Strangely, Miss Jones slept at once and did not dream.

In the morning she drove to town with her letter. She did not want to go down the hill to the mailbox. Toward night her phone rang. When she answered it, Mr. Crothers said, "Are you all right?"

"Yes, of course," she said, with her usual tartness, and hung up.

MISS ELIOT came on Friday night. Miss Jones met the seven-o'clock train, saw the familiar figure come down the steps, shook hands in her ordinary, impersonal way, led the way to the car. They talked of unimportant things till they reached the house. Even then, Miss Jones prepared supper, sat with her friend and ate, without revealing what she wanted of Miss Eliot. Miss Eliot seemed so exactly as always, rather big-boned and mannish in appearance, but with a shrewd, humorous glance and understanding mind. They came at last into the living room and Miss Eliot said, "Well, what is troubling you? Your letter sounded like a cry for help."

"Yes, it was just that," Miss Jones admitted. "I must ask a favor of you, and it will not be an easy one to grant. I will put it all in writing so that there will be no questions asked. . . I am losing my mind and I want you to arrange, when it shall be necessary, that I go to the proper place. I want you to take my books, any of my possessions that you can use. I would like to have it done quietly, but efficiently. You are the only one I can trust to take care of it."

Miss Eliot sat looking at her in astonishment. "I have never heard anything so ridiculous in my life." she said."I suppose something has happened to give you such a notion—but I can assure you, you will never lose your mind. You are the sanest person I know."

"Yes, I have always considered myself eminently sane," Miss Jones admitted, "but I am not. It perhaps stems from something you mentioned in your letter. I have pretended too long that the life of the mind is enough. I remember now that I was intensely emotional as a child, full of imagination and sensitivity. It has no doubt been bad for me that I shut off that life too sharply and completely, too soon. For I did shut it off, deliberately and finally. Now I know that the psychiatrists are right in saying that cannot safely be done. My spirit was badly bruised and so I said—perhaps not in these words, for a child would not use them—nevertheless, I said that I would have no more of the spirit. I would not be hurt by love ever again."

"Ah. And now you are in love? That is not madness," Miss Eliot said.

"No, I am not in love. Or I do not think I am. I am no longer sure what I think or feel. I will tell you, for I must tell someone while I still can with some degree of logic, what this autumn and winter have been like. Then you will see, I am sure, that my mind is somehow affected."

She felt pleased that she could say all this calmly, but she was aware that her heart was beating too fast.

Miss Eliot lighted a cigarette slowly. Then she said quietly, "Well, tell me."

"It began one day when I was working in the garden," Miss Jones began. "I am sure that was the first. This man—Mr. Crothers is his name, John Crothers—came up from the Barstow house down the hill and asked for the key. He said he had rented the place. I was annoyed because I like winters to myself. Or so I told myself. He was polite but I felt at once—don't ask me how or why—that he was my enemy. That, you must see, is not logical or sane. I do not think the feeling that I like this place isolated in the winter would account for the feeling, not wholly. Do you?"

"I don't know. Go on," Miss Eliot said.

"I will try to tell you exactly what we said the first times we met. I am sure you will find nothing in our conversation to justify my feeling that this man hated me, was trying in some subtle way to persecute me. No, I am sure it was all in my mind. No less than a slowly developing mania of persecution. I suppose sex enters into it in some Freudian way, but I have never consciously thought of Mr. Crothers in any way except as neighbor and enemy."

"What does he look like?" Miss Eliot asked almost casually.

"I don't know. Tall, dark, rather ugly but intelligent. I see him only as an enormously dark shadow behind me."

Miss Eliot gave her a quick glance, then looked away again. "Well, what were these conversations?" she asked.

Miss Jones went steadily on. She did not spare herself in the slightest. It was as if she had to have it all spread out before her ruthlessly clear, had to let other eyes look on also, confirm her delusions. She told of all that had been said, her fear of leaving the house, her subsequent fear of staying in it, the moment when she reached for the brass candlestick, the dog sleeping by her bed, the dreams of Loki—all, all, she left out nothing. The roses, the diary, the way she had gone to pieces that last night, the insane things she had said.

At last she was done. It was very late. The fire had burned down to embers.

"That is it," Miss Jones said then. Her voice was suddenly tired, dull, as if all her strength had been spent in the telling. "You see, I am right."

She looked over at Miss Eliot, and to her amazement Miss Eliot's eyes were filled with tears.

"If you are mad, then so am I," Miss Eliot said. "I could not disbelieve you. I think you have been persecuted. I cannot imagine why, but I do not think you dreamed these things . . . I do not think there is the slightest reason to compare yourself with that Miss Greer at Brookhaven, except as this Mr. Crothers has tried to make it seem there is. I would say he was trying to drive you mad . . . We are all so damnably lonely, it is not difficult. Why do you not go to him and ask him directly what it is he is trying to do, and why he is doing it?"

"I would, if there were anything on the surface to grasp. It is all underneath."

"There were the roses."

"He was ill, not accountable."

"I think he is accountable. That is the whole point, isn't it? . . . Let us go to bed, shall we? I feel very tired—and very sad. I have sometimes thought my own life has been hard, but it has not been as hard as yours. I have known love, and I have had my joys, in maturity, too. . . . Do not ever again doubt your own mind. It is as hard and firm as rock. It will never weaken. Why do you not come back to teaching? I could find a place for you at Sands."

"Thank you—but no," Miss Jones said. "And thank you for hearing me out. You do not convince me, but I feel as if I had been given a reprieve."

They parted for the night with no further show of emotion.

Miss Jones slept at once, as if for the first time in months she could let someone else carry her burden. But up in the guest room Miss Eliot lay awake going over this incredible story which had seemed so entirely credible as Miss Jones had told it. She felt old, experienced, tired. More than once her mind said, "Poor child! Poor child!" though she was not more than five years older than her friend, and had always thought of her as completely mature. She could not, any more than Miss Jones, explain the behavior of this man Crothers. It seemed quite incomprehensible that he should come to this particular spot, pick out Miss Jones, of all people, to work his sadism upon.

THE next morning neither mentioned the long confidences of last night. Miss Eliot said, "Do you mind if I go out for a little walk? The snow is so beautiful."

"Do," Miss Jones said. "You can pick up the mail if you will. It should be here by now."

Miss Eliot went down the hill. She glanced at the Barstow house, with which she was familiar enough from her summer visits. It seemed just the same, except for its banks of snow. She walked over to the row of mailboxes, took out Miss Jones's mail. Then down the Barstow drive came Mr. Crothers and Gringo. For an instant Miss Eliot had a queer notion that she was caught up in the fantasy Miss Jones had spun. Though he was coming toward her, she knew exactly what Miss Jones meant by saying she always saw him as a tall shadow behind her. He seemed extraordinarily tall, and there was a dark, menacing quality about him. He had come quite near now, looked at her politely and murmured, "Good morning!"

"Good morning!" she said briskly. "I suppose you are the new neighbor of whom Miss Jones has spoken. I am her friend, Miss Eliot."

"How do you do?" he murmured. "How is Miss Jones?"

She gave him a level glance from under her sandy brows and said, "She is as near to the edge of a nervous breakdown as I wish to see anyone. May I ask what you are trying to do to her?"

She was a blunt, courageous woman, but she was not prepared for the slow look Mr. Crothers gave her, standing there holding his mail, Gringo rushing

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about beside him in the snow. It was a look that was not for her but went deep into some pit of sorrow and trouble too far for her vision. But he made no pretense of not understanding her.

"I have done nothing to her I have not done to myself as well," he said.

"If I were you I would undo it," she said.

"It is too late, is it not?" he asked.

Then, as if his words had not been for her at all, he walked away.

Miss Eliot walked a little farther into the valley, then climbed the hill again, realizing that she was no longer young enough for hills or emotional entanglements. But her own conclusions as to Miss Jones's sanity had been confirmed. She did not mention to Miss Jones that she had seen Mr. Crothers. The day passed like other days they had spent together, with talk of books, of teaching, with reading aloud. Sunday, too. It might have been any visit . . . No, perhaps not. Things had been said between them that could not be unsaid, confidences given, loneliness admitted.

It was not till they stood on the train platform Sunday afternoon that Miss Eliot said, "I saw that man. I think he is very ill, very lonely. I think you can say anything you like to him."

The train came in and Miss Jones did not have a chance to reply. She said only, "Thank you for coming!" To her astonishment, Miss Eliot ignored her outstretched hand, put her hands on Miss Jones's thin shoulders and kissed her warmly on the cheek. "Don't worry. You're quite all right," Miss Eliot said quickly and turned to the train steps.

Miss Jones did feel much better, much stronger for Miss Eliot's coming. She even felt a little ashamed for her fears, and yet—and yet, something in her said she would never forget that the fears were there, not far under the surface, that never again would she be so sure of her own control, her own wisdom.

The next day when she saw Mr. Crothers and Gringo go by again, she found she had lost the feeling that they were patrolling her house. He walked slowly, as if he didn't have strength for long quick steps. "I think he is very ill, very lonely," Miss Eliot had said. That was how he looked, very ill, very lonely. Something like pity stirred in Miss Jones.

But the days went by, and he came no more to her door. The days were almost peaceful, as if enmity had been wiped out of them. Miss Jones didn't know whether it was because she had confided in Miss Eliot or what, but she was calmer, and nothing seemed quite so horrible and terrifying as it had.

Then for three days she did not see her neighbor. It came to her that he might be ill again. But she could not bring herself to ask the breadman about him. In the afternoon she said to herself suddenly, "I am over it. He is just a neighbor, sick and lonely. I will go and see what I can do."

She got together a little food, put it in a basket and went down the hill. She rapped at the door and heard the dog come whining, but no one else stirred. She rapped again and had a sudden premonition that Mr. Crothers had died, alone. A strange, bitter, personal sense of loss went over her. She opened the door and stepped inside.

Mr. Crothers was not dead. He sat there in the living room, staring at the fire, not looking up at her.

"Mr. Crothers—what is it? What's the matter? Are you ill?" she asked.

He turned his head very slowly. "It's you," he said, and looked back at the fire.

"Yes, it's I. Do you mind? I hadn't seen you and feared you might be ill again. Mr. Crothers, what's the *matter*?"

He had pulled himself weakly out of the chair and stood there, trembling. "Go away, Miss Jones. It's enough, isn't it?"

"Enough what?" She put her basket down, and with no fear went over and put her hand on his arm. "Sit down," she said gently. "You're ill."

He seemed to crumble at her touch, to fall into the chair. "Yes, I am ill," he said. "I am very ill."

She sat down quite close to him on a hassock. Then she put out her hand again to his arm.

"I don't mind any more. It's all right," she said. "I don't see why, but it's all right. In fact you've been good for me, one way and another, Mr. Crothers. Shall I fix you some supper?"

"No."

"It's foolish for us to hate each other, Mr. Crothers. Once I would have been too proud to say that, but it's true."

"Yes," he said, "it's foolish. It's more than foolish. It's wicked."

"If there's nothing I can do, I'll go."

He looked up at her, and suddenly he looked ill no longer, only very tired. "No, don't go," he said. "I have been trying to come to you—to tell you. I couldn't seem to go through with it. I will tell you now and have it done with."

"Tell me what?"

"Why I have hated you."

"Then you did? I did not imagine it?"

"Yes, I hated you. I have never hated any human being so much . . . You do not even remember Alice Crothers?"

"Alice Crothers?" Miss Jones repeated slowly. "No . . . Yes, she was in one of my classes. Yes, I remember her, a little."

"She was my daughter."

"Your daughter? I don't see——"

"No. Of course you don't see. If you had, you would have remembered the name. No, it was nothing at all to you."

Miss Jones groped as through a fog after the image of Alice Crothers. She saw her dimly: a tall, thin, awkward girl with a wide smile and brown hair to her shoulders. Why had the name never called her back before? It was almost, she told herself, as if she had willed not to remember Alice Crothers.

"I remember her now," she said slowly.

"Do you? Some days I cannot see her face," he said. "These last days I have not been able to see her at all. She is dead, you know."

"I'm sorry," she said inadequately. "I didn't know."

"You didn't know . . . you didn't know," he repeated dully. "You killed her, and you didn't know."

"What are you saying?" Miss Jones's dark eyes had widened.

"She had talent, my Alice. Talent in writing. It was all she thought of doing from the time she was ten or so. I am not uncritical—I say she had talent, undisciplined, but real, authentic . . . She had few friends, but she seemed not to feel any lack. She fed on her talent, it sustained her till—till she killed herself."

"Oh, *no!*" Miss Jones whispered.

"Yes. She—she was drowned. It was thought to be an accident, but it was not. She deliberately swam out too far and could not get back . . . It was the summer after her last year at Brookhaven—your last year too. She had been quiet, but then, she was always quiet. She sometimes had moments of gaiety, but that summer she had none. She was quiet all the time. But why? Why? There seemed no reason at all. She had never had a mother she could remember, but she seemed content with me and school and her writing. She seemed content till that summer . . . I thought it might be one of those young love affairs that can seem so tragic. I went to the school in the fall—I asked all her friends, her teachers. There was nothing. She was quiet, but her teachers and her few friends liked her very much. She never talked about any special boys. So I had only that eternal 'Why?' to haunt me, never any answer."

"That was five years ago," Miss Jones said after a long silence.

"Yes, five years ago last July. Do you think that is too long to be haunted by an unanswered 'Why'? She was all I had, Miss Jones, all I had had for many years . . . I went about my business, I did my work, but it was—it was unfinished. In August I went into her room. It has never been changed. I almost never entered it. I went in and sat at her desk, read her themes, some things she had written for herself. And then I found her diary . . . I intended you to see it, Miss Jones, but I have burned it . . . It was almost wholly about you."

"Me? But I scarcely knew her." But even as she spoke, something sharp, painful began to pierce the fog in her mind.

"Oh, it was one of those schoolgirl things—that worship of a teacher that is common enough. It was a little more than that, however. It was the worship of a mind, not a pretty face or a fashionable hair-do. She respected your judgment as if it were God's. And all those months she was trying to get up the courage to take some of her private writings to you and ask your opinion."

"She did come. I remember," Miss Jones said painfully.

"Yes, she came. She was not Aristotle or Voltaire, Miss Jones. She was sensitive, infinitely feminine, poetic. She affected this stream-of-consciousness method that you would naturally find unpleasant . . . You scorned her writing. I can quite imagine your impatience with someone strayed from the field of classicism. You left her nothing, no faith in what she had done or could accomplish. Nothing. She believed you, you see. She became confused, her reason for being taken from her too soon, nothing left to cling to . . . She died of it.

"So I had my why," the dull, dreadful voice went on. "Something, someone definite for my hate. You think five years a long time to carry hate around? It is not long. When it had a—a focus—it blazed up—as if it were new.

"It was not till school opened that I found you. I did not know what I would do when I found you, but I knew I would do something terrible to you. I even thought of killing you. Yes, and perhaps it might not have been so terrible as this . . . I found you, and you were as young as I, and you have some kind of beauty. I thought: I could make her love me—then jilt her without any reason. That would hurt her, I thought . . . And then—then I saw my way—my way to destroy you. I saw your self-sufficiency, which was as complete as any I had ever seen—all you had, as she was all I had. I will make her afraid, I said. It will be the worst thing that can happen to a woman like that. I will make her ivory tower come falling down in dust . . . I will destroy her peace and it will be terrible for her . . . It has been terrible, has it not? But all I have really destroyed has been myself—and I can no longer see her face."

Miss Jones had a queer sensation as if she were standing before a great and towering judge in robes and wig; an enormous jury, all of students, sat and stared at her inimically out of immature yet wise eyes.

"It was just," she said with difficulty.

"Just? Then why am I ill? No, it wasn't just. Why should I have assumed that

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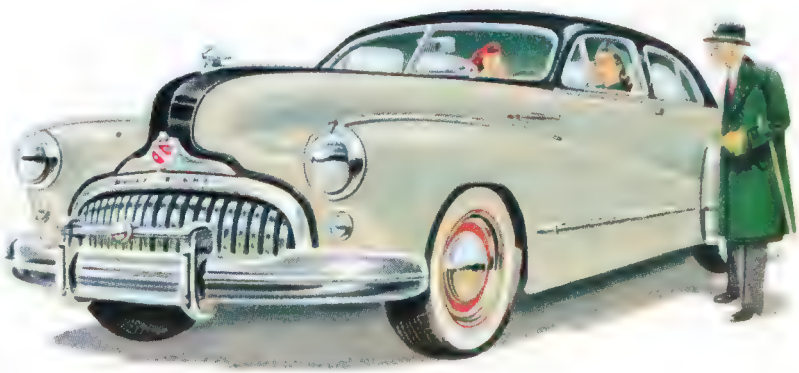

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you were born Miss Jones of Brookhaven? I didn't know about your father and the dog, about your mother, about the wickedness that had made you cold and hard, afraid to be tender . . . Perhaps I didn't even know Alice, what made her so introverted, so full of dreams and sorrows . . . I didn't even know I had it in me to be so subtly cruel to a human being . . . I have done it, haven't I? I hate you no more, Miss Jones, but I have ruined your peace forever—and my own—I cannot see her face any more."

"I can see it," Miss Jones said. "I can see it very clearly." She did not know that this was a greater effort of imagination than any essay she had ever written on order or fear, but she felt the pull of the effort, felt its terrible necessity. "She had dark hair, not black, but brown, that fell to her shoulders, not like a cloud—rather straight and severe. She had a wide mouth and a smile that came suddenly and lighted her face, then went away, leaving her grave and quiet. She was all arms and legs, like a colt, but she gave promise of beauty. She had great, dark, serious eyes and often closed them as if she slept when I talked in class, then opened them when I was done, with a look that said she knew all I had said . . . I am sorry that you cannot remember, Mr. Crothers, but I will remember for you. That will be my sentence—that I will remember her forever and ever . . . For indifference one should be hanged on a high hill, should one not?" Then she paused. "No, it was not like that," she said. There were sudden tears running down her face, but she did not even know it. "I am hiding the truth from myself even now. I did not want her hurt by feeling too much, as I had been hurt. I said that that way disaster lies. I thought to harden her, strip her of romanticism. *I saw myself in her.*"

And as she said those words, it was as if walls fell down all about her, as if a path opened up before her straight toward the citadel of truth in which she would have said to this hour she had dwelt, but which, now she knew, she had never seen before. Born to imagination, pity, great depths of feeling, she had denied the intent of her nature, walked on this tangent of hardness, rectitude, erudition forever.

She could see Mr. Crothers's face dimly in the gray room. He sat very still, his head leaning back against the chair, his eyes closed—like *hers*. But his face was quiet, not tormented. The whole room was quiet. There was no war in it, no enmity of the very bones, no fear. It was as if he had been her companion along this terrible, long road through darkness, but come out in the same place of understanding with her, and that now they knew each other more truly than human beings often do, beyond speech.

She stood up in the darkness, but she had no feeling of darkness at all

"Sit still," she said with great gentleness. "I will get you some supper."

THE END

Continuing the policy of top quality in the book-length novel, the November Cosmopolitan offers "Sojourn in Neutralia," by Evelyn Waugh, celebrated author of "Brideshead Revisited"

In Touch (*Continued from page 33*)

short, red-faced, hard-looking man whose muscularity seemed to have communicated itself to his wrinkled tweed suit, stood still, with his feet spread, opposite the director's desk. "You mean Franz?"

"That's the one."

"That dog isn't ready yet."

"You've told me that the last three times I've suggested using him. You've had him fourteen weeks, and you know that's a long time for such an intelligent dog. I've made a point of watching him work the last few days. He seems ready to me."

"He's no good on the street yet, Mr. Furth. He keeps crowding you off the curb; he gets mixed up at stop lights."

The director pushed himself back sharply in his swivel chair; the chair squeaked. "You've been telling everyone Franz is the keenest dog you've ever trained. I think you just don't want to part with him."

The trainer said, "Who's this man you're talking about?"

Mr. Furth opened the center drawer of the desk and took out a cardboard form. "His name is Gordon Bram," he said, looking at the card. "He's rather well along for us to accept—he's fifty-two."

"Is he totally blind? I want Franz to have someone who is all blind."

"Totally blind." Mr. Furth read from the record. " 'Lost his sight between ages of thirty-eight, when he first noticed symptoms, and forty-one, by which time he could see absolutely nothing. Retinal detachment. Professor of history at Jefferson and Madison College, in Nosidon, Pennsylvania. Was one of the most popular teachers there until last year; said to have been humorous, demanding, persuasive.' "

The director looked up and said, "This is the interesting thing about him from our point of view: His wife used to take care of him. She led him to classes, read his examination papers, did everything for him; but she died last November, and suddenly he was absolutely helpless."

Mr. Furth read again: " 'College tried male nurses and female nurses, as well as mechanical devices; nevertheless B's lectures grew dull; he refused to let anyone read to him, and he developed a bad temper.' "

The director put the record down. "So you see," he said, "this is somewhat different from our usual case. The hard part of it is that Professor Bram doesn't know whether he wants to be helped or not. He's coming to see us because the college people talked him into it. He's not sold. That is why I wanted to try Franz."

Rudi said, "I don't think Franz is ready yet."

"Look, Rudi," the director said, "you're going to have to lose this dog sooner or later. There'll be other good dogs. I think we'd better try Franz on Professor Bram."

"Okay," the trainer said, "sir."

"We'll introduce them to each other tomorrow morning at eleven o'clock, here."

The trainer nodded.

NEAR the corner of Marston and Fourth Streets, the dog and the man moved together along the sidewalk. The dog was leading the man by a heavy harness, which the man held in his left hand. As they approached the curb, the dog slowed its pace, and the man, feeling the deceleration through the handle of the harness, responded by slowing down too. At the curb, facing the foot-crossing for Fourth Street, the dog, and with him the man, stopped altogether. The dog looked up at the traffic light suspended from cables over the intersection. The light was green for Fourth Street, which they wanted to cross. The pair waited.

The dog was a German shepherd, medium-sized and rather light gray. Its eyes were alert and had that look of mixed aggressiveness and gentleness which is the mark of the most intelligent German shepherds.

The man was short and red-faced, and he looked completely content. He was dressed in a gray sweat shirt, gray flannel pants and white sneakers. While the dog watched the light, the man looked straight ahead, even averted his eyes to the right—for he was not blind; he was Rudi; he was taking Franz out for what might be their last training session alone; he wanted to see how the dog would behave at the stop light.

When the light changed, Franz immediately looked to the right along Fourth Street, to see if there were any cars coming. There were none. Franz stepped off the curb, and Rudi followed, simulating the cautious trustfulness of a blind man—for he had, like all the important personnel of the institution, spent a whole month blindfolded, so that he knew the real hesitancies of a man continuously in the dark. There were no cars waiting for the stop light to change, and Franz led his trainer across the pedestrians' alley, marked by white lines, at a brisk pace.

On the far side of the street, Rudi said quietly, "Good dog, Franz."

The dog did not look up at his trainer, but he had a self-conscious bearing, such as human beings get when they realize someone is looking at them admiringly and want to pretend they are unaware of the stare. Franz's flank brushed the man's left leg, perhaps accidentally.

"But one thing only," Rudi said harshly. "Stop crowding me on the sidewalk."

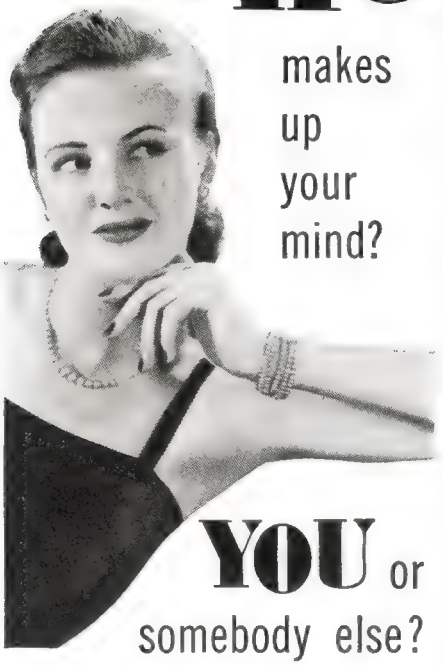
"THE FIRST meeting is tremendously important," the director was saying. "It's vital that the dog should love the man, and that the man should trust the dog completely. You can't fake liking one of these dogs. He'll find you out faster than a person could."

Professor Bram sat slouched in a leather chair to one side of the director's desk. He wore an unpressed dark suit; his round face had traces of joviality in its lines, like a dying smile; he was quite fat. He was only half listening to the director. He had begun to think of the only dog he had ever owned, and he wondered whether the dog had loved him, or he the dog. It had been a funny, big-eared, short-legged sausage of a dog—evidently part spaniel, obviously part dachshund—named Happy. Long before he went blind, he used to take Happy out quail-shooting, and except that Happy was a bit too noisy, he was a fairly well-disciplined dog.

Thinking of those hunting walks made the professor remember—without resolving the question whether Happy loved him or not—the Pennsylvania hills in autumn: the maples, oaks and beeches in their various changes of costume, and one hill in particular, Merrybone Hill, round and cleared at the top, with a sharp outcropping of rock on its right shoulder. He recalled an evening when he and Rosalind had picnicked there: the sun going down as big as a bass drum, the round hills already darkening in the soft haze on the near side of the sunset, two stone farmhouses among the trees off to the lower right, and, close by, the picnic fire, the wicker basket with the broken handle he never found time to fix, his mandolin, Rosalind's feet in white tennis shoes, short stretches of white cotton stocking, a long tartan skirt, and then her kindly face, with her eyes—the final focal point of all his memory pictures—turned on him. Now, in a flash, and half hearing the director, he saw all this, and he saw Happy on Rosalind's lap, and he wondered: Had Happy loved him?

"The process is very simple," the direc-

WHO



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tor was saying. "You will sit in the middle of a room, and the trainer will bring the dog in and turn him loose from his leash. You are to sit absolutely still and wait for the dog to make the first move. If the dog comes to you, you may pet it, or do anything you want to win its affection. We will give you a small piece of meat, which you are to hold tightly closed in your fist, as a reserve, in case the dog doesn't seem to want to come near you; if that happens, you may open your hand, and the dog will undoubtedly come to you."

Gordon Bram found himself thinking, for some reason, of his first encounter with Rosalind. He had been coming out from lunch along the balcony over the lobby of the Hotel Madison and had seen her crossing the floor below: a navy-blue dress with tumbles of lace at the throat and wrists, a hat back off her forehead, an intent errand-look on her face. He had thought her nice-looking, but dismissed her from his mind as he walked downstairs; on the steps he wondered about how to get hold of a volume of Santayana that he needed in the preparation of his Ph. D. thesis. He went to the hotel cigar counter to buy a newspaper, and she was standing in front of the booth trying to decide between two magazines. They did not speak. He did not even make a firm resolve to find out who she was.

Their next meeting was at a faculty tea; he never finished his thesis . . .

A subtle inflection of annoyance had begun to sound in the director's voice, the professor noticed. Perhaps, since he dealt with blind people, the director could tell, without needing to see the eyes' signals of inattention, that the man with whom he was talking was not listening.

"You will understand," the director was saying, "that we have thousands of applications for these dogs. We screen applicants very carefully before we let them come. Sometimes we have to turn them away after this first meeting with a trained dog; sometimes even later on, if it turns out that they're not suitable for the intimate sort of relationship this must be. I wouldn't want you to be disappointed . . ."

Professor Bram realized all at once why he resented all this so much. He was being asked to equate some strange dog with his wife, with Rosalind, who had taken his arm for so long, had steadied his steps, read him books, and encouraged him to do things for himself.

A FEW minutes before eleven o'clock the next morning, Rudi brought Franz into the director's office.

The director said, "Well, Rudi, how do you feel about it this morning? Is your dog ready?"

"It depends what sort of a man this professor is."

"I'm a little worried about how he'll work out, to tell the truth. He doesn't seem interested in anything."

"Franz will make him be interested."

The director smiled. "So. You do think Franz is ready."

"It depends on the man," Rudi said.

"He'll be along any minute now. You'd better take Franz into the next room."

The trainer and the dog started toward a side door. The director called, "Rudi."

The trainer turned.

"I'm not going to sit in on this meeting. I trust your judgment entirely."

PROFESSOR BRAM came in on an attendant's arm. The director rose quickly, greeted him, and moved a straight-backed chair out into the exact center of the carpet in front of his desk. He took the professor's arm from the attendant, who left, and guided the blind man to the chair. The director then fetched a plate from his desk and took from it a chunk of uncooked meat.

"Here is your 'bait,'" he said, and, leaning over, he opened the professor's right hand and put the meat into it. "I doubt if you'll need it."

"Nothing like a little raw meat to make an old teacher attractive," the blind man said.

"Well, good luck," the director said. He went to the side door, knocked lightly, and then walked out by the hall door, closing it behind him.

After what seemed a long time, the professor heard a door open at his right. Across a narrow band of bare floor he heard the pad-and-click of a dog's footsteps, and immediately behind them a man's steps—a fairly small man, to judge by the sound; firm tread, rubber heels, leather half soles. Both moved onto a rug and stopped.

"Good morning," the professor said.

"Please not to talk," said a rather gruff voice, with a Bavarian or Swiss accent.

Really, the professor thought, this is very silly.

He heard next a clink, evidently of a leash snap being released. The man's steps moved in a curve in front of the professor, and then there was the sound of a creaking swivel chair. The dog seemed to be standing still . . . The meat felt sticky in the professor's hand.

The dog started walking, at first in the same curve as the man had taken; the dog was going to the man, evidently around an obstruction, probably a desk. For a few moments there was the sound of the dog's tail beating, as it wagged, against a piece of furniture, and then the dog left the man and moved slowly around the uncarpeted floor at the edges of the room, giving out sounds of sniffing.

The professor wondered what it would be like to have the sensitive nose of a dog. He knew that his blindness had sharpened his own sense of smell. Right now he could smell the meat in his hand; surely the dog must be able to smell it. He could detect a slight odor of perspiration that had not been in the room so strongly when the director was in it; must be the Bavarian, or whatever he was. He imagined that he could smell the dog ever so faintly, though he had been smelling dog ever since arriving at this place the day before.

The dog made one complete circuit of the room, and then, apparently satisfied, walked onto the rug at the professor's left, fairly far from the desk, lay down with a thump, and began to pant softly.

Professor Bram wondered about the man who had come in with the dog. He supposed he was some sort of keeper or caretaker, but he must be brash, since he took the liberty of sitting in the director's chair. He must also be a calm fellow, for he did not fidget in the squeaky chair.

The professor felt quite certain, from just those four words the man had spoken, that he was from the south of Germany, or from the German-speaking part of Switzerland. Ever since the hasty vacation he and Rosalind had spent skiing at Davos—nineteen twenty-four or 'five?—he had prided himself on being able to spot even the accents of people from that area when they were speaking English. Sometimes he wondered whether his vanity didn't exaggerate this talent, and whether he often wrongly identified any German accent as being from the Bavarian or Swiss mountains just because he had been there.

Suddenly, in a flood of subjective light, he saw the snow-white slopes, the black of the pines, the dark wooden beams of the châlets; he saw the platform where they used to lie in deck chairs, reading;

the thick blue blanket over his legs; the very print of "The Magic Mountain," which he had chosen to read there. He saw himself turning to Rosalind, all bundled up, not reading but looking at him through dark glasses.

He heard, from the direction of the man in the swivel chair, the sound of snapping fingers.

Rudi did not know whether he was angry at the man, sitting there—fat and rather old and not even seeming to think—or at Franz, lying looking up at the professor, head now tilted, now straight.

Rudi snapped his fingers. Franz jumped up at once and trotted around the desk to the trainer. With his hand behind the desk and below the level of its top, as if there were some reason to hide his gesture from the professor, Rudi pointed a finger toward the blind man, and with jerks of his chin and jabs of the finger, indicated to Franz that he should go out there.

The dog started out at once at a trot. The fur at the nape of his neck stood up a little, as if he were alerted for whatever might happen. But when he got in front of the desk and about six feet from the fat man, he stopped, lay down again and panted.

No, the professor thought, the question was really not so simple as just balancing Rosalind against a dog. The real question was: Why try to do new things that could never match the things already done?

How could he possibly enjoy anything as much as that dawn, driving along the shore road at Kennebunk Port in his 1919 Ford, with some other girl—not Rosalind; this was before Rosalind; this was the one with the scar under her left eye, a very lively girl—asleep with her head thrown back on the seat, and the waves beating and the spray jumping out on the rocky point east of the river? How could he have that pounding feeling he'd had, skating so fast down-wind on the river that time at Harrisburg, and then the fight with the Italian about whatever it was, crashing down on the ice, trying to shake those leather mittens off so as to get a hold on him, and the danger of the skate blades flailing around; and finally the Italian losing his stocking cap, his head hitting the ice, and then the boy lying there unconscious?

There was the day he had learned he had been rejected for a Rhodes scholarship; the time he had sold his stamp collection for $103.47; the afternoon he had fallen off the ladder in his grandmother's living room, trying to hang those terrible chintz curtains, and had broken his arm. Ninety-three signatures on the plaster cast; ninety-three was a lot of friends, or even acquaintances.

Everything so clearly seen: the rooster wind vane on the Partons' barn: the fascinating smile of Winthrop, the harelipped delivery boy; the small, round, blue-pink pebbles shivering under the shallow water in the creek on Merrybone Hill.

Later, the excitement of seeing those twenty-odd faces on the first day of a term—rather dull, resentful, resistant faces—but what one would teach them in a year! And the disappointment, along about May, of seeing the faces, suddenly, still dull, still thinking about something else and waiting for the period bell.

The dreams of research and authorship, sitting at the reading table in the library—"The Stone Masons of Pennsylvania," by Gordon Bram; "Franklin the Scientist," by Gordon Bram; "The Constitutional Convention," by Gordon Bram—all imagined and never even begun; the years of non-accomplishment and mediocrity excused in the name of happiness.

Rosalind. Especially Rosalind. The quiet,

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efficient way she would get everything done in the kitchen and then sit down and start right in talking about Swinburne or Beard's theories of economic determinism or the puns in "The Tempest"; and the way she never would be sensible and just let her hair fall free but always had to be tucking and pinning it; and her voice: "Gordon. Gordon, darling."

How could one ever forget that bottle of wine and wedge of Edam on the platform at the foot of the first slope at Davos, in the moonlight, and afterwards another bottle of wine at that *Stube*, whatever it was called (Rosalind would have remembered), and being quite drunk skiing home, so that every time Rosalind fell down she accused you of pushing her?

The day Dr. Fine told her she would never be able to have a baby; that was a day . . .

And what about the night he was promoted to full professor and the history department gave him that dinner, with wives, formal dress, and right in the middle of all his honor and pleasure, Rosalind, who for some crazy reason had accused him, while they were dressing, of having a soft spot for Ginna Brown, broke into tears just as he got up to make his speech, and then she . . .

Rudi shifted uneasily in the swivel chair, and he said to the fat professor sitting there completely relaxed, maybe even going to sleep, obviously with no imagination at all for a dog, "Now you should open your hand and offer the meat."

The professor's round, reddish hand turned onto its back on his knee and opened slowly. The ruddy blob of meat lay in his palm.

Nothing happened. Franz lay where he was. The dog's head twisted to one side as he watched the professor's hand open. Then the head went straight again, and the soft panting continued . . .

And so, the professor thought, what does a dog matter? Can a dog read Donne and Keats aloud to you at night? What does it matter, he thought, if that panting animal doesn't come over here?

After the blindness began, Rosalind was best of all. Every minute of those first invisible days had been a challenge; the whole experience had been a fight. Walking, dressing, eating neatly, not being timid in any way, always with Rosalind's help—strangely, it had all been fun. The men in class had listened right through to the bell in those days, you could tell; people had come to call in the evenings, because the talk was good at the Brams'.

There had been new things to do, new sensations to explore: learning to play the accordion, listening to records, feeling the variable warmth of the fireplace fire on your face, and finding unfamiliar shades of taste in bread. And you got so you could tell whether the flowers Rosalind brought in were cyclamen or lilies of the valley or nicotiana or even pale-smelling asters . . .

Perhaps, the professor thought, I am giving off some smell of hostility or nervousness that this dog does not like. The dog must be looking at me; I suppose the man is, too . . .

Rosalind would walk to class and listen to the lectures and ask questions afterwards, so that, through her mind that he knew so well, he got a whole new perspective of what he was trying to say as he taught. She would take him to concerts, and once she took him to a football game, just to hear the crowd, and gave him an extraordinary feminine account of what was happening on the field.

There was one awful night when she broke down and said she was wasting her life taking care of an invalid; but then there were many other nights, when nothing had to be said, when you could tell that she was happy, really contented.

Then he recalled something Rosalind had said just a month or so before she died. He remembered the scene visually, even though he had been blind at the time it happened; the visual memory was a kind of montage of images recollected from the days when he could see—the room with upright pine wainscoting, painted a very pale blue, the reddish knots rubbed out with turpentine; the John Trumbull lithograph over the mantel; books by the yard on the shelves to the right of his own deep chair; spurs of gladioli in a glass vase on the sawhorse table; Rosalind sitting at the edge of the table, which had been covered with scattered papers: bills, vouchers, canceled checks, budget forms.

They had been figuring out their accounts, and he had felt degraded. How could one have any dignity and integrity as a teacher, when there was barely enough money to buy decent clothes? What a cheap, inferior profession—Aristotle's profession—God! He remembered reflecting bitterly that it was a damned good thing they had no children. He had said something to Rosalind about how mean and abandoned he felt whenever they discussed their budget. She had said then, "Gordon, Gordon. You have something no salary could buy. You're in touch with your students; you've got a feeling for people; you're in touch, Gordon!"

The professor stirred in his chair and sat up a bit.

Rudi thought: The old guy looks as if he were waking up; and said, "The name for the dog is Franz. You should call his name now."

The professor sat up straighter and said, "Franz. Come here, Franz."

Rudi thought: That's better; that's the way to call a dog.

Franz got up and stood still for a moment, wagging his tail. Then deliberately the dog walked to the man in the chair and stopped close to him, looking up.

The professor, evidently judging his reach by the sound of the dog's panting, put out his left hand and patted Franz's head clumsily. Then he put his right hand down between his knees and offered the dog the meat. "Here," he said, "are you hungry?"

Franz took the meat and gulped it. Then the dog moved closer and put his chin on the professor's left knee. The professor ran both hands through Franz's ruff and behind his ears.

"**How** did it go?" the director asked.

"I don't know how to say," Rudi said. "Very slow. Franz was too respectful." The trainer twisted the edge of his jacket and added, "A very strange fat old man." Then he walked to the window and looked out, and on the lawn he saw three blind men being led around by dogs. He said, "I guess we should give Franz and this man a try together. The man is very slow somehow, but Franz was friendly. At the end I was satisfied to see that Franz was quite friendly."

THE END

Grant H. Redford's powerful story, "The Wheel," is our Blue Ribbon selection for November

It's in the Cards *(Continued from page 47)*

the 365 days of the year; thirteen cards to a suit for the thirteen moons to a year; and four suits for the four seasons.

The fact is that playing cards used in the United States and England are derived from the French who, it is known, set up the four suits to represent the four social classes of olden times: hearts for the clergy; clubs for the peasantry; diamonds for the citizens and merchants; spades to represent the nobility. But while Europeans generally use similar cards, there are still many other varieties—with differences in suit signs, in number of cards, and in shape and size. In Italy, Spain and Portugal, suit signs are cups, money, swords and batons. In Germany, they are bells, acorns, hearts and leaves. And the number of cards in a deck varies widely: twenty-four, thirty-two, forty, forty-eight, fifty-six.

The first card game played, according to the records, was tarocchi or taro or tarots. A direct ancestor of bridge and the remote progenitor of every card game played today, it's still popular in Italy, Spain and Middle Europe. It has four suits of fourteen numerical cards and twenty-one or twenty-two other cards called atouts, which form a permanent trump suit.

Here in the United States, according to the Association of American Playing Card Manufacturers, eighty-two card games are currently being played. In addition to such well-known games as bridge, rummy, poker and hearts, the list includes such little-known pastimes as forty string, bonanza, pedro, tong, biscola, old man's bundle, sheepshead, panguingue and zioncheck.

According to a recent survey more men play cards than women, but not very many more. Sixty-eight percent of housewives are card players. There is a large percentage of card players in the North, small in the South, and the West is average. In terms of age, people over fifty tend to play less than their juniors.

As to specific games, poker has been played by more people at some time or other than any other game. Contract bridge is next, followed by rummy, pinochle, gin rummy, solitaire, hearts, auction bridge and whist.

More people are currently playing bridge (contract) than any other card game. Poker is next, followed in order by pinochle, rummy, gin rummy, auction bridge, whist, solitaire and hearts.

Peculiarly enough, Americans have contributed nothing at all to the development of new card games, with the possible exception of the stud variation of poker. Poker itself comes from the Persian game of As Nas, with some modifications by the French who called it Poque. Stud, so the story goes, was born after the Civil War in an Ohio backwoods saloon. One player, a heavy loser, had the feeling he was being cheated. He opened a hand with three kings. Two other players stayed and raised so much that even before the draw was finished the opener's money was all in the pot. He dashed outside to the hitching post and returned with his stallion. When he realized that while he was gone his cards had been on the table and might have been looked at, he took out his six-shooter. "I've got all my money in that pot," he announced. "I propose to make this a fair game all around. Let each man turn three of his cards face up, discard two and draw two more face down. I'll gamble this here thoroughbred stud horse on my chance, and if anyone makes a false move I'll shoot." That's how stud poker was born.

THE END

The day I untied the apron strings

Even after Ted and I were married, I'd call Mother to find out how long to roast a duck, or what to do about gifts. But the first time we asked Mother and Dad to dinner... I did it all myself — planned the menu, cooked the food, tossed the salad, and — best of all — set the table using the principles she'd taught me, my flair for flowers, and my own Towle Sterling.

Oh, I caught the smile that flashed between her and Dad! Somehow I felt the apron strings untying; but *I* had a proud and happy smile, too.

Always in perfect taste, carefully designed and fashioned by master craftsmen from *solid* silver, Towle Sterling patterns are favorites with women of discrimination everywhere. Choose your *own* — Craftsman, Silver Flutes or one of the many others — at your jeweler's. A six-piece place setting costs as little as $22.50 including Federal Tax.

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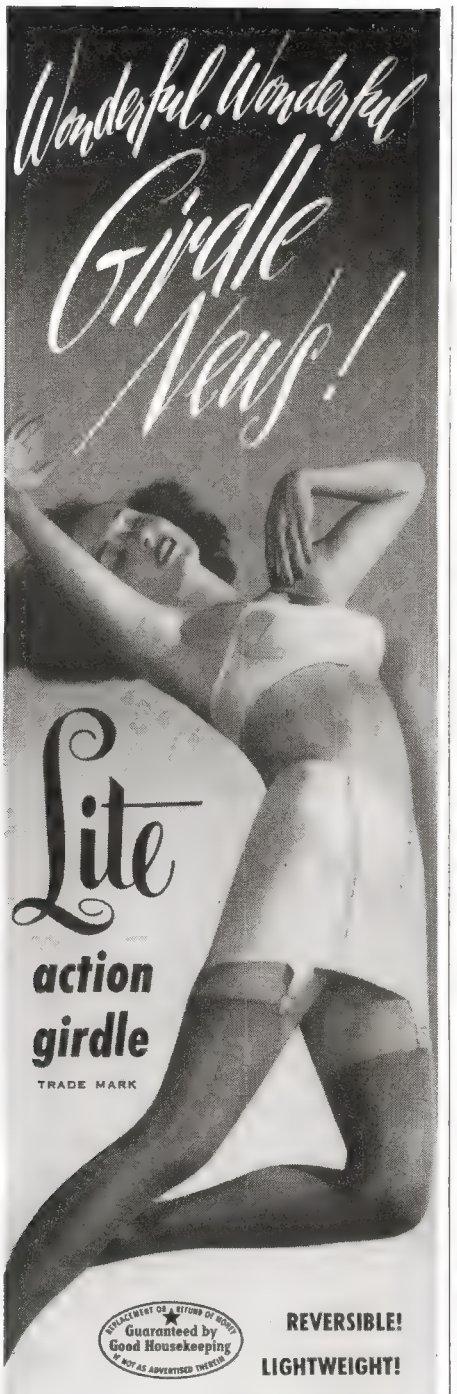
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Imagine 4½ ounces of petal-thin girdle that takes you in up to two inches, *without whalebones, and* gives you luxurious freedom! It's no dream. The secret is KURON, new elastic fabric. Pure rubber on one side, lovely rayon on the other — and reversible! Wear rubber side in for figure revamping. Nylon faggoted, front and back stretch down; sides, crosswise. Can't roll or ride up. Tearose, white, black, ice-blue. Only $4.95. At leading corset and notions departments — or write *Lite Manufacturing Co., Inc., New York 11, N. Y.*
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. by U.S. Rubber Co.

Americans Hate Children (*Continued from page 26*)

on such a scale that the scale itself keeps us from noticing it. Unconsciously, Americans hate children: you, me, all of us.

And it is safe to say that a deep contemplation of our child-hatred would do more to restore the balance of our whole attitude than any other searching of mind and heart.

OUR HATRED of children is expressed in many ways. Let us consider it first from the long-range point of view. We go about singing, "God Bless America," or, "Oh, beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain," and our orators incessantly talk of the "great heritage of America's children." What are the facts?

The facts are that we have recklessly exploited the land our kids will inherit. We have stripped off the forests. We are exhausting the petroleum, lead, tin, copper, zinc, and other minerals. We shot away much of our most valuable iron deposits in a war which, I think, we would have prevented if we had been a people who really loved and lived for our children. We would have swiftly seen the tyrant in Hitler—that greatest of all menaces to the future—and soon have struck him down. But it was not expedient at the time when it was easy; it did not fit our fiscal-year philosophy.

The American land which supports the "amber waves of grain" is running down the American rivers and blowing away as dust in the American sky. Eons go into the making of topsoil. We have needlessly squandered at least a quarter of the continental supply—for a few decades of crops. The world is full of deserts where no children live because their parents did the same thing. America doesn't learn the lesson: this year's Mississippi floods were the biggest yet.

Year by year, as science banishes disease, the American population grows older. Among our aging persons, there is a growing tendency toward pension demands. They take the view that they are entitled to many possessions and comfortable support merely because they are old. Vast numbers of them clamor for schemes which would give them as much as two hundred dollars every month, on the understanding that they would spend all the money immediately. Is it sensible for mankind to consider old age as the license to a free spree? And what of the children? Shall all our nonproducers be supported by the younger, earning population? Is the idea of something for nothing mentally wise or morally healthful?

Care of older people who cannot fend for themselves is necessary. But the pension mind is one that has lost sympathy with youth. It seeks every luxury for itself; it does not bother to ask what its cupidity would cost the young. The lobbyings and marchings and mouthings of old people in behalf of their exclusive pleasures amount—sometimes—to a murderous hatred for everything young on earth. But—alas!—the old can vote and the young cannot; congressmen are prone to count old heads only.

We love our children—do we? We are going to give them a dying land and a frightening debt and then, if we can, we are going to get juicy pensions out of them. Still—we are a great, progressive, industrial people, determined to see that our children get the best environment, the best possible opportunities . . .

To bring up the subject of American housing at this point is almost grotesque. Millions of our children live in slums, in shacks around mines and factories, and in filthy farmhouses. The absolute shortage of housing has made it necessary for tens of thousands of families to live in military barracks, old hospitals, tents, trailers, Nissen huts—anything that sheds rain. Hundreds of thousands of families are living doubled up, in cramped and squalid misery. We need housing as a starving man needs food, or a drowning man a plank. But this is the moment at which the building trades have priced themselves out of business! The Federal government seems unable to break the housing jam. I do not know whose the fault is. But this I do know. If Americans loved kids even a tenth as much as they pretend to, we would be getting houses—no matter what sacrifice to whom!

At this same dismal time, in the fashionable quarters of every American city, stand whole streets of apartments and apartment-hotels where children are not allowed to live. In these comfortable edifices, the tenant may possess a Pekinese—but not a Peter or a Pauline. It would seem that, in the desperate emergency which confronts house-needing childhood, we might at the very least see to it that where housing exists, children have access to it. Professional child-shunners are the ones who should live *pro tem* in tents, and double up. But the people who live in the "No children" apartment houses are rarely even criticized. On the contrary, they are widely envied; they set standards and make fashions; they are the people whom most of us call "successful"! And they—more than any others—have made unconscious child-hatred a national attitude. Their motto is, "Freedom from children!" The other side of that coin reads, "Death."

The miserable state of America's schools—like the infamous condition of its houses—is no secret to the general reader. We are instructing youngsters in buildings put up before the Civil War. We pay people more to plaster walls and lay bricks than to teach our children. The position teachers occupy in society is so low and they are so subject to mean and bigoted regulation that some are psychologically unfit to deal with children.

Actually, our constant protest that we want a better education than our own for our kids is a lie. What we really want them to be is a carbon copy of our inadequate selves. Let any child in America really begin to get an even slightly better education than that of his parents—a little more knowledge, some newer ideas, a lessening of prejudices and superstitions, or some trifling increase of tolerance—and the furious parents charge down to the schoolhouse with the question: What are you trying to make of my child? A communist? A sex fiend? An atheist? The teacher—and therefore the school—is less an agent of enlightenment than of propaganda for whatever myths and manias are locally in vogue. It has dawned on very few of us that true meaning of the word education is to "lead out of" the old and into the new.

WHEN our children commit crimes, we call them "juvenile delinquents."

Before the law, minors have no rights. They cannot legally buy or sell, own or establish residence, take jobs or engage in sexual relations. But, when they have violated a law, they are punished as if they were adult. Responsibility goes all one way: children are not trained in it or allowed to exercise it—yet virtue is expected of them, and for it their parents are praised, while a vice in them is nobody's fault save their own. Moreover, for doing exactly what multitudes of adults do without risk of the law, children are sent to prisons and reform schools. We

are merciless with them. This is especially true of so-called "sex violations." Surveys show that about seventy-five percent of our adults commit adultery. But only the sex act of a minor reaches court, as a rule.

Perhaps our savagery stems from the fact that we already hold so much national hostility toward children that we regard their lawbreaking as the last straw. Let the child step one inch over various lines—lines drawn differently in forty-eight states—and we lock him (or her) up with felons, perverts, assassins, drunks and maniacs. We send them to reform schools and institutions for women. Because we have one Boy's Town—and a few good reform institutions—we do not bother to know about the vast majority. They are America's child Dachaus.

We would—if we loved children—arrest and prosecute the parties actually responsible for juvenile delinquency. It would make an interesting collection: parents, to begin with; relatives, some teachers, even some ministers, policemen, judges, tavern keepers—all "responsible" adults who rarely see the inside of a prison. There could even be, in this motley, a few radio producers and makers of movies. Quite a few. Plain businessmen, indeed, might even be called to account—for inciting in children desires they cannot satisfy by honest means.

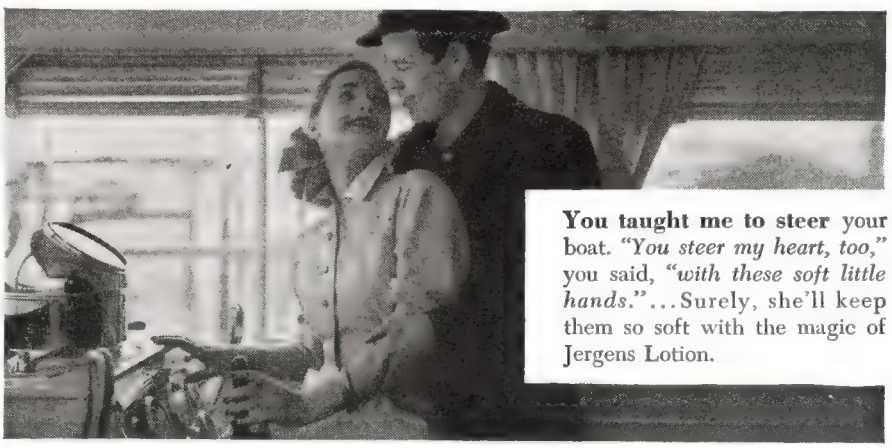
Before we sent even one "delinquent juvenile" to the jailhouse, we would take a long, long look at the adults in the child's environment: to wit—ourselves. For, in the average present disposal of delinquents, we express an ecstasy of social aggression against the children—particularly against the underprivileged children for whom we profess such compassion. The number of well-born children in jails and reform schools—for stealing cars, setting fires, smashing property, illicit pregnancy, and so on (acts of which the well-born young are also often guilty)—is a very small number indeed. A fish has about the same number of feathers. Unless we Americans had a hidden hatred of children—a lust for our own present pleasure that takes no thought of their future necessities—we would be in public rebellion against our juvenile court procedures and punitive methods. They are medieval—and years of public exposure have altered only a few of them.

Indeed, the selfishness of our industrial civilization—its passionate preoccupation with the getting of goods right now and the general discard of all other meanings in life—has caused us to create a physical atmosphere which is intolerable to children. The masterwork of our age, the automobile, has turned childhood into a penitentiary. Even if a child lives in the country, he lives on a road he cannot cross. But if he lives in a city, his permissible universe is one block each way—with a wall called "traffic" all around it.

During all the history of man—up until a generation ago—the child's world was enormous and enormously variegated. Farm, village, town or city—and few people inhabited cities—the world was the child's to own, explore and learn. Hoofbeats warned him. Later, a railroad track somewhat circumscribed him. Now, he is walled up. He has lost the right to chase his own ball, the freedom to examine a brook, the opportunity to use time as he pleases out of sight of adults, the chance to observe nature—for which he has such natural affinity. He has lost the very background and experience of liberty itself. From the moment he can toddle he is taught the discipline of the hard fender, the braying horn, the purring tire and the lights that cause people to stop and go. Add to this a school which teaches him to be docile rather than individualistic—to

MINE IS A Cape Cod Love Story

At Provincetown ...*"If I were an artist,"* you suddenly said, *"I'd draw your soft dear hands. They'd be mine then."*... Soft hands do have a way with a man. No wonder the very loveliest women use Jergens Lotion.*



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conform rather than to pioneer, to learn to earn money rather than to learn to think—and you have *what?*

Not a free-spirited person. Not a human being imbued with the meaning of liberty. Not a socially or culturally or morally useful creature. You have a city dweller with a regimented soul, a rubber-stamp mind, an ambition to progress only in the medium he knows—the city. You have an ignorance of nature, an ignorance, even, of man's complete dependence upon nature—and a gnawing, inward sense of insecurity, of nameless want, of vague guilt, of futility. And—since the city is the key to our culture—these subconscious sensations have spread even to farms.

At best, a city is a place for adults. The pride with which great cities open playgrounds for children is an expression of the hate-children neurosis. Such pride declares, "We have somehow brought ourselves to sacrifice this little space to children, amidst the obviously valuable real estate of our city. Here they can inspect real trees (though not climb them) and actually go wading (in a mob). How generous we are!"

It is not surprising that the products of our towns and cities become child-haters. Their own childhood was a vacuum—a nervous, interminable frustration. The abolition of a natural childhood has made of America's adults a people who devote their grown-up years to an effort at compensation. They are game-players, sports fans—a movie-crazy, radio-addicted, gum-chewing people.

Once the child belonged to the community and was part of its chores and games. Until the Industrial Revolution, the child helped with the haying and starred in the village square dance. But today he has a group routine—not a private, highly personal life. He is too small to play tennis, shoot golf, cast for trout, attend the theater, run motorboats, go to taverns and juke joints, or even drive the car which has turned his existence into perpetual house-arrest.

Because he is too little to join, the child is exiled as much as his family can afford it. He is segregated—in school, in supervised play (what a tragic idea of "play"!), in camps, and even at home—with a "sitter" in place of father and mother. Children are in the way of most of the activities which contemporary adults regard as "civilized," as "recreational," and as their due. But what child, being in the way, fails to note and to bitterly resent the hatred thus displayed?

Our sentiment for children is slight and fickle. Many teachers, many individual citizens struggle in the morass which our collective hate produces. But, among the people who epitomize our "American way" of life, the people who have the most education and who have prospered most, child hate reaches the point of assassination. Here, our sinister fifth freedom—"freedom from children"—nears the absolute. For it is a statistical fact that the richer the average American becomes, the more schooling he has, the fewer children he produces.

The average American woman college graduate bears one child for every *four* borne by the average American woman who hasn't gone beyond the fourth grade!

The curves of vital statistics—for education or for money—run in an even, appalling opposition. Girl high-school graduates have more children than college girls; fewer than girls who went only through grammar school. The same is true of men. People with two thousand dollars a year have more children than people with three—those with three, more than those with four thousand. At first glance, these statistics might incline us to ask if the fault is educational—if each grade of school and each year of college, deliberately imbues the student with a hatred for children. But the schools merely reflect common, public opinion.

So we must conclude that our attitude toward the whole, precious "American way" of life is so short-sighted and so murderous of America's future as to verge upon insanity. For we are a people shown by cold figures to be engaged in the steady, rapid reduction of that strain in our population which has the energy and the ability to prosper and to learn. In the light of what we really do, what we say pales to nothing. The "American way" is a way that has no basic interest in self-perpetuation—it is a means of living which the American adult enthusiastically appropriates to himself—and methodically abstains from passing on. The "American way," for all the skyscrapers and airplanes and gadgets, is a path to the graveyard. And in this central fact—this refusal to reproduce—lies a consummate and absolute expression of our hatred of children: for those people who know most and earn most—children aren't. Or one child is. Or two are. But, taken as a whole, America's well-to-do and America's college graduates are not even replacing themselves.

Nasty brats. Hostages to fortune. If they are nasty brats, it is our own fault: we hate them. But children are not hostages to fortune; they are the only tangible hold upon fortune which we possess. In spite of that, we house them in shanties and send them—not to be educated, but to be regimented, in slipshod institutions. If they err we thrust them into those social lesions which are our jails. We plan to raid them for the maintenance of our old age. They cannot work with us or play with us, and we will not do so with them. We have taken them from nature and immured them with traffic. We segregate them. Finally, as we learn and prosper, we dispense with them altogether, if possible! That is hate.

Hate is an expression of fear. And our fear of children rises from a hysterical preoccupation with personal, private, immediate ends. It is no wonder we are an uneasy people—a guilty people. A doomed people—if we go on in this fashion!

It would seem that I am implying here the need of a vast change in our fundamental living—and I am. I believe we must decentralize our cities and restore life amidst nature, on the community scale. There is nothing novel in this belief—nothing un-American, un-democratic, or anti-capitalist. Our engineers and architects and child specialists have been recommending it for decades. I believe we should rip our school system wide open—refinance it hugely—and start educating children, not indoctrinating them. I believe our jails, reform schools and juvenile courts need a purge—and the more heads that fall, the better. I believe we ought to levy pension funds from our own incomes.

I believe that marriage and childbearing should become a part of campus life. I have been told by an eminent sociologist that the best students he ever had are veteran fathers of two or three children—in spite of the fact that they work and live under conditions of fantastic hardship. Biologically, we are intended to marry and to reproduce when we are young. But our technology cannot be mastered without many, many years of study. These two facts, currently antithetical, should be brought together. The presence of romance—and of wives, husbands and babies—on and about the campus of a working university would, I feel certain, go a long way toward relieving educated Americans of their horrible intolerance of children and of bearing them.

And education in marriage, in domestic relations and in child care could be given both conveniently and effectively if there were at hand a wealth of material. As it is, such subjects are seldom taught—a disastrous national oversight; and when they are taught, the lessons involve a theoretical husband or wife in a problematical home with an imaginary baby.

Most of all, however, I believe we should vehemently alter our national attitude—and that is a cause in which every one can aid. We say, today, that the "foundation of society is the home," and we worry at the factors, such as divorce, which are sabotaging America's homes. But the foundation of the home is a *love of children*: not a place, or things, or particular people—but an attitude of mind. Children are the first reason for everything we do. Without them we are nothing, and our accomplishments are futile. Some of us, unhappily, can have no children, or have but one or two; even these can find the peace that comes with a sense of fundamental purpose by adopting children or by aiding children in general.

What has happened to us—to us here in America and to people all over the world—is essentially simple. Modern "civilization" is new, and we have treated it so far as a new toy, a means to make adult life entertaining, convenient, productive and physically pleasant. In thus "playing with" industrialization for a century or so, we have overlooked or disregarded the fact that our psycho-biological nature has not changed and cannot change. Technology is not a plaything. It merely increases our capacity to do whatever we decide to do. So far, we have paid for universal corruption of technology by having "orders" and "planners" and tyrannies set over us, and then by the wars that resulted from such tyrannies. It is time for us to take up our complete psycho-biological natures where we abanthem.

The "American dream," which so many say we have lost, can be restored if we begin to dream lovingly of the America to come: of *children.* That may seem an extraordinarily simple answer to the seemingly endless and complex questions of our times. But is there any other? If we don't dream for children, all we are thinking of is suicide. A nation that loved children would, as I said, conserve its resources; it would put down tyrants as fast as they appeared; it would teach truth and reason as the first moral principles; its responses, political and social, would be right and instant because it would know what it intended to do—and for whom. Such a nation would bend its energies, capital, resources and brains to the profitable maintenance and improvement of a land that served its future.

Americans hate children. Can the charge be doubted? Today, we are frantically storing up atomic bombs as a desperate counter-measure to the threat of atomic bombing. We are so stupid, so cowardly, so venal, or so ingrained in our selfish, malevolent habits of thought, that we are talking about losing twenty million American kids in the first few hours of the next war. I cannot phrase our hatred with any more horrifying clarity. In God's name, let's start loving our kids!

THE END

Next month, Philip Wylie casts a suspicious eye on the long skirt-short skirt controversy and tells you what's wrong with women's clothes

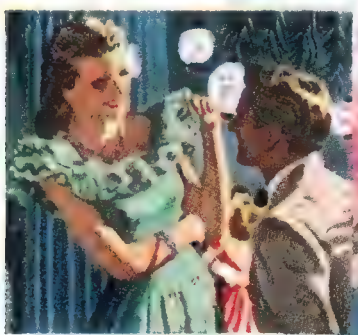
You, too, can have a Smoother Skin with just One Cake of Camay!

If beauty's your goal and romance your objective—start with a lovely skin! A smoother, softer skin can be yours with just *one cake* of Camay—if you'll give up careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Just follow the brief directions on the Camay wrapper. See if Camay doesn't bring you a skin that's softer to the touch, smoother and lovelier to every admiring eye!

MRS. RANDOLPH CHITWOOD
the former Betty Adams of Jackson, Miss.
Bridal portrait painted by Prime

MEET MR. AND MRS. CHITWOOD!

Randolph's from Virginia. Betty's tall, chestnut-haired and lovely. Says she —"My very *first cake* of Camay made my skin feel softer . . . look clearer."



The Chitwoods honeymooned on Cape Cod—plan to go back there every summer. And Betty plans to stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—all the year around. Why don't you?

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From Kentucky
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At Louisville in Kentucky
Blended whisky. The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old.
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Welcome to Our City

(*Continued from page 42*)

acid flavor, Bark thought. Not at all like those Oriental women, very upper caste, that he had met in Asia. May I present Colonel Barkley Renard? A misty sari, rose-colored or heaven-blue, framing a dusky magnolia face, the eyes liquid, long-lashed. Those eyes cast down, yet somehow conveying messages that buoyed a man's spirits; that sweet feminine mouth silent, yet eloquent.

"Oh, I guess there are some decent servants left in this country. I don't like this haphazard housekeeping."

"Dear Colonel, sir, it isn't haphazard. The house is clean; your meals are hot and tasty if I do say so; and this isn't India or China where you clap your hands and nine exquisitely trained slaves appear at eleven cents each per month."

War buddies were always passing through town and calling up, usually just before dinner. Bark's reception of these at the telephone was ebullient. "Stinky! Well, you old sonofagun, if it isn't old Stinky! What are you doing here? Look, come on right over; hop into a taxi and come on over; we're just going to sit down to dinner." Invariably it was lamb chops or something equally unelastic. Missy would make a dash for the kitchen. And there weren't even two drinks left in that bottle of Scotch . . . But Bark I told you we were out of it; you said you'd bring home a couple . . . Sherry! Good God, do you think I'd offer sherry to Stinky!

During and after dinner the men would talk endlessly of places that seemed to her a mongrel mixture of Pearl Buck, Kipling and Maugham . . . Punjab . . . New Delhi . . . Remember that pretty Whosis, the Rajah's second daughter, the one with the interesting mole . . . You dope, that was her caste mark . . . Listen, was I in India twenty months, or was I not? I guess I know a mole from a caste mark.

When they entertained a largish company Bark insisted they try a drink called a gimlet. The guests would sip it and say it was wonderful, but they rarely took seconds. The men especially said they were off fancy drinks; their stomachs had been kind of acting up lately, and could they have just a little Scotch or bourbon or rye and plain water if it wasn't too much trouble?

Bark would propose a toast. He would say "Gam-bei!" At the company's mystified look he would explain that this was Chinese for bottoms up.

"They had to make every inch of that airstrip by hand at Kunming. Two hundred thousand coolies carrying baskets filled with stones. An endless human chain. Had to make it because there wasn't a runway in China would stand up under the B-29's. Of course at that time they had to fly the B-29's over the Hump."

Someone would say politely, "I guess they don't think much of human life over there . . . Look, who wants to be taken for a little gin rummy? Straight or Oklahoma."

At the end of the year she was saying, "Bark, you never could drink, and you know it. If you must go to those get-togethers or reunions or whatever, won't you try to watch yourself?"

"Who do you think you're talking to? Your son?"

"You were sick as a dog all night."

"I had exactly four drinks."

"Well, then, four's too many, or that liver thing is acting up again. You know what the doctor said. Anyway, I'm not in the right age brackets for widowhood,

"EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER!

Clear That Jump! "Pat" Hackett (in the saddle) has had years of *experience* in riding and training jumpers. She *knows* her cigarettes too (see below).

—in jumping a horse or choosing a cigarette,"

says NOTED SPORTSWOMAN

"Pat" Hackett

The wartime cigarette shortage was a real experience. Of all the brands I smoked, CAMELS suit me best!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

Your "T-Zone" will tell you
...T for Taste...T for Throat... that's *your* proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit *your* "T-Zone" to a "T."

● Not many women can match "Pat" Hackett's experience with horses, but millions can match her experience with *cigarettes!*

Remember the many brands you smoked during the wartime cigarette shortage? Whether you intended to or not, you *compared* brand against brand...for Taste...for Throat. That's how millions learned from experience that there are big differences ...in taste, mildness, coolness ...in *quality.*

Try Camels. Compare them in your "T-Zone." Let your own Taste and Throat...your own *experience*...tell you why more people are smoking Camels than ever before!

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

than any other cigarette

When 113,597 doctors from coast to coast—in every field of medicine—were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!

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"Ciro," "Surrender": reg. U. S. pat. off.

PARFUMS

CIRO

and besides, you haven't got enough insurance."

"Tough talker, aren't you, Madam? Why don't you try a little of that old-maid schoolmarm stuff on your son? He's driving me crazy with that noise."

"Listen, soldier. During the three years while you were away I had the undivided enjoyment of innocent prattle and the patter of little feet as combination nun and nursemaid. Suppose you take a hand at training your son for a change. After all, you were a colonel in the Army. How did you talk to your subordinates? Sign language?"

"That's an idea. I may have to use a little Army talk around here someday soon, if things don't change."

"What things, if it isn't asking too much?"

But they loved each other.

IN A horrible and mysterious way this malaise, this feeling of irritation seemed to be spreading and thriving unhealthily. It was not only an ugly fungus growth that had crept into their house; it had crept into the neighborhood; it showed its scabrous head all over the prosperous lively town of forty thousand people.

All through the years of rationing Oscar, the butcher, had been a paragon of patience and courtesy. Now he said, "Ninety-eight cents a pound," and shrugged indifferently at her indignant rejection of such fantasy.

The Girls in the Crowd said, "We're going to Florida. I finally deviled Dick into it. I told him. I said these past six years have been just plain housekeeping hell, and if I have to order one more pot roast or wrestle with one more wench I'll sue for intolerable cruelty. We're leaving Friday."

Bark's mother said, "I don't understand you young women. When I was your age and Barkley was Junior's age . . ."

The cleaning woman failed to appear two weeks in succession.

The man did not come to repair the kitchen range.

Though he was due to paint the bedroom and living room on Monday, the painter had not shown up by Friday. The place was a shambles, with everything in a huddle in the middle of the floor, awaiting a canvas shroud.

Harper's Bazaar showed advance spring clothes with skirt hems at the shinbones and bunches around the hips. Missy got out her last year's best, and they were all too short; no hems to speak of and scant as a shift. Bark said women were sheep; he'd like to see any tailor tell the men of America they would have to scrap their last year's suits and wear coats four inches longer or three inches shorter.

Junior's school principal sent stern word that their son had been Calling Names, a thing which no progressive school would tolerate. And would Mrs. Renard appear in person at the principal's office on Monday for a conference?

Bark's boss in the East said they might as well close up shop if the government didn't stop this horsing around. Bark was Midwest manager of the White Wash Wonder Machine. From the Mattress to the Mangle No Human Hand Touches Your Sheets. (When this revolutionary slogan was first hit upon Missy had muttered that it made any woman feel like a leper.) In twenty-two and a half minutes the White Wash Wonder claimed to wash, soap, rinse, blue and dry your clothes in magic and inevitable sequence. Strangely enough, it did.

The man didn't come to repair the refrigerator. It was impossible to talk

on the telephone without being cut off.

The accommodator who had promised to serve and wash dishes at Missy's single seasonal Saturday-night buffet (cold turkey, cold ham, one hot dish and salad) failed to appear.

Bark began to take lessons in flying.

The man at the downtown parking lot who always had been so affable said, "I can't help it if somebody scrapes your fenders; I can't be watching your car like it was a baby. Why don't you take it someplace else? And try and find a place lady! If you can you're good."

The man didn't come to repair the radio.

Perfectly decent-looking women in the elevator at Schwab and Decker's jostled you, dug their elbows into you, tramped over your feet without seeming to know you existed, much less bothering to apologize.

The cleaner ruined Missy's best basic black and said he couldn't be responsible for such poor material.

At parties people talked about Russia and Housing and Prices and Congress and Nobody Cares Any More and Communists and Free Press and Labor, and no one seemed to laugh or to have any fun as they did in the days before the War.

"Why can't things be the way they used to?" Missy demanded.

"Just wait," Bark replied darkly. "You ain't seen nothin' yet."

"Well, I'd like to know what's the matter with people. Everybody acts perfectly crazy. They're so mean. And they don't care."

"They're scared."

"Scared of what?"

"You."

"Me! Why, Bark Renard! What in the world are you——"

"Oh, I mean everybody's jittery, so everybody resents everyone else. Yesterday you were talking on the telphone to that woman who didn't come to sew or do something to your skirts or something. You were far from dainty in your language, my good woman."

"But she'd promised. I had everything out and the hems ripped. Her mother sick—me eye!"

"Could be."

"Oh, stop being so noble. When I was in the office yesterday I heard you talking long distance to New Jersey about their not having sent those parts, and I never heard such——"

In the deceptive early spring they took a four-day jaunt in the car, headed vaguely and hopefully southward. It snowed.

Missy had said that it was here, it was only here in Middle City that people were behaving so strangely. But the motor jaunt disproved that effectually.

EARLY April and Bark came home at six looking, Missy quickly and elegantly stated, full of beans.

"What's going on behind that Neanderthal forehead of yours?"

"Nothing. Merely nothing. And how would you like to pack up and go to New York for a week? Ten days, really, altogether, counting going and coming, unless we fly."

"Bark! When?"

"Day after tomorrow."

"But I haven't got a thing . . . Do you think your mother would come over and stay with . . . We oughtn't to both fly at once; suppose something should happen to both . . . Won't it be awfully expensive? I mean, do you . . . Oh, Bark, how marvelous, it's been six years."

THEY decided to go by train, and in great style, on the Millenium. It then

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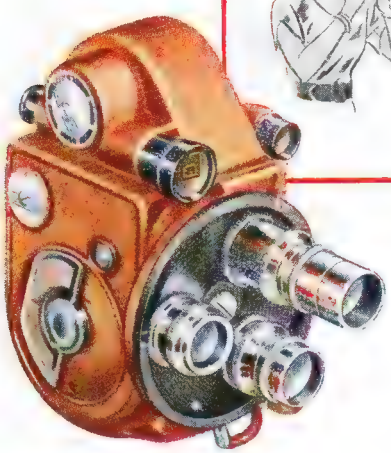

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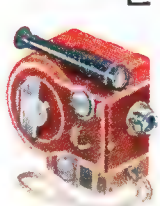

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turned out that practically everyone else had made the same decision. Nothing, the agent said, for at least a week—that is, if they insisted on a compartment on the Millenium.

"But, Bark, where are they all going? Who are they? Why are they traveling?"

"Same reason you are. To get-away-from-it-all."

"Let's take the next best train. Or the next to the next best. What does it matter? Oh, darling, it's going to be so wonderful! All those plays I've been dying to see, and all that lovely unhealthy food—lobster and sauces and the Stork and Twenty-one and a new hat and breakfast in our room with those huge grapefruit the size of a wash bowl and coffee in a silver thing and little hot rolls and curly butter and that sweet thin bacon and maybe a ride in a hansom in the Park—oh, Bark, are we too old for a ride in a hansom in . . ."

"Well, I was pretty good in a jinrikisha," he hinted darkly.

Bark had wired the New York hotel; he had wired the Eastern office; he had used all the Influence he could summon in Business; in the Army, the Navy and in Politics. Endless telegrams and telephone calls resulted in a telegram stating that they would be permitted to stay at the Colossal for five nights.

"Five nights!" Missy wailed. "But you said ten. What can we do?"

"Oh, nothing much, really. I just promise the fellow at the desk my salary for the next six months if he'll let us stay another five days. But another room, of course. You move. It's a game."

The Next Best, though reputedly a luxury vehicle, was something of a shock. The carpets were dirty and faded, the woodwork scuffed, the fixtures dim, the porter lackadaisical, the roadbed a torture rack, the whole structure, in motion, creaked like an old ship.

Missy looked about the compartment; she sniffed; she wrinkled her nose. "Sort of smelly." She took off her hat; her housekeeping eye plainly was disapproving. "I always thought of these trains as having a lot of glitter and plush and trick gadgets. What's the matter with me? Bark, am I getting old?"

Bark was digging a bottle of very good bourbon out of his bag. "No, but the train is. Ring the bell again, will you, Missy? He hasn't brought that water."

Missy liked charged water; Bark had early broken her of the revolting habit of ruining good whisky with ginger ale. He said it was kind of cute in a young gal, showed innocence, but that an old married woman should know better.

In spite of Bark's rather vulgar tip they waited in line to get into the dining car. Missy had resolved not to carp, but she could not resist, "Three dollars per, and they have the nerve to give you succotash out of a tin can."

"Don't be housewifely. Relax and pretend you're kept."

As they approached the city next day the early morning light illumined the majestic river and pearled the Palisades: you knew you were nearing a great metropolis. A flutter of excitement stirred in her; she smiled tremulously; her eyes were big and bright; she patted the spot where she thought her heart to be. "It always gets me; there's something about coming into New York for a visit; it's like waking up on your wedding day, or tasting champagne for the first time, or going up in a plane. Anything can happen."

"You're a cute kid," Bark said. "Look, I'll have to beat it right off to see Grupper; I've got an appointment with him at eleven; these New York guys

think nine A.M. is the middle of the night. We'll go up to the room; I'll just shave and beat it; we'll have dinner, take in a show——"

"Oh, don't bother about me, I've got a million things . . ." She regarded herself searchingly in the mirror of the little room. I look awful, she thought. Fat and middle-aged; my hat is dowdy, skin looks dead; I let myself go while Bark was away; I'd better watch it.

Bark, too, surveyed his reflection in the small mirror over the washstand; he rubbed an exploratory hand over his cheeks; he looked a bit rueful as though a certain splendid male figure had somehow dwindled before his eyes.

THOUGH this train was one of the luxury liners, her vassals, on arrival, were all too few. A swarm of passengers, wheedling, bribing, commanding, clung to the inadequate sprinkling of porters. The porters themselves were not robust men; they moved slowly, almost feebly. They had hand trucks, and on these they piled bags and bags and bags.

Bark intercepted a likely-looking redcap who, late and hustling, was just then coming down the crowded platform. "Look, porter, would you take my bags separately and carry them to a taxi? I've got an appointment——"

"Slave days is over," said the man.

Barkley Renard flushed. "Look here, I——" He stopped, started again. "I just meant—we've got four bags—I can manage a couple—a dollar for you if you'll get us a taxi."

The man was not even listening; he moved away in the crowd.

Missy cast a practical eye on the loaded hand trucks and forgot to be tactful. "I suppose he'd be a fool; he can make three times as much on a load like that."

"Will you please not be so masterful and let me run this, unless you think you can do it better."

"Darling, I'm sorry."

The truck was loaded to a precarious peak; they followed a porter meekly like mourners behind a bier. "Taxi, please," they said. The man ignored them.

On the platform of the taxi run there stood what seemed to be hundreds—thousands—of milling people, their luggage piled all about.

"Oh, my God!" said Bark. Their bags were sorted out; there turned out to be five instead of four, all very heavy. Bark tried one in each hand and one under each arm as he had seen porters do it. Missy picked up one. She dropped her handbag. Her hat slipped over one eye. "Put that down!" Bark spoke between his teeth. So they stood again, in feverish impatience, their eyes staring up the taxi tunnel toward the approaching cab, their heads turning as it passed them and went on to luckier travelers near the stop line. Suddenly Bark thought of the long lines of refugees he had seen throughout Asia, throughout Europe, long lines of drooping figures standing with their boxes and bundles, all looking up the road toward hope, down the road toward disappointment.

"Nothing to do but wait," he said gruffly. "Sorry, kid."

"Oh, I don't mind." Brightly.

"One side!" yelled a voice, and a heavy object bumped his shin. "One side!" For almost four years the figures in the uniform of his country had addressed him in correct Army form. Young men with sleeve stripes; older men with gold bars, silver bars, maple leaves. Yes, sir. Here it is, sir. The car is here now, sir. Are these the papers, sir? Oh, well, that was over, thank God.

A taxi for them at last. Their bags

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piled in, a dollar for the porter and no acknowledgment of it; they, too, piling into the cab hastily, almost stumblingly as though the driver might start with a jerk before they could seat themselves. Which he did. Around the dizzy curve of the tunnel, toward daylight. A large bag fell with a thump on Missy's instep. The driver turned his head ever so slightly to the right; he spoke out of a corner of his mouth. "Where to Jack?"

Bark sat forward, glaring. Missy's hand that had been nursing her ankle now flew up and rested firmly on his arm. He swallowed. "Uh—the Colossal." He'd give him a strictly ten-percent tip.

The fare was forty-five cents. Bark took out a dollar bill. "Give me a quarter," he found himself saying to the driver. Unspoken disapproval in Missy's eyes. "All these bags," he said defensively.

"Pooh," said Missy.

A LARGE granite doorman ranged their bags wordlessly at the curb. There was something numbing about his utter wordliness; he was a robot with functioning legs and arms. Two people rushed into the taxi before the bags were properly out; one of them bumped into Missy so that she whirled on her heels. "Well, really!" But no one noticed.

Up the steps, over carpet that seemed pneumatic, into the vast, pillared, chandeliered lobby of the Colossal. It was bedlam. Not yet ten in the morning, and the place looked like Grand Central on the third of July.

"Convention, I guess," Bark said. "Tough luck. Look, you wait here; I'll go to the desk; when the boy brings our bags just hang on to him a minute. I'll be right back."

Figures rushing, weaving to and fro. Enormous Western men in enormous Western hats. East Indian women in saris. White men, black men, yellow men. Thin harrassed-looking men (French, she guessed) in somber black suits and un-American collars, always with umbrellas and brief cases. U. N., probably. How simply thrilling! The bellboy had brought in their bags but he had not placed them conveniently near her. They were lined up neatly with rows and rows and rows of luggage at one side of the huge room. She had motioned to the boy, but his eye was on Bark standing in the crowd at the front desk. Oh, well, Bark would attend to it. He was right. She had grown too assertive and sort of managing during those years of his absence. But then, she told herself, who then, if not she?

A woman rose from one of the crowded couches that lined the walls, and Missy darted for the vacant place. She lost it by one second. The winner was a large-busted thin-legged woman in a white wolf coat and face to match. "Ouch!" was wrung from the already battered Missy as the woman's high heel ground into her toes. Still, it didn't matter. Bark would be back in a minute. A bath would be heaven; maybe Bark would have time for a quick shower first; they'd have breakfast in the room; she'd order while Bark was shaving; perhaps there would even be a view of the Park from their window; on their honeymoon there had been a view of the Park; they had stood there together looking out over the city, her shoulder as she leaned against him fitted into the hollow of his arm; slowly she had turned her head and looked up at him, her eyes had closed under his ardent gaze . . .

"This is the damnedest outrage I ever heard of!" Bark had left the room-clerk's desk; he was standing beside her, his face suffused with rage. "He says our room isn't available."

Feebly she repeated, "Isn't available!" Then, with right and with proof on her side, "But he can't. We have—he said—we've got their telegram—did you show him the telegram?—it's a reservation."

"Please. I know. They don't have to vacate until three P.M. That's the rule. Hotel day ends at three P.M. It says."

"Tell him we'll take another room—smaller if necessary—until ours is——"

"There isn't a smaller room. There isn't a phone booth. There isn't a chair."

"We'll leave. Let's just simply go. We'll just simply go to another hotel, that's all. I wouldn't let them——"

"Listen, dear. There is no other hotel."

"There are millions of hotels in New York."

"Yep And millions of people in them sleeping their heads off this minute, and millions of others waiting for them to wake up and get the hell out."

She looked around then with new eyes. He looked around, his gaze baleful. Suddenly she saw that the crowd which had seemed to be rushing about was really static. Standing, or seated on sofas, on benches, on chairs, on chair arms, were crumpled-looking people like themselves, travel-weary, dull of eye. Their luggage lay in neat rows before them—rows and rows and rows—luggage owned by people who, like themselves, were here on business and pleasure. They stared at the Renards, and the Renards stared at them; in their looks there was understanding tinged with distaste. What are you doing here? the look said. Goofs like you! Crowding hotels and keeping people like us from our rooms and baths and breakfasts.

"Honey—uh—do you think if you kind of slipped him a few——"

"Guy like that, twenty-five bucks would be nothing to him. I bet they shove him a hundred to give them a room and think nothing of it. Besides, I hate that kind of hanky-panky. It's a damned bloody——"

"Sh-sh-sh! People can hear you."

"Let 'em."

Suddenly she wanted to help him and sustain him; she sensed that, having been bested by this man at the hotel desk, he had felt himself lowered in her eyes.

"Darling, we haven't had our coffee; that's what's the matter. You know how we both are before we have our breakfast. Let's go into the dining room and get a lot of hot black coffee inside us."

"I've got to get a shave first. Look, just once over and a hot towel; it'll only take a minute; I'll be back before you can——"

But he was back even sooner than that, crestfallen. "Can't get within a mile of a chair; I'll have to shave myself in the men's washroom. Come on, let's have breakfast."

One look at the hotel dining room and they fled. It was unthinkable that the first meal of the day—the crisp spring day—should be eaten in this atmosphere. A windowless room, a dim lavenderish light, waiters in heavy uniform amidst stale air reminiscent of last night's festivities. Into her mind flashed a picture of her own dining room in Middle City—ruffled organdy, silver, crystal, polished wood, the scent of fresh coffee.

They breakfasted at the near-by Automat through whose blatant windows one could at least see, as well as hear, a daylit world. "Remember, Bark, they always used to have those glossy dark green leaves under the grapefruit at the——" She stopped suddenly, giggled at her own tactlessness; and he ceased to scowl.

He said, "The wheat cakes at Childs' used to be wonderful, remember?"

"It used to be a wonderful world." Then, horrified at what she had just heard herself saying, she stared apprehensively at him, but he seemed not to have noticed; he was glancing at his wrist watch, then at the window as though he already saw himself as part of that fast-moving throng outside. Fifteen minutes later he was in fact off.

"Look, hon, I'll be back at four. Do you want to meet me somewhere for a drink? —oh, I forgot, we get the room at three; maybe I can be back by three, meet you here—tickets for a show; let's see, you said What'shername in 'Hot and Sweet'; we'll try to eat at seven sharp and Grupper and his wife taking us to the Mañana after the show, meeting us . . . How're you fixed for dough? . . ."

He kissed her; he was off in the direction of Grupper.

By now the lobby of the Colossal was even more frantic than before. There seemed to be vast and strangely early luncheons in progress. A flinty voice in uniform was standing at the head of the stairs saying, "Kuntz and Fraser luncheon to the left. National Fish Association to the right. Kuntz and Fraser luncheon to the . . . "

Their five bags were still reposing cheek by jowl with all those other homeless bags. She felt stale and disheveled. The Girls' Room. She could at least wash up a bit, and do her hair. Horrid to shop for clothes when she hadn't had a bath. She had an inspiration. Garden's! She'd have a heavenly cabinet and massage and hose at Garden's with all that spicy-smelling stuff dished over her at the finish. But the voice at the telephone said,"We-have-no-time-open-until-next-Wednesday-at-four." In indignant unbelief Missy demanded, "D'you mean not even an hour?" Woodenly the voice repeated the ten words. It was like Central giving you the time.

The women's-room attendant eyed her somewhat spacious ablutions with tight-lipped disapproval. Missy handed her fifty cents, reflecting that Bark would have made it a dollar, and proceeded to wash, pat, make up, brush.

"We can't get into our room until three," she found herself explaining to the grim-visaged female.

"Ladies ain't supposed to use this room like a private bathroom."

"Hotels," retorted Missy, "ain't supposed to treat their guests like public cattle."

SHE thought she'd look at prints; there might be bargains left over from those good early Palm Beach things that you never saw in the summer shops. And one of those short full coats to throw over the shoulders, kelly green or tough scarlet, inexpensive but striking. She saw one on the size-sixteen rack at Tessie's. A nice bit of color to toss over a light dress at the club summer evenings.

"That isn't a bad little coat," Missy said to the saleswoman. "How much is it?"

"Ninety-eight fifty," the woman said evenly, "but it looks like an expensive coat."

"Really!" In a rage. "I'm afraid your sense of values has become atrophied." She was rather proud of that one.

The woman did not seem impressed or even interested.

There was a summer dinner dress, off-shoulder, with sequin butterflies disporting their iridescent wings in and out of the pattern. "That's a sweet little——" She fingered the material lightly, dropped it in shock. "Why, it's gingham! It's only gingham!"

"Two fifty," said the saleswoman. In some dreadful way Missy sensed that she meant two hundred and fifty, a sum so casual that it needed no qualifying words.

"Sequins and gingham," mused Missy,

sweetly spiteful. "I suppose Tessie takes champagne with her oatmeal." And left.

At one fifteen she thought a sandwich might pick her up, with coffee again, though she wasn't a noonday coffee drinker. This simple nourishment proved literally unattainable. Restaurants, tea-rooms, lunch counters, drugstores were packed with ravenous hordes who were restrained from stampeding only by rope barriers and the prison-warden eye of the headwaiter or -waitress.

Lunchless, she entered the lobby of the Colossal at five minutes to three. I'll have a sandwich upstairs, she thought, and a cup of tea. I'm dead.

The crowd had not diminished. The people draped on couches and chairs seemed to be the same people. Her heart sank at this. Perhaps they only looked the same. Thousands of trains in since early morning.

"Renard," she said at the desk. "I'm Mrs. Barkley Renard. We have a reservation. My husband and I."

The man's reception of the name seemed to indicate that she had spoken Finnish. "What name?" She repeated it with terrible distinctness. He shook his head hopelessly. "Oh—uh—yes." Vaguely he glanced at a rack, then at a book. "Five thirteen. Not available yet."

"Not available! It's three o'clock! You said three!"

"Sorry, Madam."

She turned away quickly in a horrible fear that she was going to cry. As though there were something sustaining about their solid presence she walked over to the rows of waiting luggage, stood before the five pieces so reassuringly initialed, and kicked the biggest one just to hear the healthy thud of her shoe against the bulging sides. Bark had said three o'clock. And five, probably, before he'd show up. She'd have a bite in that cavern and leave word of her whereabouts at the desk in case Bark should come in early. Her waiter palpably did not approve of a sandwich-and-tea order; his manner conveyed his opinion of such drugstore fodder and, by the time he reappeared bearing it, he could, she wearily reflected, have cooked and served up a whole roast ox with a dish of suckling pig on the side.

THERE was no Bark to be seen when she returned to the lobby. No, no one had inquired for her at the desk . . . What name? . . . Renard. Room Five Thirteen . . . Room Five Thirteen was not yet . . . But it's four o'clock! . . . Sorry, Madam.

"Just let me handle this!" And there was Bark, dear wonderful Bark, with a quiet voice and a long level look at the man behind the desk. "We have a reservation. And we are going to occupy our room—now!"

"It's free. But"—hastily—"it isn't made up."

"Then see that it's made up . . . Boy! Pick up those bags. Here, I'll take these two. Get that key. Come on, Missy."

The room clerk seemed aggrieved. "We can't throw guests out of their rooms, you know. These people just left."

They had indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Barkley Renard stood in the doorway surveying the ruins that marked the late guests' departure. The windows were closed. The beds unmade. This morning's newspaper strewing the floor. Last night's paper. Pasteboard boxes. Tissue paper. String. Ashes. Crumbs. A theater program. A serving table littered with the remains of egg and coffee and fruit rinds. An empty whisky bottle. An empty gin bottle. A theater program. An empty hatbox. A corsage spray of rank and brown-edged gardenias into the center of which a cigarette stub, red-smeared, had been ground. A discarded nylon stocking draped over the wastebasket. Over all the stale odor of perfume and cigarettes.

A uniformed maid appeared, caught sight of them, darted back. Bark called to her. "Maid! Heh, Miss! Look, will you please clean up this room? My wife and I are very tired."

Negation was stamped on her face even before she spoke. "It's four and after. I'm off at four. Relief maid will do it."

"Please." Bark held out a dollar.

"People don't get up till all hours ain't my fault. I'm off at four."

Bark strode to the telephone. Room clerk! A jiggling of the little black button. "Operator, will you please give me the room clerk or the housekeeper or somebody? . . . Get me that room clerk . . . Don't you tell me to make up my mind. I'm——"

"Don't get yourself all worked up, dear; it isn't worth it. Here. Let me——"

"What d'you mean it isn't worth it! Do you think I'm going to stay in this pigsty at twelve dollars per——Hello! Hello! Is this the room clerk? No, I didn't ask for room service. Damn it all, what the hell kind of dump is this, anyway! Hello! Hello!" The line was dead.

STILL, by seven the day's discomfort had miraculously been dispelled by the bright lights of tonight's anticipation. They had bathed; they had napped; they had dressed. The room's present disorder was the pleasant disorder of their own belongings. "I'm awful sorry I couldn't get anything for 'Hot and Sweet.' Honestly, honey, I tried every scalper and every hotel, and Grupper even knew a fellow that had a piece of the show, but no dice. But we'll see it before we go home, if I have to pay ten bucks apiece. They say this thing we're seeing isn't bad. The fella's funny."

"Barkley Renard, you'll do no such thing!"

She was wearing her long black crepe and the big paste earrings and her aquamarine clip and her short silver-fox jacket. The old fur was now decidedly brown in cast, especially if one saw it in contrast with the gleaming silver richness of this year's pelts. But Missy's face above it sparkled; her eyes were lustrous.

Dinner turned out to be something of a rush, what with having to stand in line and then being herded into the back room and being made to wait and wait. All the other people in that room looked like people who would be herded into the back room.

"Nine dollars for a steak!" said Missy.

"Do you have to broadcast the fact that you're not used to steak in a decent restaurant?"

"I don't care one single bit whether these people know we eat steak or raw angle worms. Barkley Renard, I'd choke on a nine-dollar steak."

"You'd eat caviar at twenty dollars a pound."

"That's different."

"How?"

"Caviar is a luxury. You know it isn't anything you should be having. It's like orchids or sables or a ten-dollar theater seat. Silly, but you're braced for it. But steak! Steak is just food."

The play was dreary. The fella decidedly was not funny. People read newspapers between the acts. They had brown-paper parcels. The atmosphere was not sparkling in the way one thought of the theater in New York. Missy laughed dutifully. She said she liked it awfully. In the taxi bound for the Mañana and the Gruppers she confided to Bark that she thought he was the handsomest man in New York and points west. Bark appeared to be low and said, boy, could he use a drink right now!

The Gruppers had not yet appeared at the Mañana. The Gimlet Eye who rejected the world he disapproved by the simple barrier of a crimson cord, never had heard of a Grupper, it seemed.

"A table for four," Bark explained.

"Have you a reservation?"

"No. Grupper."

"We have no tables free. Nothing."

"What do you mean—nothing. There's a reservation for four. Grupper."

"Are you Mr. Grupper?"

"No, but——"

"Nothing."

Half an hour passed. The vast oval bar just the other side of the crimson cord hummed and tinkled and splashed. You heard the music from the magic room beyond. Mr. and Mrs. Barkley Renard, jostled by newcomers for whom the crimson cord was lifted, felt like Untouchables. "We're getting out of here. Grupper can take his Mañana and——"

But there was Grupper at last. And there was Mrs. Grupper. Quite unconsciously Missy had visualized the unknown Mrs. Grupper as a worthy matron of New Jersey background, size thirty-eight, age fortyish.

And there was Mrs. Grupper. Not a beauty merely. Breath-taking. She must have been twenty-four to Grupper's balding forty-five. Gimlet Eye of the Crimson Cord said, "Yes, Mr. Grupper. Good evening, Mr. Grupper; good evening, Mrs. Grupper. Yes, we have your table." He snapped his fingers; he summoned a minion; he said, "Mr. Grupper's table." It was infuriating.

Mr. Grupper said, "Well, well, well, so this is the little lady. Velvet, this is Mrs. Renard, the little lady I was telling you about." Velvet's incredibly violet-blue eyes did not stir in their sockets. Her exquisite oval face was a mask of pure loveliness. You looked at her not as you would regard a human being, but with the dazzled gaze one bestows on a flawless jewel. She did not speak. There was nothing insulting about her wordlessness. You felt that to hear her speak would be too much. Grupper tenderly relieved her of her wrap. It wasn't as vulgar as mink nor as obvious as sable. It was, Missy decided, that vague marten pelt that is more costly than mink or sable. And oh, so simple black dress of the kind and make the Duchess wears in those photographs. No jewels except a simple emerald choker and a simple emerald ring worth, Missy thought grimly, not much more than two hundred thousand dollars. Missy felt that she herself might as well be wearing blue denim overalls and a sweat shirt.

"What'll it be? Champagne and lobster for the little lady?"

Missy, obviously being the little lady, said she'd love it; and meant it. Bark said he'd have a double Scotch. Mr. Grupper and the waiter and Missy and Bark then looked at Mrs. Grupper. Waiting. With that translucent skin, Missy thought without bitterness, she probably drinks liquid pearls and eats slightly sugared rose petals.

The face remained impassive; only the lovely lips parted ever so little. "Yes, darling?" queried Mr. Grupper.

She spoke. "I'll have pickled pig's feet. Not the sliced ones. The whole ones. And a bottle of Guinness'."

The lights were dimmed. A fanfare. A chanteuse whose chief assets were red hair and a perennial blue dress. Mrs. Grupper did not bother to look. Missy's foot felt a gentle kick from Bark's foot, a kick of understanding shared. A kick that said, "Don't look now, but I love you."

Curiously enough, they did not talk

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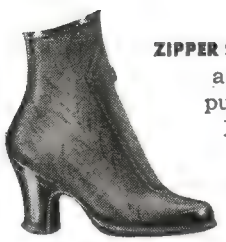

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much once the Gruppers in their rare rich car had deposited them at the portals of the Colossal. It was after three; they were desperately weary; the bogus geniality of Mr. Grupper, the deathlike impassivity of Mrs. Grupper, had affected the Renards like a soporific which numbs but does not bring sleep.

Quietly, almost dreamily, Missy took off the paste earrings, the ready-made black; she hung the brownish silver fox in the closet and shook its shabby hairs first from force of habit. Champagne used to pick me up, Missy reflected. Now I feel low.

Bark went to the window whose ugly brick outlook was so far from anything resembling a Park view. He opened it. The roar and rumble and squawk of the great city crowded into the room. The lights out. They relaxed—each with a deep sigh. Oddly silent they lay there. Finally she spoke as though thinking aloud. "I never saw anyone so beautiful."

"Poor old Grupper," Bark said.

Missy smiled a little in the dark and wriggled her toes. "I'm dead tired but not so very sleepy."

His hand was flung out and rested on the coverlet of her bed. "It's been a stinking day."

She put her hand in his. "When we go I'll leave this room as neat as a——"

"Don't say it. Let me guess. Pin!"

She giggled. Silence again. The city rushed up, rushed down; it slept fitfully; it tossed and muttered in its sleep. "Bark."

"Yuh."

"Bark, I'm scared. What's the matter with everybody?"

"That's a hell of a good question to ask a man at three A.M."

"But I mean. Look at today. Look at the way you and I have been acting, for that matter, for a whole year or more. Everybody acts simply ga-ga. What's the matter with the world?"

"Don't ask me. I'm a stranger here myself."

She was silent then. He turned away; he breathed the deep inhalation of utter fatigue. But after a moment it was he who spoke drowsily. "It's the kid."

"What?"

"It's Junior we want to fix it for."

"Yes. Yes! But how?"

He sat up, punched his pillow, lay down. "Look, Madam, if I could answer that I'd never have to sell another White Wash Wonder as long as I live."

"Yes, but how?"

"You sound like Junior when he was four. Look, damn it. It's another whole world, and most people can't face it. They want everything to be just the way it used to be. Well, it won't. Ever. This Place Has Changed Hands. See?"

"Yes, but——"

"There's nothing wrong that a little hard work and a tough front and a hunk of unselfishness won't fix."

"Oh, Bark, I wish things could be lovely again, right now I mean. Today. Can't they?"

Half asleep, his face buried in his pillow, Bark spoke unconscious wisdom born of those four years of witnessing unspeakable things and glorious things; and of the confusion and fear and uncertainty that was like a fog enveloping a groping world.

"There is no today. There is only yesterday and tomorrow."

THE END

In view of the volume of manuscripts now being received, may we remind our contributors to attach a stamped, self-addressed envelope? Sending stamp only delays the return of manuscripts which are not suitable

Flesh and the Devil

(*Continued from page 29*)

came straight to the Division, and no one dreamed of snubbing her for it.

Then there was the other case—Larry Renault's mother, as a matter of fact—who was a member of the Chaperones' Committee, though it was no secret that she did her own housework.

Now where else but in Eastminster could you find such a perfect combination of the best in both the aristocratic and the democratic way of life? Remember: a bid to the Division was Eastminster's highest social accolade, and it was *never* for sale. If your family had no money, you were welcome anyway.

But of course if your money had no family—that was another thing again. The best you could hope for was that your grandchildren might make the grade. But if you were wise, you didn't count on it; that was borderline soon. Your great-grandchildren would be a safer bet.

Well goodness, that isn't telling you about the Renaults and Blakes, is it? Let's see; where's it best to begin?

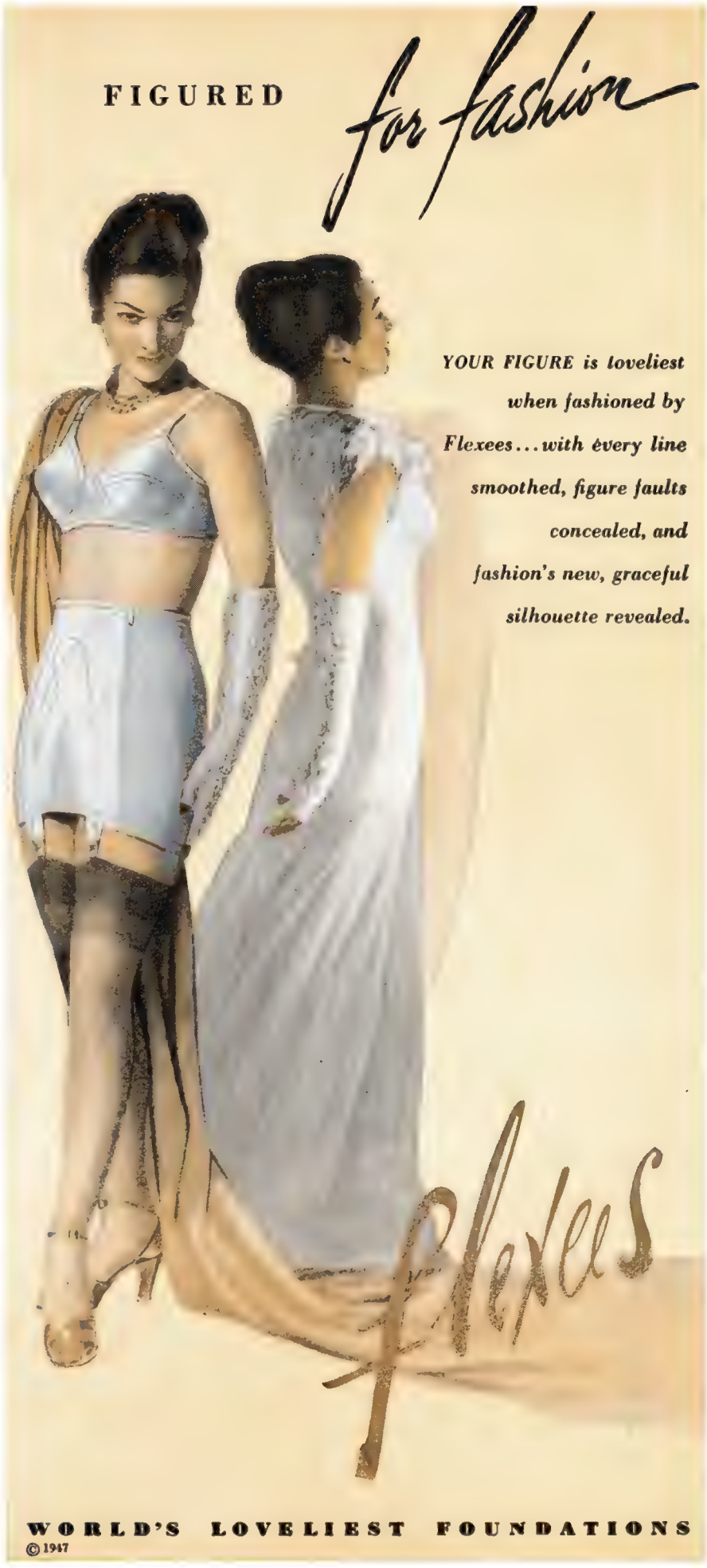
Genealogically, I suppose. As we always say in Eastminster, it's not who you are that makes the difference: it's what you are. And the best way to judge what you are is to know what your people were. I mean, blood does tell, doesn't it?

So we'll take Larry first. Being a Trevelyan, on his mother's side, and twice-connected, through his father's branch, to the Landrys—the Spoffard Landrys, that is—Larry Renault would have to come first on just about any list you were ever going to make. It was too bad Larry happened to inherit the Renault nose, which is rather fleshy; he did get the Trevelyan height, and those piercing Landry eyes, and if he'd just inherited the fine, knife-thin, high-bridged Landry nose, he'd have been as handsome a man as you ever saw. Even so, he wasn't bad-looking. Simply not quite as—well—as distinguished as he might have been. You know.

All during his college days, and for a year or so after, Larry went around with the Staunton girl, and people in Eastminster kind of took it for granted he'd marry her. There were ever so many good reasons why he should. The Stauntons were also third cousins of the Landrys, which would have made that connection even stronger. And Mrs. Staunton, who'd been a Charlemont, was Larry's mother's best friend. And Mr. Staunton was chairman of the investment board of Eastminster's leading bank. And the Stauntons would have been more than willing to restore the lovely old Renault place, instead of letting it go to the vulgar *nouveau-riche* who finally bought it.

But no one was too surprised when he didn't marry her after all. Even Helen Staunton's best friends couldn't claim she was a pretty girl. Why, in any other city, where they put a lot of store on superficial things like money—or, in this case, looks—Helen Staunton would probably have had no beaux at all. But here in Eastminster, she had Larry Renault courting her for quite some time, and after that Dick St. John, who was just as attractive and almost as eligible, not only courted her, but actually married her.

Larry Renault got married when he was twenty-seven. He married Rita Hughes, who was better-looking than Helen—though not a whole lot—and whose family had *some* money—though not a whole lot, either. I guess if you were looking for ironies, you'd take it as one that Helen really weathered the years better than Rita did. Not that Helen St. John is a beauty now, or anything. But she's got a lot of style to her, and she certainly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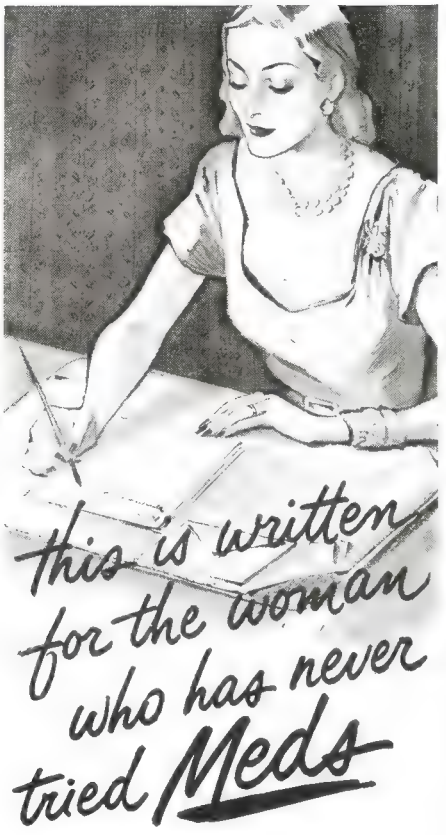

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doesn't look her age, the way Rita does.

Still, that's not a fair comparison, since Rita's been ill so much. And anyway, as I said, in Eastminster they have definite standards and live up to them; they don't measure things by the common materialistic yardstick other people use.

There's a phrase that sums it up better than anything else: *Noblesse oblige*. You see, it's a matter of . . . Or rather it's based on . . . Well, why elaborate on the obvious? Either you understand, or you don't. Just, *noblesse oblige*. That's all.

So now I've told you the main facts about the Renaults, and it's time to get to the Blakes. They're a *tiny* bit less interesting, of course, being well-born and all, but not quite so top-drawer as Larry Renault. But don't you go jumping to conclusions now; there's nothing wrong with Roger Blake's family. At least, not with his branch of it. I wouldn't exactly care to have to defend the *Fulton* Blakes. I mean, I know there are many people who feel that to have a black-sheep relation who's as close to you as Fulton was to Roger (Fulton's father, you know, was actually Roger's father's uncle) well, some people think that's coming too close for comfort. Personally, I don't hold with that. I prefer to take the more charitable view, and remember that Roger Blake, whatever else you want to say about him, is directly descended from Captain John Blake of Virginia. I hope you'll agree with me that that offsets his being a cousin of Fulton's. I mean, we mustn't let ourselves get narrow and *feudal* in our thinking. After all, this is America, isn't it?

Well, Roger Blake married Genevieve Wright, who wasn't even an Eastminster girl. That should prove that Eastminster society isn't as "ingrown" or "hidebound" as it's sometimes accused of being. Why, Gen was born in Salt Lake City, of all places. Till she came to Eastminster, as Roger's bride, I don't think most of us realize that Salt Lake City even had a Junior League. I guess when you live in such a civilized place as Eastminster, you're apt to get a bit smug and not give other places credit for being civilized too.

All the same, smug or no, everyone accepted Gen as an equal, right from the start. Roger's mother went around explaining how Gen wasn't really a complete outsider, for Gen's Aunt Susie Warburton had lived in Eastminster all her ninety long years, and was president of the Eastminster Garden Club nearly the whole time. On account of Aunt Susie, and because she was such a beautiful, gay little thing—Gen, I mean; Aunt Susie was an old frump—Gen got along fine when she came to Eastminster. Nobody felt Roger had married beneath him. Not when his bride was so pretty to look at, and was kin to old Miss Susie besides.

Well now, do you have it all straight? There's nothing really complicated about it; you just want to remember the most important points. Larry Renault, whose mother was a Trevelyan, married Rita Hughes . . . But why go over it again?

Larry and Rita had a son the first year, and a daughter the second. Then they skipped a year—that was the year Rita had her appendix out, and there were complications—and then they had another daughter, and skipped another year—when Rita had the blood transfusions, because for some reason she'd become anemic—and then they had their fourth child, still another daughter, a sickly little thing prophetically named Patience.

It was six months after Patience was born that Rita's father lost his money. Being more of a gentleman than Buck Lawson, he didn't do anything coarse about it, like killing himself. But with Rita's mother deceased, and no one else to take care of him, Mr. Hughes naturally came to live with Larry and Rita. He was quite an additional load on Larry's young shoulders, but after all, what can you do? There aren't even any stock father-in-law jokes to cover the situation. Especially for a father-in-law who'll leave you, when eventually he dies, the unbreakable spendthrift-trust fund his creditors had not been able to get at.

About the same time Larry and Rita were having their fourth child—Patience—Roger and Gen Blake had the first of their three. Funny what a different effect childbearing has on different women. It aged Rita so; took her complexion, her vitality, practically everything. But with Gen, it was as though she just bloomed. Physically, anyway, having babies really *agreed* with Gen.

Other ways, it probably wasn't so easy.

Gen was so very pretty and gay; she liked parties and good times and was a natural-born flirt. She giggled and teased a lot, and was cute as a little red wagon, and you just couldn't resist her when she set out to win you, which was most of the time. You could tell right away, watching those great big coquettish blue eyes of hers, and her smile that was like a kiss, and all her pretty little ways, that here was someone could charm the birds right off the trees. There was no harm in her; she was just used to attention and had to have it. At least, that's what Roger's mother told everybody, though she said it so tight-lipped you half-wondered whether she believed it herself.

The Blakes had a fair amount of money, enough so Gen could always afford a nursemaid for the children. When she was in a good mood, she'd romp and play with them practically like a sister. But when she wasn't feeling just right, or they weren't, she wouldn't think twice about slapping them. They knew she didn't mean anything by it; it was just her way. Why, once Gen's oldest went around with the whole side of her face all black and blue for a week, where Gen had whacked her, and the only result anyone could see was that Gen's daughter began to mind better than most girls that age.

The Blake children were better disciplined than the Renault ones. Rita Renault couldn't afford any help at all, and she was usually too tired or ill to do much beyond the main tasks of feeding and bathing them. They'd have run pretty wild, except fortunately their Grandpa Hughes was around most of the time, and they soon learned they couldn't get away with much in front of him. Many's the thrashing those youngsters got from him, and better grownups they'll be for it, too.

Rita sometimes tried to protest or argue with him about it, but she never got far; he'd bossed her for too many years. The one time she really stood up to him, she wound up in such a state that they had to take her to a nursing home for three months. Nerves. When she came home, she knew better than to act so foolish.

It was while she was in the nursing home, that it all happened. A matter of timing, I guess it was. Because Rita's being away left Larry more or less of a bachelor, and Roger was away then too, on a business trip, so Gen Blake was also temporarily unattached.

They'd met from time to time but had never particularly noticed each other. There was quite an age difference, for one thing. Larry and Rita were in their middle thirties, and Gen, though the mother of three, was still only twenty-five. And looked more like eighteen.

She was looking eighteen, and her very prettiest, the day of the Country Club party in honor of somebody's departing guests. Gen went to it alone, and so did Larry. They got to talking and teasing

each other, as young folks will, and they were having such a good time they just hated to stop. When somebody suggested the crowd's staying at the club for dinner, Larry said, "I'll stay if you will, Gen."

She gave him that cute, sideways-laughing look of hers. "Oh, I shouldn't . . . unless I can get a sitter . . ."

By a miracle, which afterwards they regarded as Fate, Gen did get a sitter, on her third phone call. So she and Larry stayed at the club. They danced beautifully together. Larry may not have inherited much of the Trevelyan business sense—that was pretty well used up a couple of generations ago, I guess—nor the Landry taste for book learning, but he certainly had the Renault gracefulness. He was so light on his feet that he'd have made a fine cat-burglar. Anyway, he was a good dancer.

And Gen followed him like a professional. She was wearing a white dress, with a full skirt that whirled like a ballerina's. They really were something to watch, and no one cut in on them.

He took her home from the club, and that should have been the end of it. And maybe they planned for it to be, and their next meeting was just accidental. It could have been. The restaurant where they were seen lunching, three days later, was right near Larry's office, and Gen had a package with her and might have been shopping near-by and just happened to drop in for a bite at this particular place.

Well, that was the first of many such lunches. Every single day, from then on. Gen had this part-time girl and a whole card-index file of sitters, and thanks to them (and to Larry, of course) she couldn't have seen her children more than "hello" and "good-by" in the next few weeks. At noon, she and Larry were always in that same restaurant; at the cocktail hour, they had a certain little bar on the far side of town; and where they were evenings, no one ever knew. Not at the club, after that first time. And not at their own homes, if you called them there. Just—out. Presumably together.

I won't deny it was a scandal. Everyone was just shocked sick about it. The rest of the country may have grown "tolerant" of such doings. But there hadn't been a divorce in eight years in Eastminster; in the best circles, that is. And Eastminster hadn't had to be involved even in that. The people had had the decency to move away first.

Oh, it made a real problem, all right. Because everyone could see what was coming, and it was necessary to arrive at an attitude about it before it actually happened. There's nothing worse than having to make up your mind about something on the spur of the moment; you ought to think it through ahead of time. So we did. After the Renaults got their divorce, and the Blakes got theirs, and Larry married Gen (we asked ourselves) would we accept them? Some of the real die-hards, the old-liners, said it didn't matter that he *was* a Renault (they meant, of course, a Trevelyan and a Landry), they still would not receive him—afterward. But others, younger and more modern, said the world had changed and you might as well face it, and while you weren't to think they *approved* of Larry's conduct or Gen's, nevertheless it wasn't realistic to consider ostracizing him. After all, they said, a Renault was a Renault (and a Trevelyan a Trevelyan and a Landry a Landry). Some things *never* changed. They hoped they were as broad-minded as the next, but wasn't it *sad*, really?

Now, all this that's gone before, I've had to give you at secondhand, so to speak. But I've a surprise for you. The ending, I *know*. Through a piece of most

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astonishing luck, I just happened to be lunching at "their" restaurant that last day, at a table right next to theirs. And being a maiden lady, of medium advanced years, and out of the social swing, having been away for my health . . . well, I won't go into that. Suffice it to say I was unusually qualified to see without being seen.

They started their lunch with a Bacardi cocktail. He was looking deep into her eyes, and she'd prattle on about this and that, but for all her laughing, she was giving him the same adoring glances.

And then, toward the end of the second cocktail, he leaned over and took her hand and said, "Darling, I haven't wanted to tell you, but Rita's coming home tomorrow."

Gen stopped laughing. "Oh, Larry," she said. "Oh, darling."

"I know. I've been half out of my mind about it. Gen, what are we going to do?"

"What can we do? It's over for us, I guess." But she seemed to be waiting for him to say something else.

"It can't be! I couldn't stand it. Gen, I'm so in love with you."

"Oh, Larry, and I am, with you. But there's no future for us, is there?"

"I don't see how."

"Larry, I've never really *lived*, before you. It's awful to say, but you must have guessed it anyway: I've never loved Roger. Not—not as you and I love each other. I didn't want to marry him. I was too young. I didn't want to be saddled with—oh, a home, and children, and all that stodgy responsibility. But I let Mother talk me into it. Oh, Larry, if you knew what my marriage has been like. So dull, so deadly dull."

"Gen darling," he said. "Oh, poor Gen."

Her smile tried to be brave, and just failed. "And then you came along, and for the first time I've found out what it's like to be alive! Oh, Larry, these few little weeks we've had—they've been lovely. So gay, and exciting, and *real*. The other seems just a horrid dream-world—and now I've got to go back to it——"

Larry's hand gripped hers. "My darling, don't you think I know how you feel? I feel like that too, only worse. You don't think my marriage has been gay and happy, do you? Till you, I never knew what it was to be happy either. Work in a dull office all day, go home to a houseful of howling young every night. Then to have found you—to be able to dance and laugh, and love—oh, Gen, I don't want to go back, either."

They sat in silent companionable misery for a while. Finally Larry signaled the waiter and ordered another round of cocktails. "Might as well get tight," he said glumly. "It'll be our last time."

When the cocktails came, they lifted them in toast. "To you," he said. "To my darling, beautiful, lost love."

"And to you; to mine."

"Of course," he said, "Rita *might* give me a divorce . . . Do you think Roger would——"

"He—might. Oh, Larry, do you really mean it?"

Larry stared at his glass with those piercing Landry eyes. "Well—it's the only other alternative . . ."

Gen seemed to withdraw into herself. "No, it's impossible," she said firmly. "It's much better for us never see each other again. It'll hurt—a little—but after a while you'll—forget all about me."

"Never!" cried Larry. "Oh, God, Gen, how can you even say such a thing? I'll never forget you as long as I live. And I won't want to live, if I can't have you." He slammed his glass down on the table with sudden resolution. "Look, scandal or no scandal, we just can't go on without each other. I'll speak to Rita the very first minute, and you must speak to Roger when he comes home. We'll manage."

Her beautiful little gamin-like face lighted up with joy. "Larry, darling, you're just wonderful! I knew you'd solve everything for us."

He returned her smile, but ruefully. "It isn't going to be easy, Gen."

"I know, darling. But I don't care. *Anything's* better than our losing each other. Roger'll rant and rave, and not want to do it, but I'll handle him. Oh, Larry, we're going to be so happy, you and I. We were just meant for each other."

"Yes," he said. "Of course, there are lots of practical details to work out——"

"Oh, I don't care," said Gen. "I mean, I do care, but the only really important thing is us."

"Yes, but there are other things. Money, for instance."

She made a little moué. "Let's not even think about that. Anyway, Larry, I have an income, you know. Not awfully big, but added to your salary, it'll be plenty for us. I won't be too extravagant, darling, I give you my word——"

"I suppose I'll have to—well, do something for Rita——"

Gen sat very still. "Oh! . . . Yes . . . I suppose she couldn't—work?"

"She's been pretty ill."

"Yes, that's right. Poor Rita. Well, we'll manage somehow. Don't *worry*, darling."

Larry drained the last of his cocktail. "Then," he said, "there are the children. Rita's not really strong enough to take care of them——"

"She can get somebody to help her, can't she? I mean, if we're going to be giving her money, and all?"

"Well, I don't know." Larry frowned. "Of course, we'll have your children——"

"Oh, no," cried Gen. "Why, Larry, I thought you realized . . . that's one of the things we'll have to sacrifice, for being together—our children. I mean, we're going to have each other, so we mustn't be selfish and expect to have our children, too. We'll have to give them up."

"Yours?" he said. "Or mine?"

"Both, dear," she said patiently. "All of them. Don't you see? It's the only fair thing to do, for poor Rita's sake and poor Roger's. We're depriving them of us, so we must leave them something. We'll have to leave them the children."

Larry gave her an uneasy glance. "Well," he said, "I don't think it's going to work out that way. Maybe Roger'd be willing to take your three on—though it's a handful, for a man by himself——"

"He'll marry again soon," said Gen. "I just know he will."

"Yes, but Rita won't. I mean, she's not awfully young or attractive any more. I doubt if—well, frankly, I doubt if Rita would consent to take the children——"

"What?" said Gen, shocked. "A mother not consent to take her own children? What kind of woman is she, Larry?"

"Well," he said uncomfortably, "you're not going to be taking yours, are you?"

"But that's *different*, Larry. Heavens, I *hope* you see the difference, because—well, darling, it's there. I mean, it's going to be a terrible sacrifice for me to give up my children, and I'm only able to think of it because I love you so much."

"Well, maybe Rita will decide to make the sacrifice too."

Gen looked at him sharply, almost suspiciously. But what she saw seemed to satisfy her, and she became tender again. "Now, darling, you're just imagining things. Rita will *insist* on having the children. I'm certain of it."

"And I'm sure she'll insist on just the opposite. As a matter of fact, Gen—I hardly know how to say this, but—well, I don't think Rita likes our children much."

Gen's eyes widened in horror. "How perfectly ghastly! No wonder you've never been happy, with a woman like that. Why, she must be a—a monster!"

"No," said Larry. "Rita's a nice girl, honestly. I'm sort of fond of her. But her nerves are pretty much shot, and—well, four children—you know they can be nerve-racking . . ." His expression softened. "But you'll do wonders with them, Gen. They'll love you; they're bound to. And you'll love them too——"

"Larry," she said, a little wildly, "I wish you'd stop talking as though we were going to take on your children, because we're not! You don't think for a moment that I'm going to give up my own children, and take on yours! I mean, if we take on any, it ought to be mine!"

"Well," he said dubiously, "we can take yours too, if you think we should——"

"Darling, are you *crazy*? That would be *seven!* How long do you think we'd stay in love with each other if we had seven children around, right from the start—not to mention any you and I might have——"

Larry said unhappily, "Yes, that'd be quite a handful. Well, I guess we'd better stick to the original idea, and let Roger keep yours, and you and I take mine——"

Gen's voice rose in hysteria. "I tell you, we can't! What would people say? Your four children would be deprived of their mother, and my three children would be deprived of their mother, and I'd have to play nursemaid to four children, and they wouldn't even be my own! Oh, Larry, it's impossible. We just can't have each other and the children, too."

"Well, we can't have each other and *not* have the children, either," he said glumly. "So we're right back where we started from." A tear trickled down Gen's lovely cheek, and he was overwhelmed with love and pity. "Oh, darling, don't cry. Look, shall we have some lunch? Or another drink? I ought to go back to the office—but since this is our last day . . ."

"Yes," she said huskily. "I know. I couldn't possibly eat anything, dearest. But let's have one final drink together. Let's drink to what might have been . . ."

Their faces were transformed by love and renunciation, as they sat there, side by side, for the last time. I tiptoed out, lest the smallest alien sound violate their sacred moment.

I didn't tell a soul about what I had overheard. Well, hardly a soul. But I myself knew at least twenty-four hours ahead of time how it was all coming out. And I was absolutely right, of course, to believe in that renunciation. The next day, Rita Renault came home from the sanitarium, and she and Larry renewed their life together. And the following month, Roger Blake returned, and he and Gen did the same. Certain idle rumors may have reached Roger, and even Rita, but if so, they were taken as such things should be taken: with a stiff upper lip and plenty of pride and dignity. No scenes—not in public, anyway—and no recriminations. After all, Roger Blake's a gentleman, and Rita Renault's a lady. With people like that, you know there won't be vulgarity and fireworks.

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a large, silent, Empire-building sort of chap named Mervyn Potter, the Gudgeon's stepson. This bird did not live at Balmoral, but he was frequently there, and every time his visits coincided with Barmy's the latter was pained to observe the chumminess of his relations with the girl.

Of course, they were sort of cousins, and you have to allow sort of cousins a bit of leeway, but still he didn't like it. Mervyn Potter was tall and muscular and bronzed and appeared to have shot more lions and rhinoceroses in Tanganyika than you could shake a stick at; the last sort of fellow, in short, that a man would care to have lying around loose in the vicinity of the girl he adored.

Picture his relief, then, on learning one morning that the other was earmarked elsewhere. Barmy had arrived at Balmoral for the day's haunting and was taking a stroll in the garden, when he observed this Potter in the fairway.

Potter appeared agitated. His brow was wet with honest sweat. "Hullo, Fotheringay-Phipps," he said. "You ever been married, Fotheringay-Phipps?"

Barmy said no, and Mervyn Potter panted like a stag at bay. "I'm going to be married tomorrow," he said, trembling in every limb. "To Angelica, only daughter of Major-General Sir Cosmo Wapshott and Lady Wapshott of 3a Park Street, Mayfair. And what I'm in for, Fotheringay-Phipps, is a fashionable wedding with full choral effects. There will be a bishop and assistant clergy and choirboys and reporters and photographers and about six hundred guests of assorted sexes. And as I totter up the aisle, these bishops, these assistant clergy, these choirboys, these reporters, these photographers and these guests will laugh their fat heads off at me. Add bridesmaids, vergers, sextons, beadles, pew openers, first and second gravediggers and what not, and can you wonder that I'm wishing I were in Tanganyika, where the worst that can happen to you is a couple of leopards on the back collar button?"

Barmy did what he could to calm the stricken man. "Courage, Potter. It will soon be over."

"Yes, and when it is, then comes the reception at the home of the bride."

At this juncture Hermione came out of the house and told Potter that the Gudgeon wanted to see him, and Potter pushed off, muttering something about wedding champagne.

Hermione turned to Barmy. "Eustace," she said, "are you doing anything tonight?"

Barmy replied that he had no engagements. He seldom went out at night, he said, preferring to stay at home and read.

"Well, Aunt Beatrice says will you go and dine with Mervy and stay with him till he's safe in bed? He's very nervous at the prospect of being married tomorrow, and she is afraid that if he is left to himself he may suffer a good deal. She would look after him herself, but we are going to the Social Purity ball tonight. Shall I tell her you will be there?"

"Do," said Barmy. "And add 'with bells on.' You may leave the matter in my hands with every confidence."

"I knew we could," said Hermione, giving him that strange, thoughtful look of hers. "You are so good and steady."

Barmy felt that this was the moment. He straightened his tie and snapped into it. "Hermione," he said, "I love you. Will you marry me?"

"No," said Hermione.

Barmy stared at her, dazed. He could hardly believe his ears. "You mean you won't marry me?"

Hermione said that that put in a nutshell exactly what she was trying to convey. She then gazed at him with a little shudder and went into the house.

It was with a heart still cracked and a soul with blisters all over it that Barmy presented himself that night at Bloxham House, where Potter lived. The more he brooded on Hermione Brimble's extraordinary attitude, the less was he able to understand it. If she was not satisfied with the Barmy Fotheringay-Phipps of his Wimbledon period, all one could say was that she must be holding out for something pretty super.

Musing somberly, he pressed the bell of Mervyn Potter's apartment. Footsteps sounded, the door opened, and he was immediately pinned by the right trouser leg by a large beige dog which had come oozing silently over the threshold. In the dog's wake came Mervyn Potter. He had a decanter of whisky in his hand, and he inhaled a draft from this.

"Hullo, there," he said. "Fotheringay-Phipps, is it not? Well, well, well, this is the proudest day of my life. By the way, to settle a bet, is the name Fotheringay or Phipps?"

Barmy said it was both, and Mervyn Potter frowned as if at some smooth sophistry which could only clog the issue.

"It can't be both."

"There's a hyphen in the middle."

"That may be your story," said Mervyn Potter, shaking his head, "but it sounds thin to me. I shall call you Phipps. Fotheringay is too much of a mouthful."

"As a matter of fact, it's pronounced 'Fungy.'"

"You can't pronounce Phipps 'Fungy.'"

"No, the Fotheringay."

"You said it wasn't Fotheringay."

"No, it isn't."

Mervyn Potter's sternness seemed to deepen. It was plain that he was beginning to feel that he was being played fast and loose with.

"I don't like this shiftiness and evasion," he said. "What do you expect to gain by it, Phipps? Be frank. Be open. Let your yea be yea, your nay nay, your Phipps Phipps and your Fungy Fungy. Come in and have a drink."

"I'd love to," said Barmy, "only there seems to be a dog of sorts attached to my leg."

Mervyn Potter narrowed his gaze.

"You're perfectly right. My Tanganyika lion dog, Tulip. You're a very quick observer, Fungipps. Many fellows wouldn't have noticed that."

Barmy, as he followed his host into the living room, was beginning to find a certain uneasiness mingling with the agony of his broken heart. It was plain to him that the other, tortured by the thought of the reception at the home of the bride after tomorrow's full choral wedding, had yielded to the dictates of his lower self, and for some hours must have been mopping up the stuff like a vacuum cleaner. If not actually ossified, he was indubitably plastered, and Barmy could only hope that he would not eventually reach the truculent stage.

At present Potter was all amiability. He pressed refreshment upon his guest, absorbed about a bucketful himself and spoke interestingly of hippopotamuses.

"You ever been cornered by a wounded hippopotamus, Phipps? No? It's an experience every young man ought to have. Broadens the mind and helps to form the character . . . Well, good night, all," said Mervyn Potter, and fell asleep.

Barmy ventured to touch him on the arm. "I say, don't you think we might go and have dinner?"

"You don't want any dinner."

"Yes, I do."

"No, you don't. Sit down!" bellowed Mervyn Potter.

Barmy sat down. It was clear that his host had now reached that truculent stage which he had hoped to avoid.

"Dinner!" said Mervyn Potter and, adding the word "Faugh!" he closed his eyes and fell once more asleep.

With every moment that passed Barmy was becoming more and more conscious of the need for nourishment. His stomach had begun to make low, querulous noises, and it seemed to him that it would be an excellent idea to take advantage of the other's siesta to creep out and fortify himself. He rose, accordingly, and instantaneously the room became filled with a curious gargling sound, as if some giant were using mouth wash in the vicinity. Between himself and the door the dog, Tulip, was standing with a wealth of meaning in his eyes. Also with bared teeth and the turned-back upper lip.

Barmy had a shot at finding a formula. "Nice doggie!" he said. "Won't 'oo let me pass?"

The animal gave a quick impressionist imitation of a mad bloodhound with a fishbone in its throat.

"Oh, all right," said Barmy, a little stiffly. "I merely asked."

This was shortly after eight. At a quarter past eleven Mervyn Potter sat up and stretched himself.

"Nothing like a bit of sleep," he said, reaching for the decanter and taking an apéritif. "I feel fine. I'm beginning to think I shall enjoy that wedding reception at the home of the bride after all. Odd how one's nervousness wears off. Well, Phipps, shall we go out and see what the town has to offer? The cabaret at the Barchester, I think. Come on, Tulip."

"But you can't take a dog to the Barchester."

A dangerous look came into Mervyn Potter's face. "Who says I can't take a dog to the Barchester? Did you?"

"No, no."

"I could have sworn I heard somebody say it," said Mervyn Potter, puzzled. "Some trick of the acoustics, no doubt. Come along, Phipps. Fall in, Tulip."

FAIR women and brave men in considerable numbers had assembled to watch the cabaret at the Barchester Hotel, but by force of personality Mervyn Potter succeeded in securing a table at the edge of the dancing floor. The dog, Tulip, after a certain amount of rather acrimonious argument, had been accommodated with a shakedown in the cloakroom.

The waiter brought the menu, and Barmy's stomach caught Barmy's eye in a congratulatory sort of way.

Mervyn Potter waved the man aside. "Nothing to eat. Just a bottle of champagne."

Barmy felt his stomach spring to its feet with raised eyebrows. "I say!" he bleated. "I could do with a few kidneys or a couple of kippers or something."

"No, you couldn't. Kidneys? Kippers? After that enormous dinner? You mustn't make a god of your stomach, Phipps," said Mervyn Potter rebukingly.

"But, dash it——"

"Not going to start an argument, are you, Phipps?"

"No, no."

"Good," said Mervyn Potter, and dozed off.

It seemed to Barmy that the time had

come to call it a day. He could see no pleasure or profit to be derived from the society of this pie-eyed Tanganyikan, and he told himself that he had done all that man could do to keep Mrs. Wilberforce Gudgeon's high-strung stepson from brooding on his wedding eve. He would not, he considered, be betraying a sacred trust were he now to pop off for a sandwich and bed.

He drew back his leg preparatory to rising, and an unseen something gripped it in strong teeth. Reckless of the possibility that the other might wake up cross, he shook his host by the arm.

"'S'matter?" said Mervyn Potter, opening his eyes. "Oh, hullo, Phipps. I was hoping I'd run into you. I've just remembered something that may be useful to you. When a rhinoceros charges you, always move to the right. This baffles the simple creature."

Barmy thanked him, and said that he would make a note of it. "Changing the subject for a moment," he went on, "that dog of yours is under the table. He's got me by the leg."

Mervyn Potter raised the cloth and verified the statement. "So he has. Cheerio, Tulip." He resumed his slumbers.

It was some faint relief to Barmy that the cabaret now began. He had been feeling the need for something to take him out of himself. Watching it, he was able to a certain extent to ignore the rather peevish complaints his stomach persisted in making. Mervyn Potter continued to sleep. But not for long. In every cabaret performance there is included a concerted number in the course of which the personnel of the ensemble start throwing things at the customers, and those responsible for the arrangement of the program at the Barchester had not omitted this item. A few minutes later a cotton-wool snowball struck Mervyn Potter on one of his closed eyes. As he opened it, another struck him on the tip of the nose.

The song "We don't want to fight, but by Jingo if we do" might have been written by its author specially with Mervyn Potter in mind. Mervyn Potter was a man who, if you left him alone, would leave you alone. But anybody who supposed him lacking in pride and spirit was vastly mistaken.

"This can't go on," he said quietly.

He raised the tablecloth. A beige head peered out enquiringly. Mervyn Potter waved a hand in the direction of the personnel of the ensemble. "Sic 'em, Tulip," he said.

BARMY rose from the gutter outside the Barchester Hotel and a little dizzily adjusted his tie. He could not recall exactly how he had got there, but he remembered the order in which their little party had struck the sidewalk. First himself, then Mervyn Potter, and finally Tulip, who had sailed through the air and hit him between the shoulder blades. Looking about him now, he saw his two companions respectively dusting trousers and barking at the authorities. Neither seemed in any way disconcerted by what had occurred. Mervyn Potter in particular appeared to be in radiant spirits. "And what now, Phipps?" he asked cheerily.

"Bed?" suggested Barmy.

Mervyn Potter seemed astounded. "Bed? At this time? The shank of the evening? No, Phipps, I think we can do better than that. Taximeter-cab driver," he said, addressing the driver of a taximeter-cab, "take us to Balmoral, Wimbledon Common, and don't spare the horses. We will go and have a crack with my stepmother, Phipps."

"But I say!"

Mervyn Potter's geniality waned. He looked at Barmy. "Have you some objection to meeting my stepmother?"

"No, no, but——"

"You have nothing against my stepmother, have you, Phipps?"

"No, no, rather not."

"So I should jolly well hope," said Mervyn Potter. "A charming woman."

The drive from the Barchester Hotel to Wimbledon Common is a long one and might have proved tedious had not Mervyn Potter enlivened the journey with song. When they arrived, it seemed to annoy him that the house should be in darkness. A stickler for etiquette, he pointed out that there should have been a light shining in the window to guide the wanderer home.

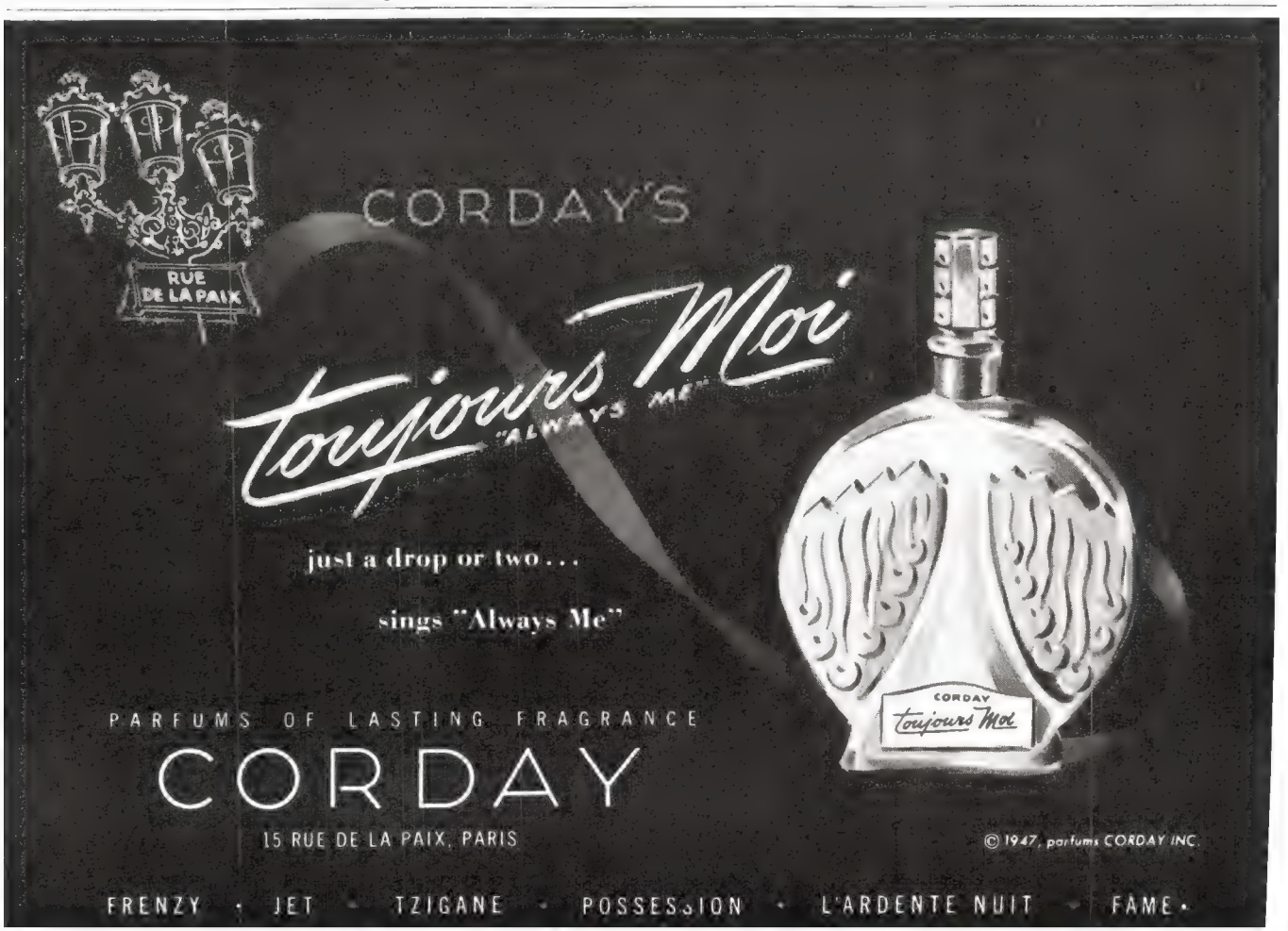
"A lamp. Or at least a candle. However," he said, becoming his old cheerful self again, "I suppose we must skip the red tape. That, I rather think," he went on, indicating it with a champagne bottle, "is my stepmother's room and, as I see it, we have three courses open to us. We can stand here and yell. Or we can throw gravel. Or you could shin up the water pipe . . . Yes, that is the best plan. Up you go, Phipps. Knock twice and mention my name."

A healing thought came to Barmy. "But your stepmother isn't at home. I've just remembered that she was going to a ball tonight."

"Ah, well, in that case just shin up and break the window."

"That little more," says the poet, "and how much it is." If Mervyn Potter had been a shade smaller, a trifle less intoxicated, the teeniest bit less apt to take offence when thwarted, Barmy might have declined the suggestion. As it was, he felt it prudent to fall in with his companion's wishes.

It was as he broke the window that,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"ALWAYS ME"
just a drop or two . . .
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from another window a little farther along the house, the head and shoulders of a man in a dressing gown protruded. An electric torch shone upon Barmy, and then the man in the dressing gown, raising a revolver, proceeded to discharge it in his direction. Bulstrode the butler had heard noises in the night, and when butlers hear noises in the night they act. It was perhaps some two seconds later that Barmy's feet touched terra firma.

Mervyn Potter had vanished in the night. But Tulip was still there. He was gargling in an offended undertone and stropping his front paws on the turf.

THE mentality of dogs is odd. One might have supposed that a moment's reflection would have told Tulip that men do not climb water pipes in order to fire revolvers at themselves. Nevertheless he was firmly convinced that it was Barmy who was responsible for the fusillade. Looking back over the evening, it seemed to him that from start to finish Barmy had been the disrupting influence, and he was resolved to settle accounts with him once and for all. He gave his paws a final strop and advanced.

It was his quickness off the mark that saved Barmy. "Oh," he said to himself, "for the wings of a dove!" and the next moment he was in the upper branches of the large cedar beneath which, in happier days, Hermione Brimble had sold him a tea cozy, a golliwogg, two Teddy bears, a penwiper, a bowl of wax flowers and a fretwork pipe rack. From this eminence he was able to obtain an excellent view of the subsequent proceedings.

These consisted of a search of the grounds by the whole strength of the household, headed by Bulstrode. But eventually the searchers returned to the house, leaving on the scene only their leader, who came and stood beneath the cedar tree, smoking a cigarette. And presently there was the sound of a vehicle stopping at the gate, and Mrs. Wilberforce Gudgeon and Hermione came walking down the drive.

The spectacle of her butler up and about at such an hour plainly astonished Mrs. Gudgeon.

"Bulstrode!" she exclaimed, and the impression she gave was that if she had been less carefully brought up and had known fewer bishops she would have said "Gorblimey!"

The butler preserved the calm of one who knows that his story is good and worth sticking to.

"Good evening, madam. I have been pursuing a burglar, madam. I heard noises and proceeded to institute investigations, and I observed a nocturnal marauder climbing the water pipe and breaking the windows."

"Good gracious, Bulstrode!"

"Yes, madam."

"You saw him distinctly?"

"Yes, madam, and recognized him. It was the individual who has been frequenting the house under the name of Fotheringay-Phipps."

It seemed to Barmy that he heard Hermione utter a startled cry, but it was lost in Mrs. Gudgeon's snort of amazement.

"What! You saw Mr. Fotheringay-Phipps climbing a water pipe and breaking windows?"

"Yes, madam."

Mrs. Gudgeon was grim. "Next time Mr. Fotheringay-Phipps calls," she said, "I am not at home . . . What was that?"

"Madam?"

"I thought I heard a moan."

"The breeze sighing in the trees, no doubt, madam. Good night, madam."

"Good night, Bulstrode. I suppose he was right," said Mrs. Gudgeon "The

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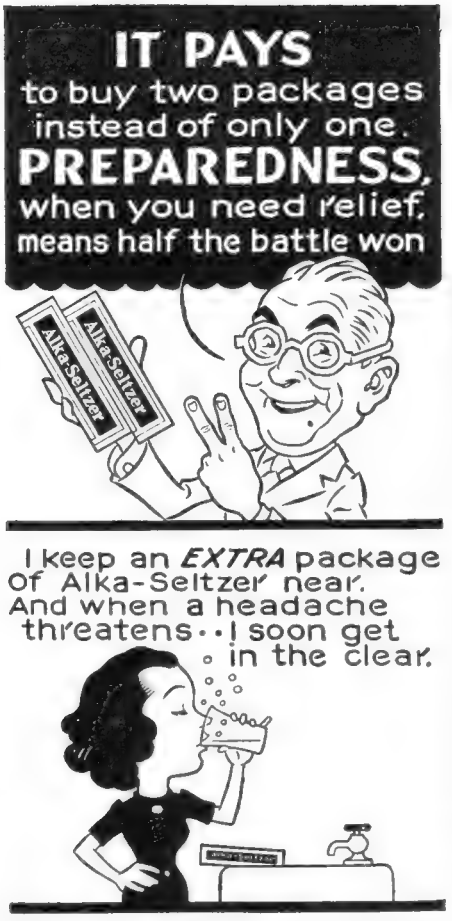
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breeze does sigh in trees, frequently. But it sounded like a moan. Did you hear it, Hermione?"

"Yes, Aunt Beatrice. A groan, I should have said."

"A moan or a groan," said Mrs. Gudgeon, conceding the point." As if wrenched from the lips of some soul in agony." She broke off as a figure came out of the shadows. "Mervyn!"

Mervyn Potter waved a genial hand "Hullo, there. Hullo, hullo, hullo, hullo, hullo."

"What are you doing here?"

"Just sauntering around. As a matter of fact, I'm looking for a chap named Phipps. You may possibly know him as Fotheringay. And I believe the police also have him docketed as Fungy. I want to warn him that there is a herd of purple rhinoceroses in the grounds. Very dangerous things, purple rhinoceroses. Bite you in the leg as soon as look at you."

"Mervyn, you are intoxicated!"

A bitter hiccough escaped Mervyn Potter. "And who wouldn't be," he demanded, "after an evening with Fotheringay-Fungy-Phipps? There's a wild Indian for you. There's a fellow I shall see very sparingly after the honeymoon. One of those chaps who get very ugly when sozzled. He turned up at my place, fried to the gills, and intimidated me from the start. Had a gun with him. He's been blazing away with it all the evening. Slain his thousands, if you ask me."

Mrs. Gudgeon swelled formidably. "I shall write Mr. Fotheringay-Phipps a very strong letter tomorrow. In the third person. He shall never enter this house again . . . There! I'm sure that was a moan. I wonder if the garden is haunted. I must go and ask Bulstrode if he has noticed anything."

She moved off towards the house, and Mervyn Potter turned to Hermione. "Odd that she should have said that, because I just met a ghost down by the raspberry bushes. It was chatting with a pink . . . Why, hullo, Hermy, what's the trouble?"

Hermione Brimble had burst into uncontrollable sobs. "Oh, Mervyn," she cried. "I'm so miserable. I've lost the man I love."

"Where did you see him last?"

"How was I to know," demanded Hermione, her voice vibrating with pain, "that that was the sort of ball of fire Eustace Fotheringay-Phipps really was? I thought him a wet smack and a total loss, and all the time he was really a sportsman who gets blotto and climbs water pipes and breaks windows. I love him, I love him, I love him!"

Mervyn Potter stared. "You love this Phipps?"

"Of course I love this Phipps. I was strangely attracted by him at our first meeting. 'One of the lads, surely?' I said to myself. And then, as I came to know him better, he seemed a hammerhead. I mistook him for a poor specimen. But now I see that for some reason he was wearing the mask. Too late, too late! This morning he asked me to be his wife, and I turned him down like a bedspread. Oh, what shall I do? Whatever shall I do?"

She would have spoken further, but at this moment the words were choked in her throat. From above, causing her to bite her tongue, a passionate voice had

(*Continued on page 195*)

"I Couldn't Run for a Third Term" (*Continued from page 30*)

that Roosevelt was thinking of him as Secretary of Agriculture, to replace Henry A. Wallace.

Several months later, in the spring of 1940, it was not Landon, but Knox, who was summoned to Washington. Knox was mystified. To avoid questioning newspapermen he was driven through a back gate into the White House grounds, quickly ushered into the White House.

The President was waiting, and Knox was scarcely seated when Roosevelt said, "Frank, I want you to become Secretary of the Navy."

Knox was astonished. He asked if the "present Secretary of the Navy, Charles Edison," had resigned.

"No, but I have his undated resignation in my desk. Besides, he is planning running for Governor of New Jersey."

Roosevelt expressed great concern over the progress of the war in Europe, emphasized the threat to the security of the United States if Hitler won and argued that the appointment of a Republican like Knox would give him a coalition cabinet and remove politics as an issue in getting the defenses of the United States in proper shape.

Knox agreed that a Hitler victory would threaten the security of the United States, agreed that getting the defenses of the nation in proper shape was not a political issue, but disagreed that his appointment would give Roosevelt a coalition cabinet. "I appreciate your confidence, Mr. President," said Knox, "but I cannot accept your invitation."

KNOX left Washington an hour later and went to New York. There he spent the evening with his biographer, Norman Beasley. He was puzzled by the President's proposal.

"I can't figure it out," he said to Beasley. "I heard last fall he wanted Landon as Secretary of Agriculture, but he made no mention of it today. I gave him a chance to say something about it by telling him that to have anything that looked like a coalition cabinet he would have to appoint at least two Republicans. He didn't say anything."

"Think he will?" asked Beasley.

"Will—what?"

"Appoint two Republicans?"

"No. He can't do that. It would publicly acknowledge a lack of capable people within the Democratic Party."

"But suppose he does," said Beasley. "You feel very strongly about our lack of defenses. Feeling as you do that we will have to help England and France against Germany, what will you do if the President repeats his offer?"

"I don't know. However, if he does repeat the offer—and I am sure he will not—he will have to make two promises to me before I would consider accepting."

"What promises?"

"He would have to agree not to run for a third term, and he would have to agree to appoint at least one other Republican to his Cabinet, this other Republican to be Secretary of War."

"Have you anyone in mind to be your running mate in Roosevelt's cabinet?"

"Yes. Bill Donovan." (William J. Donovan, who later headed the OSS.)

"Do you know if the President has talked with Landon recently?"

"I don't think so," Knox said.

"You realize, of course, that if Roosevelt accepts these stipulations and you, in turn, accept his invitation, you will be identifying the Republican Party as being in favor of war in this political election year?"

"I can't help that," said Knox after a thoughtful pause. "Left to themselves, England and France will be licked by Hitler. We've got to help. At such a time

everybody is going to be too busy to be asking anyone if he votes Republican, or Democratic. What I have just said sounds as though I have made up my mind to accept a second offer. Not so. My thinking has not gone that far. All I am doing now is puzzling over the invitation. It doesn't add up. As you know, I was in the Army in 'ninety-eight and in 'seventeen. I told Roosevelt that. He said it didn't make any difference; what he needed was an organizer for the job."

After returning to Chicago, Knox, through a mutual friend, sent Landon word of Roosevelt's request and added he had told the President he could not go in the Cabinet alone because "if I did, I would be in the position of being a traitor to the Republican Party."

SEVERAL weeks passed. Knox again was summoned to the White House.

This time Roosevelt was insistent. Dwelling upon the need for a coalition cabinet "in the face of this mounting crisis," Roosevelt told Knox he had no choice but to accept the proferred job. There was a good deal of discussion between the two men regarding the urgent need for improving the country's defenses and finally, when the President returned to his offer, Knox asked. "How, Mr. President, do you expect to be able to persuade the American people into the belief that you have a coalition cabinet with only one Republican member?"

Roosevelt said that he had been thinking over Knox's previous comment on this subject and inquired, "Have you anyone in mind you would like to see as Secretary of War?"

Carefully choosing his words, Knox answered, "On the assumption, Mr. President, that I would be interested in becoming Secretary of the Navy, I would recommend Bill Donovan."

"No," said Roosevelt.

Knox then suggested that the President talk with Landon.

Roosevelt again disagreed. The two men argued, and after a while the President disclosed that he was thinking of Henry L. Stimson, who had been Secretary of State in Hoover's cabinet.

Without asking Roosevelt if there had been any conversations with Stimson, Knox then said, "I have another question, Mr. President."

Roosevelt waited.

"Perhaps it is an unfair question, Mr. President," continued Knox, "but my answer to your invitation depends a great deal upon knowing if you are planning to run for a third term."

"Look at me, Frank," said Roosevelt. "I couldn't run for a third term if I wanted to." He held out his hands. They trembled.

Impressed, but still not sure, Knox repeated his question.

Roosevelt answered, "No!" He assured Knox that an announcement of his retirement would be made at the proper time.

After a pause, Knox said, "This is a difficult decision for me to make, Mr. President. I recognize the extreme seriousness of the situation. I agree with your feeling that we need unity of action in our defense measures and in our foreign policy. But I would like a little more time before giving you my decision."

"How much time?"

"Well, it's hard to say. Not long, though. I have to make arrangements for a temporary leave of absence from my newspapers. Also, there is something else very important that I must do. When I have finished with these things I will, if I may, come and see you again. At that time I will give you my decision. However, Mr. President, if I do accept,

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Mr. Stimson will have to accept too, and our names will have to be sent to the Senate at the same time."

Roosevelt agreed to this. To make sure of his position, as he started to leave, Knox repeated, "Then it is understood between us that you will not send my name to the Senate until we talk with each other again."

"That is completely agreeable," said Roosevelt.

After leaving the President, Knox stopped off in New York. Again he spent the evening with Beasley and repeated his conversation with Roosevelt. Beasley advised him to keep out of the cabinet.

"I don't know," Knox said. "One big obstacle has been removed."

"What is that?"

"I am satisfied Roosevelt will not run for a third term. As I have told you, he gave me his promise. And he is not in good enough physical shape to run."

A FEW days later, Landon, in Topeka, Kansas, received a telephone call from Frank Altschul, a New York banker and brother-in-law of Governor Lehman, of New York. This was on May 13, 1940.

Altschul asked if Landon knew "of the job they are talking about for you in Washington." Landon replied that he thought he did. Altschul then asked if Landon would be willing to discuss the matter if the President invited him to lunch.

"I shall be glad to talk with the President on any subject he desires to discuss," said Landon.

Altschul disclosed that Governor Lehman was going to Washington that night and asked if Lehman could deliver this answer to the President.

"Yes," agreed Landon.

The next day Landon received a telegram from General Watson, Roosevelt's military aide, inviting him to luncheon with the President on Wednesday, May twenty-second. Landon telephoned his acceptance, but told Watson he was going to make a speech on foreign policy in Warrensburg, Missouri, on May seventeenth.

"I think you should tell the President I am going to take some pokes at him," Landon informed Watson. "I will air-mail a copy of my speech this afternoon. You should have it tomorrow. If, after the President reads it, he still wants me to be a luncheon guest, I'll be glad to come."

Two days later Landon received another telegram from Watson confirming the luncheon invitation.

A night or two after the Warrensburg speech Landon had three newspapermen as his dinner guests in Topeka. During dinner, one of the newspapermen turned to him saying, "Governor, I don't know whether you know it, or not, but the Republican party is facing a debacle."

The previous night Governor Ratner, of Kansas, had telephoned Landon saying there were party members who thought "we should let the election go by default."

Landon told the newspapermen of Ratner's report and, after dinner, Landon worked out a statement calling upon the Republicans to contest, with all vigor, any effort to default the 1940 Presidential election. As he was preparing to release the statement one of the reporters reminded him that its publication might stop an offer of a cabinet post.

"Yes, I know that," said Landon. "That's the way I want it. I will take a cabinet job only on one condition, and I do not think the President will meet that condition. Therefore, I want to save him the embarrassment of offering it to me, and myself the embarrassment of refusing it."

Then Landon issued his statement, which condemned any effort to default

the election and called for a continuation of democratic processes.

On his way to Washington to keep his White House luncheon engagement, Landon stopped off in Chicago to see Knox. He was in his hotel there when Altschul called him from New York.

"General Watson has asked me to get hold of you and to tell you that your luncheon date with the President has been canceled," said Altschul.

"Why didn't General Watson call me?"

"He said he was unable to reach you."

"Since when," laughed Landon, "has the White House not been able to get hold of a man anywhere in the United States when it wanted him?" Then he asked, "What reason did the general give?"

"He said that in view of your Warrensburg speech and your statement in this morning's papers that the luncheon would not serve any useful purpose."

"What did the general suggest that I should say to the newspapers about the cancelation of the luncheon date?"

"He suggested that you could say you had a bad cold and that you were returning home but would come later."

"You tell General Watson that I will say no such thing," snapped Landon.

Turning to a political writer who was in his room, Landon made a statement for publication: "I left for Washington at the invitation of my President. I am returning home at his invitation. I will go again whenever my President asks me to."

The reporter left quickly. Landon notified the Chicago newspapers that he would hold a press conference at ten o'clock that morning. The conference was just starting when the telephone rang. A guest answered and called Landon.

"I can't be interrupted," said Landon, waving to the guest to hang up.

"You will have to take this," said the guest. "It is the White House calling."

When Landon answered, Roosevelt came on the wire.

"Alf, between Watson and Altschul they got us all bawled up," he said. "I didn't mean to cancel our luncheon. I wanted them to see if we could postpone it until Thursday. I have been wanting to see Wadsworth and a committee, but I find I can see him this afternoon, so you come on. We won't have any trouble understanding each other when we get our feet under the table."

"Thank you, Mr. President," replied Landon. "I will be there."

Returning to the press conference Landon told the assembled newspapermen: "The President has called me and asked me to come as we originally planned."

At the White House that day Steve Early, Presidential press secretary, explained to inquiring reporters that the reason for the "off-again, on-again" luncheon with Landon was that the President wanted to see Congressman James Wadsworth, of New York. Going to Wadsworth's office to check this story, the reporters were told that Wadsworth was not in Washington.

KNOX and Landon had lunch in Landon's hotel room in Chicago later that day. Knox stressed "the horrible prospect of a Hitler victory and all that means to the kind of civilization we all believe in."

"I know," said Landon, "but, Frank, there comes a time in the lives of some politicians when they are really confronted with the necessity of placing their party above their country. I think a successive third term for any President is as great a threat to our institutions as anything from the outside. If you and I go into the cabinet, we might just as well call off the elections."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this. I have received telephone

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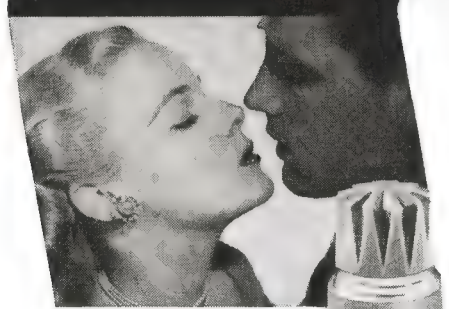

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calls from coast to coast since the luncheon was announced—my luncheon with the President, I mean—and all of them expressed the same view. After all, Frank, while our country is in great danger there has to be *quid pro quo* for the sixteen million that honored and trusted us with their confidence in nineteen thirty-six. If we are to go into the cabinet it must be understood that the President will not be a candidate for a third term."

Knox agreed. "Alf, he can't run again if he wants to," he said. "He is in bad shape physically."

Knox went on to say the President had told him he would not run, and then suggested to Landon, "Couldn't we each take a note from him to the effect that he won't be a candidate for a third term?"

Landon disagreed. "Frank, what kind of a position would we be in, asking the President to give us such a note? He has told you he is not in condition to run. Can we now tell him we don't trust him?"

"I guess you're right," said Knox. "Well, when you see him, you tell him you speak for me."

"No, you ought to tell him that yourself."

"I will," agreed Knox. "I will send him a telegram as soon as I get to my office."

"I think you should send him a letter, in your own handwriting, on your own letterhead. Tell you what: You wire Paul Leach (Washington correspondent of Knox's Chicago Daily News) to meet me at the train when I arrive in Washington. Send me your letter when you get back to your office. I reach Washington at eight thirty. Leach can take the note to the White House immediately, and it will be there before I meet Roosevelt."

Knox agreed and personally met Landon at the train and gave him the letter.

As Landon put the letter in his pocket, he drew out some scribbled notes and told Knox. "I do not think the President will ever mention a cabinet post to me, and here is what I propose to say when I leave the White House."

Reading from his scribbled notes, Landon called upon Roosevelt to take himself out of the race for a third term.

When he finished, Knox said, "That is all right. That is the way I feel."

About his luncheon with Roosevelt, Landon wrote later in his notes:

"I had a delightful visit with the President for two hours. He reminisced about the maneuverings that went on to get Mr. Hoover to say whether he was a Republican, or a Democrat, in the winter of nineteen nineteen and 'twenty. He expressed his opinion as to the characteristics and abilities of the men who were candidates for the Republican nomination. He discussed the foreign situation.

"The nearest the President got to discussing the cabinet was: 'Now, Alf, don't believe everything you read in the newspapers. If you will just call me I will be glad to set you straight. For a year Ickes has been wanting me to dedicate some national parks in the West. As soon as I announced my trip, the newspapers said it was 'a political swing around the circle.' (Landon had used that phrase in the original draft of his Warrensburg speech. After the White House received the advance copy of his speech the President announced the cancelation of his trip.)

"The President also said, 'I have to make some new cabinet appointments, and the newspapers immediately started talking about a coalition. When Edison said to me he was going to run for Governor of New Jersey I told him if he got the nomination he would have to resign as Secretary of the Navy.

"'The situation in the War Department is intolerable, and I have to appoint a new Secretary of War. I am thinking of thirty or forty men for these places. I don't know whether they are Republicans or Democrats.'

"I said, 'Then you don't agree with Frank Knox about another Republican to go with him into the cabinet?'

"'No,' answered Roosevelt."

IN CHICAGO, less than a month later, Knox and his secretary, John F. O'Keefe, had completed arrangements to attend the Republican National Convention opening in Philadelphia the following day.

Airplane reservations had been made for the next morning and Knox had finished dictating the draft of a plank (The "something else," as he had told Roosevelt, "very important that I must do.") he wanted the Republican Party to include in its 1940 platform. It was a plank calling for a nonpartisan foreign policy. With his desk cleared, Knox left his office, planning to have lunch and play golf with some friends at a suburban club.

He was scarcely on his way when a flash came over the news ticker announcing that the President had just sent the names of Henry L. Stimson and Frank Knox to the Senate for confirmation as Secretaries of War and Navy.

When he saw the news flash O'Keefe telephoned the manager of the golf club and asked him to have Knox call his office the minute he arrived there.

Somehow the club manager failed to intercept Knox, and the publisher walked into the locker room where his friends crowded around him and shook his hand. "Congratulations, Mr. Secretary!"

"What are you talking about?" cried Knox.

"Don't you know?"

"Know what?"

"The news came over the radio just a few minutes ago—the President has appointed you Secretary of the Navy."

Brushing aside congratulatory hands, Knox hurried to a telephone, called O'Keefe and received confirmation of the news. He was so incensed over Roosevelt's failure to keep his promise not to send his name to the Senate "until we talk with each other again" that he threatened to publish an immediate resignation. They talked over the telephone for a long time. O'Keefe also told him that Stimson had been appointed Secretary of War and the conversation came to a close with Knox deciding to postpone his threatened resignation, to go through with his golfing engagement, and "while playing, to think over the whole situation."

In the late afternoon Knox hurried back to his office, his mind made up.

"It's too late to pull out now," he told O'Keefe. "All I can do now is do what I have been asked to do."

Landon was not surprised. He had not stopped off in Chicago on his way back from the luncheon meeting with the President, but he did stop there on his way to the Republican convention. During dinner Knox expressed complete confidence that Roosevelt would not run for a third term.

Landon felt differently and said so. He told Knox of what Roosevelt had said to him in the two-hour meeting. "I have not heard from him since," he added. "And I don't expect to hear from him because of that statement I made after the meeting, calling upon the President to bring about national unity by taking himself out of the race for a third term."

THE END

"I Couldn't Run for a Third Term" is an excerpt from a forthcoming book by Merrill C. Meigs which will be published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Inc.

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Island of Lost Dreams

(*Continued from page 25*)

without servility. I landed in Jonstown, the port on the south side of the island, was met by a station wagon and driven twelve miles across to the north, through some of the prettiest fields and thickets I had ever seen.

I can remember yet that, when finally we topped the last rise, and I saw stretching out before me into the warm green water the great arms of Malibar, I knew I had finally found the place I wanted to live.

We turned east along the Bay Road and after perhaps a mile entered the neat luxuriance of the hotel grounds. We stopped before a door in a one-storied white building, and by the time I was out of the car, a man—I can see him still; young and slim and pleasant-looking—came out and shook my hand and smiled.

"I'm Dewey Huggins," he said. "Welcome."

It is hard now for me to remember that there had ever been a time when I did not know Dewey Huggins. The friendship we had for each other insinuated itself so thoroughly into all parts of our lives that it assumed almost a physical solidity.

True, our tastes weren't much alike, but we shared a suspicion of anything or anybody that took time from our work—that, I suppose, was our strongest bond; we both had an extravagant admiration for Malibar Bay and—this was very important—both of us had been born in Pittsburgh. Those seem odd reasons to give for a friendship, but I find, in looking back, I can discover no others. Perhaps I had better not try to justify friendship: we simply liked each other.

It was Pittsburgh, I believe, during those months when I first knew Dewey, that gave us the feeling we had never been strangers. There is something about the dirt and decay and the uncompromising squalor of those hills that unites ex-natives. Each knows so well what the other has escaped, and why.

Once, giving words to my own fear, I said to Dewey, "Don't you ever want to go back? Don't you ever get tired of all this sunshine? Don't you ever long for that iron-gray weather?"

He hunched his shoulders and closed his eyes. "When I used to pick a weed in a vacant lot," he said, "my hands would be covered with soot. Just from pulling a weed."

Dewey was born in McKees Rocks, a mill section, and had run away from home when he was seventeen. A few months later he found himself in Baltimore and—this was not part of any plan—he signed on a Caribbean sugar boat. Those boats aren't much, a few thousand tons, but they do stop for days at a time to load brown sugar in the islands. Dewey's boat stopped at Cass.

I know what it is to first feel air that has never been cold, see water that has always been warm; I know, and so I know the passion with which Dewey first looked at the island. Pittsburgh, he had thought, was the world.

HE MADE three trips before he managed to get himself a job at one of the sugar mills.

But, during that time, there was never any doubt in his mind as to what he was going to do. He "reformed," he told me—he must have been eighteen—and he saved every penny he earned. During those first days on Cass he must have presented an odd figure; lonely, of course, and ignorant, and yet possessed

with a desire to live, to settle, to become part of this pretty place.

It was four months before he found, and bought for eighty dollars, the shack and piece of land on Malibar Bay which were to become his hotel. Fifteen years later, when I first saw the place, he had transformed the scrubby stretch into a reasonable facsimile of paradise.

At the beginning he had had no thought of starting a hotel; he meant just to fix up a little house for himself. But somebody rented it from him for a week in November; somebody else heard about it and wanted it for three days; he built on a couple of extra rooms and fixed up some beds, and before he knew it he was in business. When I arrived, he had a long, low, white main building and a dozen cottages scattered through an impeccable arrangement of gardens, walks, views, lawns and arbors.

"But five years after I started," he told me, "the place was a dump. I didn't realize it, but one day somebody sent me a magazine that was full of pictures of little hotels and cottage colonies. I looked at them, and then I went outside and looked at my place. It was a dump . . .

"So that spring I went to Washington, D. C., to a school that teaches you how to run a hotel—see, I had never really stayed in any hotel except my own—that sounds funny, doesn't it?—so I didn't know all the things you were supposed to do to make people happy. Then I went down to Florida and stayed at a couple of places. It sure was an eye opener . . .

"But I made plans of cottages, and measured everything, and I made lists of all the stuff that was in the rooms. Most of all I studied the gardens, and I bought a lot of books on how to lay them out. That's the important thing in a place like this, flowers and gardens."

I think I can say of Dewey that there was never a day in his life on which he wasn't either working or studying. No flower was planted without his direction; no wall was painted without his watching; no bill was paid, no vegetable ordered that he did not see to personally. He made guests feel they were in a kind of liberated nursery, where they could do as they pleased, but where Dewey attended to everything.

The hotel fascinated me because of the dream to which all writers are subject. They all want a little business which is simple to run and makes lots of money; Dewey's place seemed a perfect example. The trouble with the dream, of course, is that as soon as you think of a new plot and begin to write again, the business is forgotten and goes to pieces.

Perhaps that is the explanation for my taking, finally, the house across the bay. I told myself I didn't want meals at certain hours, and so many people around; actually, I suppose, I just wanted to write unbothered.

Dewey was good. I had stayed five months with him—longer than most guests—and it was he who found the house and engaged Carmen to cook for me and Edward to work outside. And it was he who really put my house in order; he spent a good deal of time instructing Edward where to rake and spade and plant. He had developed a kind of wholesale, infallible authority about plants; he made my place look very well.

I do not mean to imply that with all his activity, Dewey was in any way a nervous person. He was anything but. He gave you a feeling of self-possessed calm, though he very seldom sat still; it was just that there was so much to do laziness was out of the question.

I asked him once, "Dewey, don't you ever read?" and he answered, "Not much. Novels scare me. If I thought people were

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going to act in real life the way they do in novels, I'd be scared to shake hands with anyone."

I laughed and he went on, "I'd rather read seed catalogues. I can get very excited over the lies in seed catalogues."

I used to wonder, of course, what really went on with a man who was so completely absorbed by work. He had no follies or pastimes. He never got drunk, and he didn't play tennis or golf; he almost never went to the beach because he could not swim. The hotel was his life, and that seemed to be enough.

I had been in my house—except for several excursions up North—for two years before Ellen Somery appeared.

I CAN'T say I ever disliked Ellen Somery. In the time I knew her she was never anything but charming to me. The only way I can explain my feeling for her is that in a once-removed way, I disapproved of her. She was so definitely not right for Dewey.

I first met her one afternoon when Dewey brought her around to my place for a drink. It was something of an occasion, for Dewey never brought any of his guests to my house unless they were special. I saw, in five minutes, that Dewey couldn't take his eyes off Ellen.

Ellen was fair. Her hair was nothing so common as blond, but a deep, buttercup gold, and her eyes were dark. She was carefully beautiful; her features were in no way remarkable, but her bones were good, and she knew and used every cosmetic trick to make herself appear lovely. I may add, she succeeded.

I have seen a hundred like her, and so must Dewey, on his island, have seen a few. They belong—or aspire to—that group which used to be known as the "international set"; they need not have money, but they must have chic, and they must somehow have access to the right people. They are, perhaps, the jewelry on the bosom of the body politic, very pretty and desirable. They need not be intelligent, but they must be bright, and if they are so unfortunate as to be without money, then honor is not so important as expediency. They must, and do, make absolutely delightful companions.

Ellen—I found this out later, piecemeal, but I will put it down here—had been married early to Hugh Somery, who after two extravagant years had shot himself over a forged check, leaving his widow a ten-thousand-dollar insurance policy and a lot of furniture which was rapidly becoming unfashionable. Ellen spent almost all the insurance on a wardrobe of half-mourning, sold the furniture for nothing, and looked around for a suitable job.

The one she found, in a Fifty-seventh Street women's shop, was perfect for her.

She was nothing so crass as a salesgirl. The only word I can think of to describe her is "persuader." She was allowed to wear anything in the store—for a day or two—to luncheons, cocktails, dinners, theaters, parties, and to persuade her friends to come to her shop and buy. Offhand, it sounds like a haphazard job, but Ellen had long made a success of it; necessity taught her. Her limitless wardrobe even made her something of a figure in town; any dowdy rich girl was delighted to be taken in hand by Ellen Somery. Many of her really rich friends thought she was very, very brave.

She came to Cass because it was one quarter as expensive as American resorts, and because she was tired.

I remember that first day I saw her she was luxuriating in her tiredness. She stretched out on one of my chairs and said, "This air is less like wine than nembutal. I can't keep my eyes open."

It was that day, too, that I saw the first of her star sapphires, in a ring. The sapphires were the only jewels she had; why she loved them so I can't explain, but she had a half-dozen pieces—clips, bracelets, cigarette case—encrusted with them. None were tremendously expensive stones, but all were good and blue, with hard white stars. She played with one or another of them in the sunlight, constantly.

HER tiredness is the best explanation I have for her marriage to Dewey. She did it in a moment of weakness. Perhaps I am being unfair, but it is a very small unfairness compared to what she did in the end. Perhaps I should give her more natural kindness and say that she liked Dewey. But love him she never did.

And not loving him, the marriage was a weakness. He was so unsuitable; he not only never could belong to her world, but he had no comprehension that it existed. Surely she must have known that even to try to take him back into it would have ruined her own position. "My dear, Ellen's married some impossible hotelkeeper who never opens his mouth."

Perhaps she saw crows' feet around her eyes in the brilliant sunlight of Cass. Perhaps it occurred to her, tired as she was, that she was getting no younger; that her job depended on her face and her figure and her friends; that when those went, she would be ruined.

She saw that Dewey adored her and that she could have him if she said the word. I can imagine her standing looking at herself in her mirror, closing her eyes and then taking a deep breath, and saying, "Well, why not? Why not?"

Quite aside from the fact that he was pitiably in love with her, Ellen represented to Dewey the very crown of his rise. Only I, I believe, can understand what point she gave to his fifteen-year struggle up from the slums of McKees Rocks to his present luxurious position. He had done it, unknowing, all for her. The hotel, which a month or so before had seemed so desirable, so good, such an end in itself, was now just a collection of wood and plaster and grass, empty and meaningless without her. Even though he knew nothing of her world, he felt she came from far off, that she was what he had been searching for from the day he ran away from home—beauty and the unattainable.

Even so, it was she who had to suggest that they get married.

I WAS not at the ceremony. I suspect—but I suspect all her motives now—that she did not want me to know what was happening. If she had made her mind up desperately to marry Dewey, she must have wanted desperately to have nothing interfere. She knew perfectly well that she was not the mysterious stranger to me that she was to Dewey; it may be that she feared I would try to stop her. She needn't have worried; it never would have entered my head. In any case, I knew nothing about it until they invited me over that night.

Then, I remember, as I watched them—Dewey, his eyes glazed with happiness and Ellen so sure of herself, in a miraculous white evening dress plastered with her sapphires—I felt mostly puzzled. I knew Ellen only slightly; she had been on the island just six weeks, and I had seen her no more than ten or a dozen times. I couldn't quickly tell myself what she was doing. There was, however, so much champagne, and Dewey was so abandonedly happy that I joined in the mood and had a fine time. I hoped it would work.

And it did. For the first six months—try as I will to see flaws I cannot find

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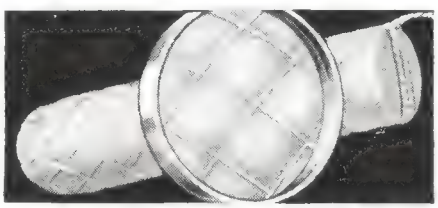

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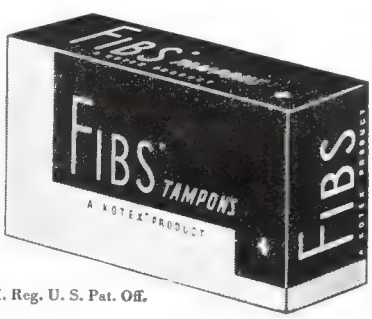

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them—Ellen made Dewey a very good wife.

She had that knack, which neat women so often possess, of making a home not a home but a hotel. Her cottage always looked as if a room-service chambermaid had just prepared it for new guests; there was never the warm litter of living about it. But to Dewey, who had never really known anything else, this was a virtue.

She had, in her way, wonderful taste. Their own living room she did over in dark green with white satin sofas and chairs. "I've always wanted a white room," she told me, "and here it's clean enough to make one practicable." The rug was white, the curtains were white, the vases were always filled with white flowers.

She did over the lobby of the main house; she rearranged the dining room and some of the bedrooms—all, I might add, not only with Dewey's approval, but to his awe. She rooted out all the yellow flowers in the garden—she hated yellow—and had blue ones planted.

She was good for Dewey, that I know. She made him go shopping with her in Jonstown; she made him fool around daily on the beach—I remember she was dumbfounded when he told her he couldn't swim. She gave dinner parties and night parties when the moon was full, not only for the hotel people but for the pleasant islanders as well. I know I saw more of Dewey in those six months than I had in the whole year before.

He bloomed. He had new clothes made; he was no longer afraid of a cocktail; he let the hotel run itself sometimes for two days on end. "I can't imagine," he said to me, "why everybody doesn't get married. Right away. Today."

It was really a very heart-warming thing to see. Dewey's face seemed to change—it was as if lights had been turned on. He relaxed; he was no longer subject to the furious activity that had always urged him on. He would often come to my house and just sit, doing no more than throw suggestions to Edward about the plants. My garden suffered, but I didn't mind. To see Dewey a happy man was enough.

I suppose now that Ellen did all the things she did simply to keep herself busy. She could not have felt the hand of tradition, as Frenchwomen do, urging her "to be a good wife"; she was simply avoiding boredom. I complimented her once on an outdoor dining terrace she had arranged, and she answered, "I must do things more slowly. When I've finished with the place I'll go out of my mind."

Then she turned to me and smiled, "Don't pay any attention," she said, "but I've been used to New York for so long. This is a little hard at first."

"You do wonderfully," I said.

I meant it She did do wonderfully—until Jim Fallon came.

I HAVE spent a lot of time, since, wondering whether or not Ellen knew Fallon before he came; if, indeed, she did not send for him. I can never be sure, but I rather incline to think not.

For I believe that the chances are against falling madly, frighteningly in love with an old friend. To do that—to throw away everything in an instant for love—you must see a new face, new arms, new flesh.

I look back now with surprise and, I am afraid, with envy at the capacity for passion which Jim Fallon and Ellen Somery displayed. That two otherwise quite undistinguished people should be so consumed with a wanting that would dare anything, fills me with envious awe. It was a love that was ugly and cruel and terrible, but they couldn't help themselves.

Jim arrived on somebody's boat that

anchored for a few days in Malibar Bay. Oddly enough, I knew the owners slightly and asked them ashore for dinner. They brought Jim and a couple of other young men who were with them, and I called up Dewey and Ellen to make a party.

Jim was a magnificent man. He looked as if his blood lines had been attended carefully for a dozen generations. From his almost painfully beautiful head to his long thin strong hands, he was perfect.

He belonged to that always-small but now almost nonexistent class, the tennis bums. Seven or eight years before I first saw him he had been a seeded player, not very far up the ladder, but known enough and good enough to get him onto the circuit. He had traveled it apparently for four years before he had dropped out, but that had been enough to unfit him for any normal life. He was used to Florida and Newport and California and Bermuda—in season. I can only guess how he existed. He had beautiful clothes and no money, and he had, for five months, been the guest of the people on whose yacht he was.

Ellen had a wonderful time that night. She and Jim talked to each other, I can say without exaggeration, the whole time. It was an odd experience to hear her; she sounded suddenly free, released; it was as if the English she had been talking to Dewey and the rest of us were a kind of foreign tongue, as if now she had discovered a native of her own land, who understood her every inflexion and reference, and who, with her, reveled in the patois.

For a while Dewey sat on the arm of her chair, proud of her and happy; he seemed almost as fascinated by Jim's charm as Ellen was.

At the end of the evening there were plans made for dinner the next night on the boat, but one break had been enough for me; I wanted to work and bowed out.

So I know none of the details of the arrangements made in the next three days. I only know that after the boat had left, and I stopped at the hotel, on my way back from Jonstown, Jim was there.

"Look," Ellen said, "we shanghaied him."

"What a good idea!" I said.

"I've been after Dewey for months to get somebody to help him," Ellen said, "and now Jim falls into his lap. It's fate."

"Or good management," I said.

"There's no reason Dewey shouldn't take things a little easier," she said. "He deserves a rest."

"He does, indeed," I said.

"Well," Jim said, "I'll do my best to please."

Dewey, when I saw him, was elated that they had been able to persuade Jim to stay. "He's just the sort of fellow I need," he said. "The guests are crazy about him. He does all those things I can't; you know, sail and swim and ride. And"—he was so eager—"when he gets worked in, it means Ellen and I can take a trip, go to New York . . ."

It is perhaps an odd thing to say, but I believe Dewey got more pleasure out of Jim's being at the hotel than Ellen ever did. For her, after the first week, it was torture. By then she and Jim were in love and knew it, and they were terrified.

Perhaps they discussed running away—I will give them credit for that much decency—but likely they never considered it seriously. They knew they were not twenty with the world before them. Jim had never earned a living and did not know how; Ellen had made just enough to take care of herself. They knew themselves well enough to realize that they could not live on love in a hall bedroom. There was nothing for them to do but

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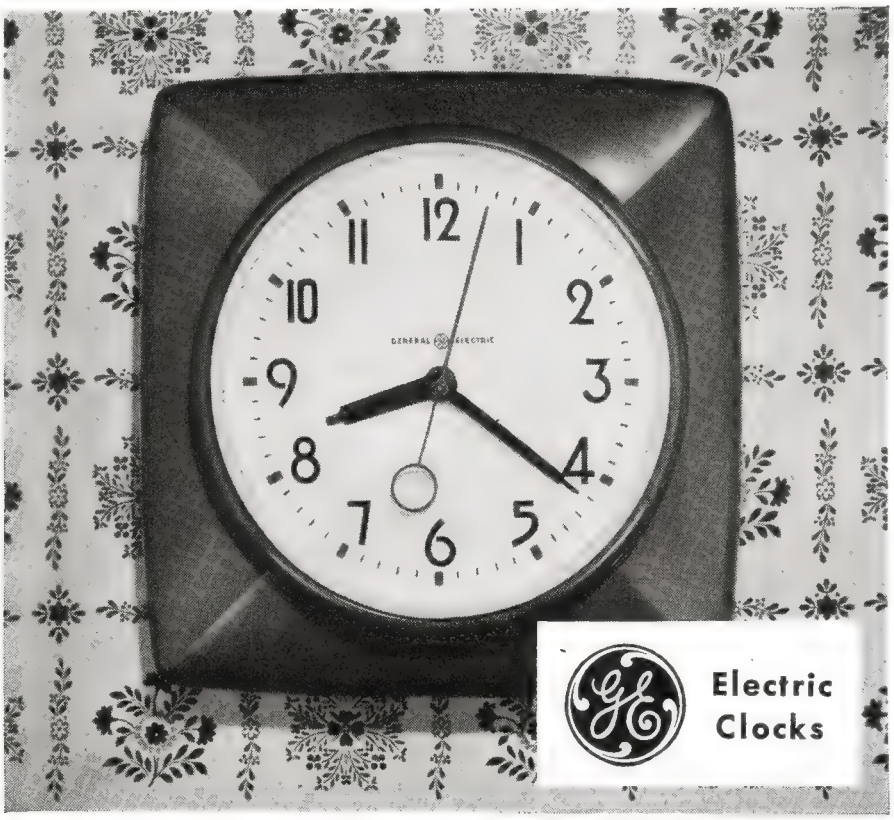

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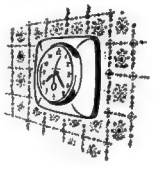

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wait and try to think of a way out. At least, they were together.

It was natural, of course, that they should be fearful of Dewey's finding out. So it was fear, I expect, as much as anything else which led them to go out of their ways to please him and amuse him.

There was a rather bad tennis court at the hotel; Jim did what he could to it, and then gave Dewey a lesson every day. Dewey was afraid at first but, with his strange knack for accomplishment, he soon began to learn, and then he loved it. Suddenly he was a tennis player; it had never occurred to him that he could be.

He became a sailor, too. Jim found a terrible little boat over at Jonstown, trucked it across the island, calked it, painted it, launched it. I was never in it; it seemed to me an appallingly dangerous craft, very narrow, only twelve feet long, with much too much sail and a centerboard. But Dewey, in the safety of Jim's hands, loved it. Almost every afternoon I'd see the three of them, tacking up and down the bay. Dewey was learning to play, with a man, a friend, something he had never done before.

I think the measure of Dewey's adoration of Jim is taken by the fact that he liked to hear Jim talk. Granting all Jim's charm and magnetism, he was better to watch than listen to. So far as I was concerned, I mean. Jim's opinions had that glib finality of the rich, which Dewey's common sense should have told him were trash. Jim talked *at* Dewey always, as if he were the only important person in the room; Ellen sat and nodded seriously; possibly Dewey was flattered into belief.

Good, decent, happy Dewey. That his wife and the hired man were in love never crossed his mind. Everybody else knew, of course.

Aside from what I saw myself—and you could almost feel a current when Jim and Ellen were in a room together—my cook Carmen told me nasty stories which she had from her cousin who worked at the hotel, and even old Edward, who was almost notorious for minding his own business, said to me, "Going to be trouble there."

Yet so far as I could ever see, Dewey himself was unperturbed. Why should he have been perturbed? Ellen was his wife; Jim his friend; by every sign they both loved him.

But as I grow older, I am certain of one thing: I know less and less about the inner workings of human beings.

So I cannot tell for sure what happened on the night of Ellen's birthday. I can suspect; I can surmise; I can tell myself the whole thing is perfectly obvious, but I cannot be sure. And frankly, I want to doubt; proven facts would be too uncomfortable; I need a doubt; I should never be able to shake off the memory of that fearful night if I could not doubt.

I WAS invited over for the party. There were just the four of us. We had dinner in the sullen white room of the cottage. It was only a moderately festive evening, although there was almost too much champagne, and Ellen had a new star sapphire from Dewey which dangled on a little velvet ribbon around her neck. She looked lovely, I remember; she had on a new green dress and all her sapphires, but she was quiet. "I hate to get old," she said.

I left about midnight. As I got up, Jim said, "Why don't the rest of us go sailing? There's a piece of a moon."

Dewey said, "All right," and then he turned to me. "We'll sail you home."

Neither Jim or Ellen said one word.

"Not me," I said. "I'll drive."

I went to the bathroom for a moment and when I came back Dewey was alone

in the room. "They've gone to change their clothes," he said.

"Aren't you going?" I said.

He nodded and smiled. "I thought I'd say good night to you."

"You needn't have bothered," I said.

We took the path that led behind the cottage; it was the quickest way to the car. We hadn't taken many steps when I put my hand on Dewey's arm and said, "Go back and get ready. I can find my car all right."

"Well . . ." Dewey said.

"You don't want to keep them waiting."

"Good night, then. Thanks for coming."

"Good night," I said.

I had sent Dewey back because, just around the corner of the cottage, I had seen Ellen and Jim in each other's arms. I hoped I had stopped before Dewey saw them; I was sure, at that instant at least, that I had.

When I went on toward the car a moment later, they had disappeared. I remember I walked only half the way, then —I ran. I wanted to get away—quickly.

IT WASN'T much after six thirty the next morning when the ringing of the telephone wakened me. For a moment I didn't know what it was; the local operator has strict orders not to let anyone call before nine. Then, realizing what I was hearing, I was frightened. I got up, dazed, to answer.

It was Dewey's voice. "Are they there?" he said.

"Who?"

"Jim and Ellen. Are they there?"

"I don't think so. I've been asleep."

Dewey's voice was strained and thin. "Are you sure?" he said.

"What is it?" I said. "What do you mean?"

"They're playing some sort of joke on me," he said. "The boat turned over last night."

"What?" I said.

"The boat turned over, and they left me to get help. You know I can't swim."

"Dewey——" I said.

"It's not a very funny joke."

"Dewey," I said, "when did it happen?"

"I don't know. About half an hour after you left."

Six hours.

"Are you all right?" I said.

"I'm shaking to death," he said.

"I'm coming right over," I said.

Except for the details, I really learned nothing more after I had spent a couple of hours with Dewey.

I found him, huddled in blankets, sitting in the white room drinking coffee. His face was pinched and yellow under his tan. His hands were white and wrinkled from his six hours in the water. He shivered as he talked; his hand shook the coffee cup; he could not control it.

"I expected to find them here," he said.

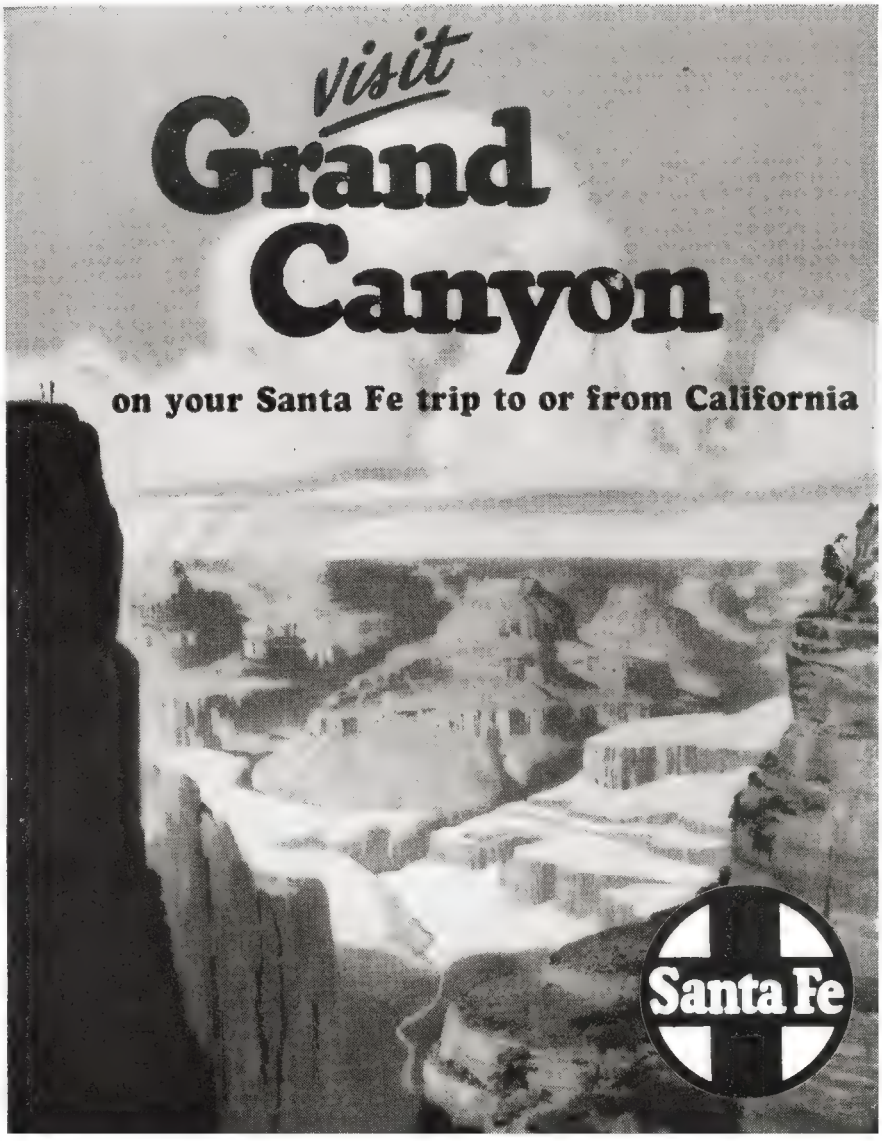
Jim and Ellen had put on bathing suits, Dewey an old shirt and an old pair of trousers, and they had set out maybe ten minutes after I left.

There had been a little breeze and some hurrying clouds over what moon was left. They had sailed up and down the bay once, then Jim had headed out to sea. He was trying to find a breeze that would push them home, he said.

When they were out of the bay, past the arms of Malibar, Jim swung the boat around. "But he swung it around too fast," Dewey said, "and we went over." It was as simple as that.

Dewey told me, "Jim said, 'You hold on; I'll take Ellen in and get help.' I said, 'What'll I hold on to?' and he said, 'The boat's wood; it'll float.' They had started off by that time. Ellen called back, 'Good-by, Dewey.'"

A look of anguish passed over his face



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as if he were already certain of what had happened.

"I knew it was the only possible thing for them to do. I had to have help, and they both went after it for me." He pulled the blankets closer around him. "But that centerboard was weighted with lead. It pulled the boat right down."

"Then how——"

"I don't know," he said. "Somehow it didn't sink to the bottom. The top of the mast just stayed afloat. I could just hold on to it and keep myself up."

The story had a nightmare sound. The top of the mast . . . I remembered—mechanically I remembered—that I had seen Jim, weeks before when he was refitting the boat, sink it in three feet of water. To swell the seams, I had thought. It sank in three feet, but not in ten fathoms. I shivered with Dewey.

"I called and called and called," he said. "It was calm; I was sure someone would hear me. Then the moon set, and I couldn't see any more."

"Who found you?" I said.

"Joe Samish. He was out early in his boat."

Luck! Joe didn't go out fishing more than once a week.

"I couldn't have held on much longer," Dewey said. And then the anguished look came over his face again. "We've got to find them. They may be lying exhausted on a beach somewhere. Ellen's a good swimmer, but we were a long way out . . ."

"They'll turn up," I said.

"The police are going to every house," he said, "but we've got to search the beaches. As soon as I stop shaking."

But the doctor arrived a few minutes after that and put Dewey to bed. He was not allowed up for two days.

By then, of course, the search was over. We did our best. The police and everybody who lived on the bay joined in; we covered every inch of shoreline on the bay and beyond the arms for miles in each direction.

The doctor said to me the second afternoon, as we walked up and down in the garden of the hotel, "The man perhaps had an erratic heart. Athletes often do. And he drank a lot. The woman certainly wasn't used to such a strain. She may have got tired and gone to sleep in the water. That is not unusual. However . . ."

"However?" I said

"However, I find such explanations unconvincing."

JIM's body was found ten days later by some boys playing among rocks four miles down the coast. It was identifiable only by the maker's name in the swimming trunks.

It was the police chief who told me of it. He came to see me that evening after dinner.

After he had gone over the details, he took something shiny out of his vest pocket and handed it to me. It was a small gold disk, attached to a fine gold chain. "It was found around his neck," the chief said. "I thought you would be the best person to give it to."

As I took it I remembered having seen once or twice a gold chain showing under Jim's open collar. I looked at the disk. On it was engraved, "If lost, strayed, or stolen, return to Ellen Somery."

"A grisly souvenir," I said.

The chief nodded. "I don't want Dewey to see it," he said. "Dewey's a good boy. Those two were bad."

"Well, they're dead," I said.

Then the chief said, "You're going to hear gossip. You know this island. You're going to hear that Dewey found out and killed them both."

"Yes," I said. "I already have."

"People are saying now that a child could have swum that distance."

I nodded.

"But I'll tell you something," the chief said, "that not everybody knows. Right out past the mouth of the bay the ocean drops off sharp, and sometimes there's a current running fast along the drop. The boat tipped over outside the bay and——"

"It's possible," I said.

"They could have got caught in it."

"I'm glad to know about that current," I said. "I never heard of it."

The chief looked out the window. "If there was any funny business going on," he said, "I think it was the other way round. But I'm putting it down as an accident. There'll be no investigation."

ELLEN's body was never found. Finally, a month later, Dewey had a memorial service for her in the chapel on the bay. The room inside the chapel is white, pure white; everything in it is white. Dewey had the altar covered with pale blue flowers, the color of Ellen's star sapphires.

I tried to see as much of him those next weeks as I could. He came to my house reasonably often; I went to the hotel for dinner a couple of nights a week; whenever either of us rode over to Jonstown, we took the other along.

By some kind of unspoken agreement, we never mentioned Ellen or Jim. That, of course., meant we talked of things that had happened a year or two before, and it created a kind of falseness that was sometimes uncomfortable.

But we managed. Dewey reverted to his former way of living. Every detail of the running of the hotel was back in his hands; he no longer seemed to have any interest in leisure.

The talk died down. After a few months people lost interest in the "accident," even those who had been most convinced that something mysterious had happened forgot to wonder any more. Weeks would go by and you would not hear Jim's or Ellen's name mentioned.

I found my memory of them dimming: how she had looked, the sound of his voice, were no longer sharp in my mind. Finally—this was a long time after—I came to think of them casually, with a kind of pleasant remembrance. They had been, really, lots of fun, and certainly extremely decorative, and they were dead.

THIS last incident will be no help, I am sure. It was none to me.

I was at the hotel for dinner one night. I arrived about six o'clock, still in broad daylight. Dewey was held up for a few minutes, and I strolled through his grounds.

There had been a patch of cornflowers outside the cottage I had had when I first came to Malibar, and I wandered over to it to pick a boutonniere.

The cornflowers were not there. I looked around at the other flower beds, and I noticed something that gave me a shock.

There were no more blue flowers in the gardens of Dewey Huggins's Hotel. Where once there had been waves of delphinium, forget-me-nots and iris, there were new flowers—red, yellow, white. Nothing that even hinted of blue.

Perhaps I wouldn't have spoken if I hadn't had three cocktails that night at dinner. But I had—and I asked, "Do you think of Jim and Ellen much any more?"

Dewey nodded as if the question were the most natural in the world. "Oh, yes," he said. "Those were pleasant days, perhaps the most pleasant in my life. While they lasted."

Maybe it was only my imagination—it could easily have been that—which made me hear a slightly bitter emphasis on the last three words: "While they lasted."

THE END

The Fiddler from Waukegan

(*Continued from page 51*)

this is funny. It's a certain kind of insane humor. I go to the ticket clerk strictly on business, and me he hates. Another guy comes up and pesters him about Glocca Morra, and to him he explains the whole thing politely. But me, he hates."

Benny replies to questions about humor and his program with an air of worried concentration. He hates talking to strangers. He dislikes making conversation. He paces nervously back and forth in the library of his fourteen-room house in Beverly Hills, an impressive cream-colored Georgian mansion which he built in 1939 at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. His rumpled, sparse gray hair falls over his forehead. Benny is dressed as he usually is in sports clothes: gray flannel slacks, a checked blue sports coat, gray cashmere sweater, a flamboyant tie of reds and yellows and blues. At the last count, he owned thirty-nine sports coats, eighty-nine sweaters, one hundred and twenty-five sports shirts and twenty pairs of gray flannel slacks. He thumps an empty pipe into the palm of his left hand. He is not supposed to smoke cigars but he dislikes pipes. He sits down, knocks the pipe against a smoking table. He chews his thumbnail. He rubs his gray suede wing-tip shoes against his trousers. He picks up the pipe. He lays it down. Finally, he sighs. He springs up and strides toward a humidor in a corner of the room and helps himself to an Upmann Perfecto. He removes the cigar from its glass container. He lights it. He breathes in the pungent smoke with a sigh of relief. Then he drops into an armchair and stretches out his legs.

"Now," he murmurs, speaking as he always does in a shy, self-conscious, ill-at-ease voice, his round face weary and apparently confused, "what is the humor of the Jack Benny program? Take Nelson—the humor of Nelson is: Why does he hate me? The humor of Phil Harris is: How can a man that is supposed to be working for me go on getting drunk, chasing women, insulting me, and still I don't fire him? The humor of Rochester is: How can he get away with it? If Rochester and I share a bedroom on a Pullman he rushes in first and grabs the lower, and I have to sleep in the upper berth. The whole humor of Jack Benny is: Here's a guy with plenty of money; he's got a valet; he's always traveling around, meeting important people, and yet he's strictly a jerk."

Far from being the brash, boastful, vain, garrulous egomaniac that he is on the air, Benny in real life is a self-effacing, brooding sort of person. Strangers, meeting him for the first time, find him dull.

"Away from the stage, Benny is one of the most boring people I ever met," a friend says. "He has no violent ideas on any subject whatsoever. I never heard him express a strong opinion on anybody. He doesn't seem to hate anybody. The worst he'll say of a person is 'He's not *too nice.*'" Since the second most popular indoor sport in Hollywood is ripping apart reputations, it's obvious why Benny is considered boring company there. "The only thing Benny will get really excited about is a glass of water or a chocolate soda. He'll come up to you and say, 'I just had the greatest soda in the world. I'll take an oath on my life it was the greatest soda in the world.' Or, 'I just drank the greatest glass of water in the world.' But you take a subject like politics or Darryl Zanuck, and you'll never get an opinion out of Benny one way or the other. In fact, I don't see how he ever came to be a comedian. I have yet to hear

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Jack Benny say one single funny thing."

Ed Beloin, one of Benny's writers for seven years and now a Paramount script writer, says, "Benny is the most naïve and unsophisticated person I know."

Because Benny is a placid person in public, a theory has arisen that he is not at all witty, that his comedy stems entirely from the minds of his four writers, Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer and John Tackaberry.

When he was defeated on one occasion in a sharp battle of wit with Fred Allen, probably the quickest impromptu comedian alive, Benny muttered in all sincerity, "Fred, I'd give a thousand dollars if I had been able to say that." Another time Allen was taunting him about his legendary anemia. "You're so anemic," Allen said, "that if you were eating celery the people at the next table would think it was a stalk of rhubarb."

"You wouldn't talk like that to me," said Benny in desperation, "if my writers were here."

Yet in his own pianissimo fashion, Benny is not unwitty. His humor is based on subtle understatement. Usually his punch line does not sound funny when it is removed from the particular situation that Benny was in at the moment he delivered it. And its humorous effect is largely due to Benny's velvety, petulant, apologetic tone of voice and to his masterly sense of timing. According to John Crosby, radio critic of the New York Herald Tribune, this is true not only of Benny's personal humor but also of the humor as a whole in his radio show.

One night Crosby listened to a particular Benny program and felt that it was one of the funniest half hours he had ever heard. He sent for a copy of the script and read it over carefully. On paper, Crosby discovered, the show seemed dull. It had gone over big on the air because of the good acting, superb timing and the easygoing air of informality.

Despite the jokes on his program, Benny is a fairly competent violinist. Once, at a benefit for Greek War Relief, he amazed all Hollywood, when, during his turn, instead of telling stories, he slowly walked on the stage, placed a handkerchief on his shoulder, poised his violin on the handkerchief, solemnly nodded to the conductor, and proceeded to perform an elaborate concerto arrangement of "Love in Bloom," replete with trills, staccatos and arpeggios. After the final note, the audience burst into applause. Benny did not crack a smile. He bowed to the audience. He bowed to the maestro. Then he slowly walked off the stage.

After the show, somebody said, "Jack, I didn't realize you played the fiddle so beautifully."

"Listen," Jack said, with a grim expression on his face, "when I was younger they used to call me another Heifetz." He paused and glowered, "Not this Heifetz . . . *another* Heifetz!"

In April, 1944, Benny took his company to Vancouver to stage a gala benefit to open the Fourth Canadian War Loan. After the show, they flew back to Los Angeles. Somewhere over Oregon, the ship ran into a heavy fog that turned into sleet and snow. Jack was playing Casino with Phil Harris when the plane was sucked into an air current that suddenly whipped them at the rate of a mile a minute. Benny's hand, in the act of lowering a card, was paralyzed in mid-air due to the air pressure. Benny said nothing. He went white. The plane took a series of sickening dips and began to wobble. Then the pilot appeared on the scene. "The de-icer isn't working," he announced. "The radio has gone dead. Somewhere ahead of us lies Mt. Rainier, and I'm afraid we're not on the beam."

"Hmmmmm," observed Benny gently.

"I think," pursued the pilot, "we could make Los Angeles tonight, but it's a little risky. I'd rather turn back and stop off at Corvallis, Oregon, where there's a good field. What shall I do?"

"Hmmmmmm," said Benny.

The plane turned back to Corvallis. It bumped safely to a stop on the field. One by one, the troupe emerged. The pilot approached Benny and asked, "Now, sir, is there anything I can do?"

"Yes," said Benny, "just get me a room in a nice one-story hotel."

During the summer of 1945, Benny, together with Ingrid Bergman and harmonica-virtuoso Larry Adler, played the USO circuit in Europe. One night, following a performance before our troops in Stuttgart, the three stars were riding back to their quarters. They were sitting in the back of a jeep. As it rattled along, an MP stationed at a corner ordered the driver to stop. He was a little slow about it, and the MP fired several shots at the car. Benny heard the bullets whooshing through the air. The driver braked quickly. The bullets had missed their heads by only a few inches. After their papers were examined, they were allowed to proceed. They returned to the jeep and a few blocks later, when the driver paused to get his bearings, a huge black cat stepped off the curb and padded across the street directly in front of the jeep. All four of them watched the cat. Benny sighed and said, "NOW he tells us!"

But Benny isn't particularly proud of his ability to comment on a situation. He would rather be able to coin such quotable quips as Fred Allen's "Hollywood is a great place if you're an orange." Or Mizner's "I respect faith, but doubt is what gets you an education." Or Solly Violinsky's "Hollywood is a wonderful place. No matter how hot it gets in the daytime there's no place to go at night." Or Joe E. Lewis's remark when someone visited him in the hospital and asked how he felt: "I've taken a turn for the nurse."

A remarkable fact about Benny, remarkable because actors are the most egocentric persons alive, is that he would rather watch another comedian perform than perform himself.

"Benny," says Danny Kaye, "is a sensational audience for a comedian. He's the kind of audience every comedian dreams of. He doesn't just laugh at you with his mouth, but with his whole body."

To provoke Benny to hysterical laughter has become a personal hobby of Kaye's. When they are both invited to a dinner party, Kaye always manages to be seated facing Benny. Benny knows what is coming and tries not to look at Kaye, but his eyes are inevitably drawn in that direction. For Jack's benefit, Kaye has two routines at a dinner. He prongs some food on a fork and passes it to his mouth but the fork keeps missing his mouth and jabs his cheek, his head, his nose and his neck. Or he rapidly shovels food into his mouth and whips his neck around from one side of the table to the other, like a piston rod, as if he is trying to hear every bit of conversation on every side of him.

By the end of the soup course, Benny is in convulsions and is pounding the table, choking on his food, and sputtering in agony. People who do not know Benny think he is either drunk or having an epileptic fit.

"Because Benny is such a great audience, in fact the greatest audience," says George Burns, "he has everybody in the business working for him. I know lots of comics would rather do an hour's entertainment for Jack, in Jack's living room, than play a week in a big theater in New York. Benny gets a million dollars' worth of entertainment for nothing. When Groucho Marx or Lou Holtz or George Jessel run into Benny, right away they're on. Benny has a wonderful time."

Benny has a curious appreciation for humor. He has almost the mania of a collector. Once, in Romanoff's at luncheon, he noticed Helen Ferguson, the head of a large publicity office in Hollywood, sitting with Gene Raymond. Raymond said something, and she laughed heartily. Benny—who did not know either of them—approached their table and asked, "Pardon me, but what did you say that made her laugh like that?"

Of them all, Burns makes Jack laugh hardest. Benny has been laughing at Burns for twenty-five years. It's reached a point where all Burns has to do is wave a key ring at Benny, and Benny roars. When Benny was lunching at the Brown Derby recently Burns hefted Benny's glass of milk and snarled, "Laugh."

"That's not funny," said Benny. "I won't laugh."

"I said—laugh," insisted Burns, raising the glass higher and scowling.

"No, I won't."

"Oh," said Burns, "so you're going to be tough today!" At this, Benny promptly collapsed into a quivering heap.

Recently, at a party at Benny's house, George Jessel, Burns, Kaye and several other professional comedians, were amusing everybody with their lightning-like repartee. Around eleven thirty Benny could stand it no longer. He arose. He announced, "Everybody gets laughs around here but me. And it's my own house."

He strode upstairs. Fifteen minutes later, he reappeared. On his head was a battered brown fedora. A bandanna was tied around his neck. With mascara, he had drawn a thick mustache on his upper lip. He had his fiddle under his chin, and he played Italian street songs in the wheeziest style of which he was capable. Convinced this was hilarious, Benny then passed around the old hat for money.

Nobody laughed.

BENNY usually wakes up at six in the morning. He is a light sleeper. Six mornings a week he prepares his own breakfast and then goes to the Hillcrest Country Club and plays golf for two or three hours. He shoots in the eighties. His time during the rest of the day is dominated by his radio program. His only other diversions are taking long walks, running off movies in his home and driving his automobile. Barbara Stanwyck, one of his closest friends, claims that he is the worst driver in the world. "When he sits behind the wheel," she says, "he goes all dreamy-like. He'll be driving along Wilshire Boulevard, with nobody bothering him and nothing in front of him, and for no reason at all he will suddenly shift into second."

So many comedians are either drunks or violent gamblers. Benny often takes one Scotch highball before lunch and two Scotch highballs before dinner, but whisky doesn't lift his spirits. The more he drinks the moodier he gets, so he does not drink much.

Playing cards for any length of time he finds boring. Shooting craps he regards as a stupid occupation.

Goodman Ace is a devout follower of the nags. "And I've got the canceled checks to prove it," he adds. Ace is responsible for such remarks as "I had a good day at the track. I broke even." Also: "I broke even at the track today, and I certainly needed the money." Ace has tried to interest Benny in betting on horses. Once, in Florida, he took the comedian and his father, the late Mayer Kubelsky, to Hialeah. Ace got Jack all excited about a horse in the fourth race

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and Jack bet five hundred dollars on the nose. The horse lost. Jack was downcast. "That's terrible," he moaned.

"Don't worry, Jack," his father said. "After all—horses are only human!"

THERE is something helpless and mutely suffering about Jack Benny that arouses the sympathy of all his friends. They worry about him. They constantly tell him he is smoking too many cigars. He smokes about fifteen to twenty a day, although his doctor has told him to cut out smoking. The fact that he is sponsored by a cigarette company does not deter Benny from smoking cigars. When he walks out on the stage of Studio A in the Los Angeles NBC studios, he puffs at his cigar brazenly, knocks off some ashes, waves the cigar in the air and says maliciously, "Welcome to the Lucky Strike program!"

His friends worry about the fact that he does not sleep well, that he eats too fast. Benny eats rapidly, like a machine. He has no strong preferences in food. He usually asks everybody around him what they are ordering and then orders the same and gobbles it down.

Sometimes, when he falls into a really desperate mood of boredom, he tells his wife, "You know, once I played a good violin. If only I had practiced hard and stuck with my fiddle, I would be a fine violinist today."

And Mary usually answers, "But then you'd have lost all the humor of being a lousy violinist on your program."

"Yeah, but then I wouldn't have a program."

"Which is better?" she asks.

"I guess you're right," he replies, sighing.

Violinists are about the only people for whom he feels serious respect. Whenever Heifetz, Szigeti, Ricci or Isaac Stern gives a concert in or around Los Angeles, Benny is there, sitting in a front-row seat and watching the fingers of the virtuoso with a concentrated stare. He envies them. And when he has a chance to talk to Szigeti or Heifetz he becomes ecstatic. He treasures the fact that Heifetz once told him he had a rich tone, and that he should never have neglected his music when he was a boy. Whenever Stern gives a concert in Los Angeles Benny insists on putting him on his program as a guest star. His writers go crazy trying to invent a reasonable situation in which Benny, Rochester, Dennis Day and Phil Harris can be blended with Stern playing the "Melody in F" or the "Hora Staccato."

Last fall, he had already signed up Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman to appear on a certain program. The Colmans received six thousand dollars for their personal appearance. Then Isaac Stern turned up in Hollywood, and Benny insisted on putting Stern on the same program. Since Stern's fee was five thousand dollars, and since Benny is allotted no more than ten thousand for guest stars on any one broadcast, this meant Benny was paying one thousand out of his own pocket. When a friend asked why he was doing this, he replied, "Well, it was too late to cancel out the Colmans, and that night was the only Sunday Stern had open. But I had a wonderful time during rehearsal. Of course, I had already made up my mind what numbers I wanted Stern to play, but I didn't tell him. I asked him what he had in mind, and he started playing some tunes. I had him playing solos for me for two hours. I guess he played about twenty selections. It was wonderful."

THE MAN who was to accomplish the feat of putting Waukegan, Illinois, an obscure town of less than thirty-five thousand population, on the national map, was actually born in Chicago, Illinois, on February 14, 1894. Benny's parents lived in Waukegan, but his mother, Emma, insisted on going to Chicago for the birth of her first child. "When people ask my child where he was born, I want him to say he was born in Chicago," she said. A week after he was born he was named Benjamin Kubelsky and two months later he was taken back to Waukegan. His father was a former peddler of kitchenware who had later owned a saloon in Waukegan and had just embarked on a small haberdashery enterprise on South Genesee Street. Kubelsky was not a very aggressive businessman, and his family was one of the poorest in Waukegan. Nonetheless, when Benjamin was six years old, his father bought him a fiddle for one hundred dollars—which represented the family savings for a year—and put him under the tutelage of Charles Lindsay, the town's best music teacher, who charged one dollar an hour for lessons.

By the time he was eight, Benny was playing the violin with Farmer's Orchestra, a six-piece combination, which appeared at weddings and parties given by Waukegan's aristocracy. By 1906, when he was twelve years old, Benjamin was playing every night in the pit band at the Barrison Theatre. His musical precocity was the talk of Waukegan, and a group of the town's leading citizens wanted to raise a fund to further his musical education by sending him to a conservatory in New York and then to Europe, but the boy preferred to remain at home.

It became evident, at a very early age, that Benjamin had no future in the mercantile line. Once, when he was minding the shop while his father had dinner, a man came in and gave Benjamin some money.

"What did you sell?" his father asked later.

"Nothing," the boy replied. "He just gave me some money on his account."

"Account? Account? What account? What's his name?"

"I don't know," Benjamin said. "Gee, do you have to have his name?"

One Saturday morning, a customer came in and ordered some shirts and ties and socks and walked out without paying any cash.

"It's all right," Benjamin said triumphantly. "He said to charge it to his account. And this time I got his name!"

"His name! His name! Why he ain't got no account in my store. I never saw that man before in my life."

When she heard of the incident, Mrs. Kubelsky, who seems to have been the family wit, sighed and said to her husband, "Well, Meyer, plumbing is a good business too!"

In school, young Kubelsky was considered one of the freshest as well as one of the dumbest pupils. His English teacher, Alice Payne, once ordered him to leave the classroom because he was talking. There was to be a dance at the Parish House that night, and Farmer's Orchestra was providing the syncopation. As Benny walked out of the class, he turned to his teacher and said, "Alice, don't forget to save me a dance tonight."

He was expelled from the school orchestra, where he played first violin, because when the orchestra was rehearsing Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," he loudly remarked that the Waukegan High School Orchestra was certainly going to *finish* that symphony, all right, all right.

Sent to the principal's office once for disciplinary treatment, he offered to make peace with the principal by giving him a pass to the Barrison Theatre. When the principal presented the pass, he was informed that the pass was for the previous week and that it was no good.

In his sophomore year, Benjamin was expelled from high school, and in 1912, he broke into vaudeville. Cora Salisbury, the pianist at the Barrison Theatre, who was many years older than he and who had once done a solo routine in vaudeville, proposed that they form a team. They plotted out a novelty musical act and got some bookings. His parents were violently opposed to his going into the theater. They felt it was a disgrace. Benny pointed out that his educational possibilities were dim, that he had no ability at running a store, and that the future for a violinist in Waukegan was very limited.

The act was called Salisbury and Benny, because there was a noted concert violinist at that time by the name of Jan Kubelik, and the vaudeville circuit was afraid there might be some confusion. The act played split weeks in the family-time circuit of the middle West. They received fifty dollars a week, with Benny getting fifteen.

After two seasons, Miss Salisbury decided to retire. Benny teamed up with a Chicago pianist, Lyman Woods. This time Benny got top billing and Woods received the fifteen-dollar short end of the fifty-dollar-a-week salary. The act was billed as "From Grand Opera to Ragtime," and it opened with a classical medley that always included the "Poet and Peasant Overture" and a Brahms Hungarian Dance. Then Benny did a solo, playing a very mournful interpretation of "The Rosary," bathed in an amber spotlight. Woods did a piano solo, a Chopin Polonaise. Then the duo rattled off a ragtime tune in lively fashion and finished with a medley of popular songs like "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" and "Everybody's Doin' It." Neither Benny nor Woods did any speaking. But, during the lighter numbers, Benny got into the habit of pantomiming or raising a little finger when he played a graceful bar of music or acting as if he were under a big strain when he was playing a difficult passage. These little touches always got laughs.

Gradually, Benny and Woods worked up to the better circuits, the Gus Sun Circuit, the Western Vaudeville Circuit, the Pantages, and finally the Orpheum, which was the big time. In 1916, their career culminated in the dream of every vaudevillian—a week's booking at the Palace Theatre on Broadway. They were now getting two hundred and fifty dollars a week. But they were a dismal flop. They received such bad notices and so little applause that they almost lost a year's bookings. Benny and Woods was strictly a small-town act.

When war came in 1917, Benny enlisted in the United States Navy and was sent to boot camp at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Having listed his profession as "musician" he was assigned to the band. The bandmaster was annoyed when he found Benny played a fiddle. The bandmaster had no use for strings and asked Benny if he could quickly master a flute or a piccolo. Benny's reply was to ask for an easy assignment, like swabbing the deck of a battleship. At this point, some of the sailors got together and decided to stage a show for the men. They got a recreation hall and one after another, each of them did a bit. Benny played some violin selections and was greeted by boos and whistling.

Pat O'Brien, who later became an actor, was in the show, and he whispered to Benny, "For heaven's sake, put down that fiddle and talk." In desperation Benny said to the audience: "I was having an argument with Pat O'Brien about the Irish navy this morning." A wave of

chuckling went through the audience. Benny thereupon ad libbed a series of zany comments about life at Great Lakes and interspersed them with a few bars on the violin.

When the Great Lakes Revue, a nautical equivalent of Irving Berlin's "Yip Yip Yaphank," was put together, Benny Kubelsky found himself playing the comedy role of the "Admiral's Disorderly, Izzy There." Besides playing in several sketches, he also did a humorous piano-and-fiddle act with a fellow sailor, Elzear Confrey, later known to fame as Zez Confrey, who during the 1920's composed "Kitten on the Keys" and "Stumbling."

After the armistice, Benny returned to vaudeville and bought some gags from a writer named Al Boasberg. His act was now called Ben K. Benny: Fiddle Funology, and consisted of ragtime tunes and comedy effects on the violin (such as imitating the squeals of a cat or a pig), with a few gags thrown in. Benny was developing his stage presence and his timing. Audiences loved his trick of rolling his eyes around in a droll manner when he got off something excruciating on his violin. In show-business circles, Benny was considered an imitator of Ben Bernie, then a star on the Orpheum Circuit, who had been doing a talking-and-fiddle act for years. Broadway people even thought that Benny had deliberately chosen his name to deceive the customers. So he decided to change his name to Jack Benny.

The act was now "Jack Benny: Fun with a Fiddle." And it finally became simply, "A Few Minutes With Jack Benny." As time went on, Benny played the fiddle less and less, and spoke more and more. Finally, he ceased to play the violin altogether, but he continued to hold it under his arm to give himself courage.

In vaudeville, Benny was generally considered to have the smartest, subtlest, suavest act. A reviewer in the Times once called him "The most civilized act in vaudeville." He never played for vulgar belly laughs. He stood on the stage expressing unhurried ease and exuding great self-confidence. He almost seemed to feel that nothing mattered very much. As he spoke, in a slow and bored fashion, he would fix his tie, or straighten his breastpocket handkerchief or pick invisible bits of dust off his suit. He didn't seem at all to care for the fact that there was an audience out there. Abel Green, editor of Variety, says, "Benny's delivery in vaudeville was one of the first examples of modern throw-away technique."

Benny's opening line, which he used for years, was celebrated. He would casually lope toward the center of the stage, tuck his violin under his arm, brush his hair back with his left hand, and inquire of the maestro, "How is the show?"

"Fine up to now," the maestro would reply.

"I'll fix *that!*" Benny would say.

Benny's deliberately cultivated suavity on the stage concealed an almost irrational terror of an audience. But nobody watching him ever realized that he was trembling inside and that every line he spoke and every piece of business he did required an effort of will power.

In 1924 he finally achieved the Palace again and was a sensation because his sophisticated routine delighted the hard-boiled Palace audience. He was moved to the best spot, next to closing. The Schuberts signed him for a 1925 revue, "The Great Temptations." He did a twelve-minute monologue just before the end of the first act on opening night. He was so petrified with stage fright that he didn't even know what he was saying and didn't hear the applause. When Robert Benchley reviewed the show in the old Life magazine, he praised Jack Benny's performance and said he had never seen such *savoir faire* on a stage and wondered how a newcomer like Benny could act so blasé.

Around 1927, he became a vaudeville master of ceremonies. He walked on and off during all the other acts and in between the acts, and he introduced each act with a flippant comment. One of his famous remarks occurred at the Palace, when Long Tack Sam, a Chinese magician, opened the bill. After Long Tack Sam made his exit, Benny wandered on stage and drawled, "Vaudeville has certainly changed. I can remember when it took Japs or better to open!"

But in vaudeville Jack Benny was never one of the top-ranking stars. He never earned above two hundred and fifty dollars a week until 1932 when he played the Palace at a substantial increase. Benny's act was caviar to the general and a good many threaters never played him at all because their audiences didn't think he was amusing.

Often, he would go to see his agent, Tom Fitzpatrick, and there would be no work at all for him. Once things got so desperate that when Fitzpatrick got a call from a theater manager in New Jersey, offering twenty-five dollars for an animal act, Benny said he would take the job. He borrowed two Pekingese dogs from the wife of an actor friend and took them to New Jersey. When he made his entrance, he tied the dogs to a piece of scenery and proceeded to tell stories and play some tunes on his fiddle. The audience applauded him, and the manager said it was a peculiar sort of animal act, but he paid Benny the twenty-five dollars. As Jack was leaving, the manager blurted, "Mister, don't your dogs do *any* tricks?"

"Not at these prices," murmured Jack serenely, pocketing the money.

When Benny was in Los Angeles with the road company of "The Great Temptations," in 1926, he visited at the home of a girl, Fifi Marks, whom he had known in vaudeville. Fifi had a vivacious younger sister, Sadye, a black-haired, black-eyed, sharp-tongued girl, who worked as a clerk in a department store.

However, Benny, who was never the sparkling-conversationalist type, did not have much to say to Sadye. He just looked at her. A few weeks later the phone rang in the Marks household at two o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Marks answered it, woke Sadye and said that there was some crazy man telephoning from Canada. It was Jack Benny. Sadye asked him why he had called in the middle of the night, and he replied that he had been thinking of her just then and wanted to say hello. "Is that ALL?" she cried.

A few months later, when "The Great Temptations" was playing Chicago, Sadye was visiting friends there, and Jack had a date with her. He said nothing of his intentions. He took her to meet his father in Waukegan (his mother had died ten years previously). As they were returning to Chicago on the train, Jack suddenly blurted, "I think we ought to get married."

She said, "Why?"

"Well," he stammered, "Dad likes you."

"That's a silly reason."

"Well," he said, "you might go well in the act. I could use a girl in the act."

"That's an even sillier reason."

Jack flushed all over. "Well—uh—I guess, I guess, I love you."

She kissed him.

They were married on January 14, 1927, at the Clayton Hotel in Waukegan. He used her in his vaudeville act before she became the Mary Livingston of his radio show. They have been one of those ideally married Hollywood couples. She is fifteen

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"Kleenex is strong, too!"

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years younger than Jack and has all of the qualities of quickness, adroitness, sharpness that Jack does not have. The one tragedy of their life was that they have been unable to have a child. They adopted a daughter, Joan, in 1935.

In 1928 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed Benny to a long-term contract, but after he did three films, "Hollywood Revue of 1929," "Chasing Rainbows" and "The Medicine Man," and failed to distinguish himself, the movies lost interest in him. In 1931, when he was playing in an edition of Earl Carroll's "Vanities," he began to be worried about the future, because the combination of the talking pictures and the depression was slowly killing off vaudeville. The new medium of radio, which was hiring vaudeville actors, was becoming big business. Benny's friend, George Burns, and his wife, Gracie Allen, had already done a twenty-six-week stint on the air. They advised Jack that this was the coming thing.

When the "Vanities" went on the road, Jack asked Carroll to release him from the contract. He was determined to stay in New York and break into radio.

One day in Lindy's columnist Ed Sullivan, who then conducted a Broadway-atmosphere radio program, invited Jack to be his guest. Together with Al Boasberg, Jack wrote a five-minute spot for himself, which opened, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Jack Benny talking. There will be a slight pause while you say 'Who cares?' I'm going back to pictures in about ten weeks. I'm going to be in a new film with Greta Garbo. They sent me the story last week. When the picture opens, I'm found dead in the bathroom. It's a sort of mystery picture. I'm found in the bathtub on a Wednesday night. You'd really like Garbo. She and I were great friends in Hollywood. She used to let me drive her car all around town. Of course, she paid me for it."

Nobody was impressed by Jack's debut. He sounded vapid and colorless. By 1932, it was clear that vaudeville was shot. Benny, getting panicky, went to William Stein, the president of the Music Corporation of America, a large talent agency, and pleaded for a band which he could lead, in the style of Ben Bernie. MCA said it was not interested because Jack Benny had no "name" value. In desperation, Benny took a night-club date in Miami. His act never went well in night clubs. The noise of the drunks and the waiters bringing food and drinks tended to distract attention from Jack's quiet, subtle delivery. While he was in Florida, his agent, Sam Lyons, wired him that Canada Dry had decided to sponsor him on a new radio program. He would be the master of ceremonies on a twice-a-week half-hour program on Mondays and Fridays over the NBC-Blue Network. Also starring on the program would be George Olsen and his band, and a singer, Ethel Shutta. It was simply a variety show, in which Jack introduced the various musical numbers and told jokes and funny stories directly to the radio audience.

The show ran all summer, and by the end of the summer, Jack and Al Boasberg had exhausted all their vaudeville material and all their variations on the vaudeville material.

"Where," groaned Jack, first uttering a cry that he was to frequently repeat during the succeeding years, "is all the fresh material coming from? Without good material, you're dead." He was terrified as he realized that radio was an insatiable monster that swallowed scripts and demanded new ones incessantly.

George Burns introduced him to Harry Conn, a young gag writer. It was Conn, working with Benny, who created a new

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Smoke Viceroys! No other cigarette gives you such a blend of rich, mild, *luxurious* tobaccos. No other gives you this *exclusive* Viceroy Filter.

Only Viceroy ... no other cigarette ... has this exclusive Viceroy Filter!

*No filter can remove all nicotine and tars, nor does Viceroy make this claim.

formula, a brand new approach in radio.

Instead of reciting lines to the listener at home as if he were speaking from a stage, Benny developed a narrative show with a framework of situations, and a set of characters, on which amusing complications and funny pay-off lines could be hung. It was the great revolution in radio comedy.

"Practically all comedy shows on the radio today," says Fred Allen, "owe their structure to Benny's conceptions. He was the first to realize that the listener is in a living room at home, not in a theater with one thousand other people. When he tunes into the Benny show, it's like tuning into somebody else's home. Benny also was the first comedian in radio to realize that you could get big laughs by ridiculing yourself, instead of your stooges."

Until about 1934, radio comedy was still a reflection of vaudeville material. The laugh shows—of which Jack Pearl's and Ed Wynn's were typical—depended on bizarre situations, unreal and exaggerated characters, a crackling succession of gags, with a "straight" line following hard upon a gag and a gag following hard upon the "straight" line. The comedian always reserved the meaty punch lines for himself. The comedian constantly played with puns and double-meaning lines. Conn developed for Benny fairly real and human characters and situations and had the humor arising out of the characters and the situation. His dialogue sounded conversational instead of artificial. He eschewed puns and other forms of low comedy. Many of the situations were written around Benny's home life. The show usually began with an opening spot, hung around a topic like spring and there would be a series of interchanges between Benny, his girl friend Mary Livingston, who in those days played a dumb role, tenor Frank Parker who played an insulting employee, band-leader Don Bestor, and an announcer, Don Wilson, a two-hundred-and-thirty-pound gentleman of great bonhomie. The second spot on the program usually revolved around the problem of casting for the sketch. After the casting was settled, Parker sang an aria, and the program concluded with the sketch—often a satire of a popular book, play or movie.

Working with Conn during script and reading rehearsals, Benny began to develop a latent talent that he had never suspected was in him. He was a good judge of material, of the good and the bad, and he had an instinctive sense for what would "play" right on the air. As George Burns remarks, "He's the greatest editor of material in the business. He's got the knack for cutting out all the weak slush and keeping in only the strong punchy lines." And, because Benny has an apoplectic appreciation of other peoples' humor, he stimulates his writers.

Nevertheless, Benny's unconventional approach to radio staggered his sponsors, and he won public popularity slowly.

Although the New York World-Telegram poll of radio editors all over the country picked Benny, in 1934, as the best comedian on the air, Canada Dry refused to renew his option, and his next sponsor, Chevrolet, let him go after two seasons because William Knudsen of General Motors said he wasn't funny.

By 1935, he had slowly begun his climb up the ladder of Crossley ratings (the Hooper rating did not become available in radio until later), and he was standing in about ninth place. In 1936 he climbed higher, and, finally, in 1937 he passed Eddie Cantor and was firmly established in first place. Except for an occasional, brief dip, he has remained in the first five of radio ever since, despite all the

The LEFT-HANDED DICTIONARY

section

by Ted Taylor and Leonard Louis Levinson

SABOTAGE Throwing a shoe for bad luck.

SALOON An American institution that attempted to keep liquor from women. (Obsolete.)

SATIRIST A worker in wrought irony.

SATELLITE A stooge for a star.

SAVANT A professor being quoted by a newspaper.

SAVINGS Money that sleeps while you work.

SEANCE Sitting down with a few choice spirits.

SCIENCE The creation of dilemmas by the solution of mysteries.

SCOW A floating hovel.

SENTENCE A group of words starting with a subject and ending with a penitentiary.

SENTIMENTALITY The use of ashes as a fuel.

SEQUEL An author's second wind.

SERVICE The concept of doing something for nothing while doing someone for something.

SEX The formula by which one and one makes three.

SHAKESPEARE A man whose writings are so excellent it is believed someone else must have written them.

SHAMPOO Noodle soup.

SHAVING Washing the face with a sword.

SHROUD A bad habit.

SKEPTICISM The ability to disbelieve anything.

SKULL The house you live in.

SKYSCRAPER A building with its own barbershop.

SLOGAN A war cry in business.

SNICKER To laugh up one's nose.

SOCIALITE An Emily Post-graduate.

SPANKING Applause backwards.

SPEECH Pulling the haystack apart to disclose the needle.

SPRING Nature taking up its option.

STRIKE A labor pain.

SUNSTROKE The heat you wanted last winter.

vicissitudes of time and the coming new stars like Edgar Bergen and Fibber McGee and Bob Hope. As Benny says, "I can't make every program terrifically good but really to hold your nose at it—that I can keep it from. If my first three or four shows in a new season are good, I know I'm safe, because once I hit a good stride my writers and myself will keep on coasting from there, and all my other shows will be good. In radio, the pressure never lets up. In vaudeville, I never played to more than twelve hundred people at any one time, but with radio, in less than one half hour thirty million people can decide that you stink."

In 1941 Niles Trammell, president of NBC, was so awed by Jack's ability to sell Jello that he gave Benny a lifetime option on the network's Sunday night seven P.M. time segment, no matter who sponsored him in the future. Benny is still the only radio artist who has such an arrangement.

Toward the early part of 1936, relations between Benny and his writer, Harry Conn, became strained. Conn, who had started writing for Jack at sixty-five dollars a week, was now receiving thirteen hundred and fifty, the highest salary ever paid to a radio writer up till then. (Benny was the first actor in radio to pay writers good money). Conn believed that it was his imagination and wit that made Benny's success possible, and he believed that he was receiving only a small pittance of what he was really worth. He also wanted credit on the air. Benny refused to mention Conn's name as writer on every program because, he said, some listeners were under the impression that the events narrated on the program were really happening. Finally, Conn said he was going out of town and if Benny wanted any more scripts he could come to the hotel and get them, providing he met the right conditions.

Benny was sitting around the Friar's Club when he received word that Conn was in Atlantic City. It was only four days before the broadcast, and he had no script. He wired Conn: "It's a tossup who'll have a nervous breakdown, you or me, and I'm giving it to you."

With the aid of Goodman Ace, Benny hurriedly put together a script. Benny hired Ed Beloin and Bill Morrow, two writers who remained with him until 1943, when the present team of Sam Perrin, Milt Josefsberg, George Balzer and John Tackaberry took over the creative reins of the program.

Conn sued Benny for sixty thousand dollars, alleging that Benny was still using ideas and characters which he (Conn) had invented. Benny settled the case for ten thousand, and they have been enemies ever since.

It was shortly after this that Benny moved his program to California, and the present shape of it gradually began to form. Rochester emerged on the show in 1936, and Phil Harris came a year later. Mary found Dennis Day while listening to some audition records. Most of the running gags used today date from that period. A running gag usually starts in an accidental fashion. Once, during National Automobile Week, Mary asked Jack if he was going to buy a new car, and he said that he was trading his Stanley Steamer in for a Maxwell, which started the Maxwell theme. Rochester developed when Benny needed a Pullman-porter character for a situation that showed him traveling cross-country in a train. Rochester's gravel-voiced impudence was so perfect a foil for Benny's gentle swagger that he became a permanent part of the show.

In recent years, Rochester's character has been toned down. He no longer shoots

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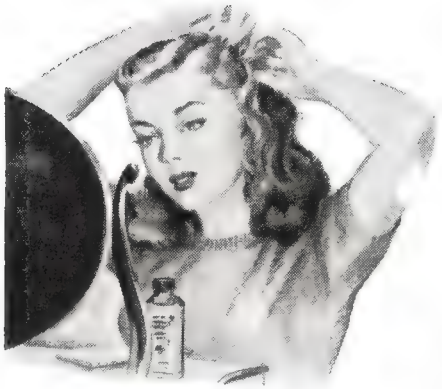

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dice (over the air, at any rate), he has stopped drinking and he leads a less adventurous life with women. The Sportsmen Quartet—considered the funniest single fresh idea in radio comedy during the 1946-47 season—was intended to be merely a one-shot lampooning the Lucky Strike middle commercial. Public reaction was so favorable that the quartet was continued, and every week they sang a different lyric about LS/MFT to some well-known song.

During rehearsals, Benny is a fanatical perfectionist. He oversees every detail of the program—from the way Dennis Day is reading a line to the smallest sound effect.

Once, dissatisfied with the way his sound-effects engineer was producing the rustle of a piece of paper, he had the engineer try it forty times until he was satisfied with the result.

Benny treats his four writers with politeness, deference and even a little humility. During a script conference, Benny is treated as a writer, and his opinions are frequently overruled and he is even criticized severely. When Benny wants to contradict one of his writers, he'll say, very gently, "If you fellers don't mind, I think in here we should have a different twist."

The conferences begin immediately after a broadcast when the four writers go to Benny's dressing room and discuss the next week's program. Then—since each program falls into two broad classifications—the opening or "cast" spot, in which the various members of the cast are introduced; and the closing spot which consists of a dramatization, a guest spot, or some "real" situation such as Benny going to the station to catch a train—the two writing assignments are split. Perrin and Balzer will take one spot, and Josefsberg and Tackaberry will take the other one.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, each team works separately and is in constant telephone communication with Benny. On Thursday, there is a meeting at Benny's house, and the first draft of the script is pounded out. On Friday, there is a second meeting at Benny's house, and the first draft is polished. On Saturday, in Studio L of the NBC building at Vine Street and Sunset Boulevard, there is a reading of the entire script, with the cast and the guest stars.

Then, after lunch, on Saturday, Benny, his writers, his script secretary, Jeanette Eymann, and the producer, Hilliard Marks, who is Benny's brother-in-law, lock themselves in a room and go over the script line by line, word by word. In case of a dispute, a majority vote always rules, and Jack's vote has no more power than any writer's.

Benny is never satisfied with the script. He and his writers continue to polish and rewrite and cut.

On Sunday afternoon there is another editorial session, and up to a few minutes before the broadcast his writers will be bringing him a new line or a better way of saying a line already in the script.

OF THE thirty minutes of broadcast time, about two minutes is taken up by the opening and closing commercials, over which Benny has no control. The rest of the program is entirely in his hands. Of the remaining twenty-eight minutes, about seven are allotted to "spread"—the time consumed by studio applause and laughter. This leaves about twenty to twenty-one minutes of entertainment.

This means, roughly, that Benny receives about one thousand dollars a minute for portraying himself as an egotistic, grasping, avaricious, foolish man with a toupee.

Nevertheless, he recently remarked to a friend, "You take a violinist like a Heifetz or a Szigeti. Headaches like I have, they never know, because in music all you play is the classics, pieces somebody wrote in the year eighteen fifty or nineteen hundred. A guy like Heifetz, he doesn't have to hire four composers and then have to drive himself crazy to have them compose eight numbers for his next concert. He gives the audience the good old Beethoven and Paganini numbers. Also Heifetz doesn't have to worry about his Hooper rating and about vice-presidents of NBC or sponsor trouble or advertising-agency executives. I should have listened to my father and practiced more on the fiddle when I was a boy in Waukegan."

THE END

Men, Too, Have Change of Life (*Continued from page 41*)

make-up. Medical records are now full of cases with one or more nervous symptoms such as loss of self-confidence, excitability, desire to avoid crowds. A corner grocery storekeeper wanted to commit suicide because of terrible moods of depression. A successful lawyer had a fear of impending danger which he couldn't explain but which worried him constantly. An elderly clerk found himself likely to burst into tears on little provocation.

Some men have general symptoms—lassitude, constipation and even vague pains—all traceable to change of life. Many have circulatory signs—hot flashes, chilly sensations, sweating, cold hands and feet. One business man seemingly had heart trouble—breathlessness even when making no great physical exertion, dull pain in the chest, palpitation, long sighing respirations. Yet there was no actual heart trouble; the cause was change of life.

Some doctors say that men suffer more than women from depression, decreased memory, loss of self-confidence, personality changes, numbness and tingling, and the desire to commit suicide.

The acceptance of the idea of the climacteric in men is being hailed as a significant step forward in medical history. It has come only in the last decade or so and not without a considerable fight. Just a dozen years ago, a doctor in Italy, after long study and many attempts to convince his colleagues, wrote despondently: "It is unfortunate that most doctors working in this field are men who refuse to recognize the male climacteric because to do so would mean too often an acknowledgment of their own state."

Less than half a dozen years ago, at an important medical meeting, an outstanding woman psychiatrist made an hour-long plea for recognition of the male climacteric. As she was about to sit down, a distinguished gray-haired doctor jumped to his feet.

"As many of you know," he cried heatedly, "the gracious lady preceding me has been a pupil of mine, an associate and a friend. I've always admired her work and talent. Now I also admire her imagination. I've never listened to such drivel before."

Just as heatedly the lady came back, "I think I know why the good doctor takes that stand. He's in his fifties himself."

Men have known for centuries that as age creeps up on them, sex-gland functioning is likely to slow down. Such knowledge was the impetus behind the searches made throughout the ages for the Fountain of Youth.

But what hasn't been recognized is that

decreasing sexual potency is just one symptom in a whole complex change. Indeed, a man may father children long after the sex glands start tapering off their activity and yet may suffer from change of life. That's one reason why the climacteric has been so difficult to diagnose.

Another is that while in women the evidence that the menopause has been reached is clearly indicated by the cessation of the monthly cyclical activity, there is no such unmistakable physiological sign in men.

In addition, men are not exposed, as women are all their adult lives, to talk of the inevitable "terrible period" ahead for them. Because the psychological changes of the menopause have long been well known, every woman spots them when they happen to her. Men aren't prepared.

Nor, say some doctors, will men *admit* the signs even when they do recognize them. Many of them consider it a reflection on their male superiority to confess that they share with women an experience such as change of life. Not infrequently, even when a man is suffering a great deal, doctors have to pull vital information out of him.

ONE convincing piece of evidence which proves that male menopause can happen is the fact that science has found a cure for it.

In 1935, a Scandinavian chemist developed a hormone identical to that normally occurring in the male sex gland. The hormone is now in commercial production and is known as testosterone.

By administering testosterone, doctors have been able to eliminate alarming symptoms of male menopause even in the most extreme cases. Obviously, if testosterone can accomplish this, it must be because the troubles result from a shortage of the hormone that follows the decreasing activity of the sex glands.

For Mr. X testosterone worked wonders within a few weeks, returning him to his normal self again. One doctor treated six men who complained of weakness, restlessness, irritability, muscular pains and even crying jags. When they were given small doses of the hormone one to three times weekly, for periods ranging from six weeks to three years, their complaints vanished.

Another physician treated 234 men whose average age was 53.7 years and whose symptoms varied from depression and suicidal attempts to hot flashes and constipation. The men were given testosterone every other day, omitting Sunday, for the first month, then twice a week for the second month and, finally, once a week or as often as necessary to keep the symptoms under control. Results were excellent.

A third doctor treated eight patients who complained of heart trouble. Their symptoms were dull chest oppression, breathlessness, sharp lightning-like pains. Within twenty-four to forty-eight hours after getting testosterone, all symptoms were gone.

The action of the hormone isn't hard to understand. There is a relationship between the sex glands and certain other important glands in the body which are called endocrine or ductless glands and include the pituitary, thyroid, thymus and adrenal. How far that relationship goes and the exact working of it isn't fully understood yet. But it is known that as the sex glands secrete less testosterone, other glands must readjust to the new condition. If the need for readjustment is too abrupt and too profound, the temporary maladjustment results.

It's now known, too, that the male hormone helps the body store tissue sugar

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or glycogen. It happens that the brain and the heart are especially dependent on steady supplies of glycogen. A decrease in the amount of testosterone and a consequent lowering of the body's inventory of glycogen thus helps explain the inability to concentrate and the confused state of mind common to many men going through change of life. It also helps explain why some men complain of heart trouble even though there is no actual disease of the heart. The same factor accounts, at least in part, for extreme physical fatigue. And, in addition, the sex hormone seems to influence the strength and actual volume of muscle tissue via its effect on the body's use of protein food.

"As a result of testosterone," says Dr. McGavack, "the physician today can approach treatment of the change of life in the male with as much confidence as he has for years cared for the corresponding distress period in the female."

There has been some misunderstanding among laymen on testosterone. A common impression is that it is a rejuvenator in the sense of restoring potency. Doctors make no promises on this score. In fact, they state that in only a small percentage of cases where potency has been lost does the hormone restore it.

Doctors use testosterone simply to help a man over the period when his body is readjusting to lessened glandular secretion. It's a period that may last six months to six years. The hormone is used as often as necessary. When symptoms no longer return after testosterone therapy has been stopped, it's an indication that the body has achieved stability and a new glandular relationship has been established.

Important as testosterone is, however, there is something of even greater importance. Many doctors—psychiatrists especially—advocate the widest possible dissemination of the facts about the male climacteric. If, they say, men—and women, too—knew the facts, much unhappiness could be avoided.

Not all men are fated to suffer greatly in the climacteric, just as not all women do. Many men, indeed, would suffer far less and perhaps not at all—even without the assistance of testosterone—if it weren't for ignorance.

Not long ago, one intelligent man—intelligent, that is, about everything except the climacteric—noted that not only was his virility decreasing but, too, his voice was cracking, his abdomen drooping and his breasts growing slightly more prominent.

The man was on the verge of suicide because of a horrible suspicion—that he was changing sex. It took a doctor's long, patient explanation of the climacteric to convince this man that he was not unique and to rid him of his bizarre notion.

Men frequently worry themselves sick over climacteric symptoms—needlessly. A fifty-five-year-old assistant department head in a large financial company had to be sent by his superiors to a psychiatrist. He had always done a good job, but lately his irritability had nettled his associates and his inattentiveness had produced costly mistakes. The psychiatrist recognized immediately that the man was on the edge of a nervous breakdown.

To find the reason for it, however, took much probing. The man, it seemed, had been noticing little episodes of dizziness now and then. He had, too, experienced a slight feeling of declining vigor. These were symptoms of the climacteric, but they were not at all serious ones. But the man had always been worrisome and insecure. Now, in his mind, he had tortured his slight ailments into the makings of a major catastrophe. They meant, he had decided, that he was unnaturally old before his time—he was through.

They didn't mean that at all, of course. And when he learned that his symptoms probably would be only temporary, that if he took it easy and gracefully accepted the period of adjustment his body was going through, without worrying about it, he would be helping himself, he regained confidence and resumed his job.

Because of ignorance, men make fools of themselves in other ways. One prominent businessman, whose domestic life had been happy for thirty years, went on a "fling."

When he finally consulted a psychiatrist, it turned out that his fling was his unconscious attempt to prove to the world that he was still a "man." He believed himself unique in experiencing lessening vigor and desire. He found happiness at home again as soon as he realized that there was no need to prove anything, and that there was nothing unusual about going through change of life.

THERE is often a double tragedy for men who, out of ignorance, blame their lessening desire on long familiarity with their wives and who look for inspiration in new faces. Not only do they break up their homes but also, ironically, they may make themselves impotent far earlier.

For the start of change of life does not necessarily mean that a man is doomed to early impotency. If there is a lessening of desire, he may nevertheless be able to procreate for years. But worrying can have a kind of freezing effect. And the "fling" and rushing about may contribute. One medical authority in the field states that rest and lowered physical output helps conserve the male hormone. Its conservation may mean longer-lasting potency and freedom from many of the discomforts of the climacteric.

It's just as important for women, as for men, to know about the male climacteric. One psychiatrist tells of a man who had become a completely unhappy individual, was neglecting his business and even harboring suicidal intentions. He was in change of life, and his wife mistook the meaning of his lessening desire in the sex realm.

"There must be another woman," she proclaimed constantly and tearfully. His inability to convince her that there wasn't another woman led to worry and inability to tend to his affairs.

The case isn't unusual. Nor are the cases of marital unhappiness and even divorce when men become temporarily gloomy, irritable or forgetful, and their wives, with no understanding of what is happening, take the symptoms as personal affronts.

Women, who know what their husbands' understanding can do for them as they go through the menopause, can do much if they recognize the similar need when their husbands go through the climacteric. Such understanding can prevent a great deal of the hell of the period and save many marriages.

Change of life is a period of disturbance—but usually only a temporary one. A man's own knowledge, plus his wife's help, will often enable him to come through happily, with a minimum of disturbance and a maximum of confidence in his ability to stick with his job, maintain his vigor, enthusiasm, initiative and usefulness. Many men in their sixties and seventies are energetic and aspiring after having gone through a period of nervousness and fatigue in their forties and fifties.

Knowledge and understanding can go far to help lessen the disturbances of change of life. And, reassuringly enough, medicine, where necessary, can go the rest of the way.

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Unless Love Is Music

(*Continued from page 63*)

his overcoat pocket, brought out a pair of white satin sandals. "Here, these too. A hostess can't go barefoot."

The slippers fit. He had filched her shoe size from her closet. The thought of Sam like a St. Bernard rustling secretively among her clothes undid her. "You're too good to me. I don't think I can stand it."

"You're not going to cry, Fay Burridge." He supported her chin, her shoulders as though she were a flower out of water. "Get up those stairs before I wallop you. Get dressed. You're going to knock them dead tonight."

As she sheathed herself in lace and tulle the wish to make him a gift swelled within her. But she had nothing of her own; her checking account had been started, was nourished by him; her car, her jewels were gifts from him. She had come to him with nothing but a meager wardrobe and a few bills—a fine dowry.

She would strangle of love and gratitude, she thought, unless she could spill her feeling into some offering, some pleasure for him. What would reward him? What could he brag about? What would delight him? Be careful, she told herself.

But his dress turned her into a white winter hollyhock, and as she went downstairs to him she did not feel careful.

In the little bar off the living room he had been checking his supplies for tonight. When he saw her he held the silver lid of the ice bucket before his heart like a shield. "You're not exactly ugly," he said, but in such a tone as men might wish to hear their poems read.

She strolled and wheeled as she knew he wished. "This dress is so beautiful it ought to be on a stage to be seen by thousands. On—a concert platform."

"Well, now that you've got the dress, all you need are the singing lessons."

"Not singing. The piano. I—used to play the piano."

"So did I. 'Chopsticks' and 'The Old Folks at Home.'"

She plunged. "No, I mean I—well once I was going to be a concert pianist."

"You mean you really play the piano? No kidding." This was a gift indeed; he shook his head with wonder. "What do you think?" he asked the invisible gods. "My baby can play the piano! My baby is good enough for concert piano playing!"

"I never actually gave a concert."

"But you *thought* about it! I guess in a hundred years I'll still be finding out things about you."

Then she laughed because she had made him happy. And because, although he spoke as though he had spent years exploring her, he had known her for two months and eight days.

Sam Burridge was a prosperous building contractor, and during off seasons in the construction business he had been given to bachelor jauntings about the country—Chicago, Miami, New York. He had said, and thought it true, that a man needs a little relaxation once in a while, to see some shows, to get some sunshine. But actually, romantic as a Victorian, he had been seeking a woman to furnish and beautify his life. Graying, ruddy, a solid citizen, a man's man; he had been looking for love.

He knew plenty of women; he liked them and had a modest knowledge that some of them—Celeste Pfauffer, for instance—would have been glad to marry him. Celeste was a swell girl and a good pal, but she wasn't *it*. Dancing with

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Celeste was just good dancing; she didn't make him want to waltz. Drinking with her was Scotch and soda, not champagne. And kissing her was like putting your lips to a doorknob. So he had gone around with Celeste, as with the other girls he knew, and, wily as only a dream-troubled bachelor can be, he had managed never to ask the question.

And several times a year when he could get away for a week or two he had gone off on his businessman vacations, and in his neat businessman luggage he carried his heart to give away.

The last trip he took had been to New York. One night during his stay he had been invited to dine at the home of acquaintances and his hostess, with the standard promise of matchmakers, had said she knew just the girl for Sam. He had come to the dinner party ready for his thousandth disappointment, only to find that the ridiculous prophecy was true. She had known just the girl for him, and the girl was Fay.

Sam Burridge had the most profound pity for every man to whom love had not happened as it happened to him. You sit next to a girl at a dinner table, and she's not the prettiest girl you've ever seen; she's pale and small, and she doesn't wear any make-up except lipstick and not much of that. She doesn't have anything exciting to say, and even you, who can't tell satin from serge, know her clothes aren't new or expensive. Still you look at this girl, and she looks at you with the eyes of a ten-year-old in trouble; and her mouth is serious as though she knows she's on trial and bang—or rather, hush, because there's no noise to it—it happens. You're in love and going no place unless this stranger goes along.

For years Burridge's friends had been teasing him: "Good old Sam, he'll never get hooked by any girl. Just too cautious." Sometimes he had been afraid they were right, so it was with a rush of gladness that he realized now he was not going to be discreet or prudent. He was going to burn his bridges as fast as he could find a match.

After dinner he braved his hostess. "You were right. This is the girl for me. Let me take her away from here. I haven't got any polite stuff to say to her."

The seeress was annoyed by her own success. "There goes a bridge hand and my poker game. After all these years you might wait an hour or two . . . Oh, all right, provided you let me know the moment you become engaged."

"After all these years there isn't time for an engagement. I'll phone you when we're married."

Then he had gone into the living room and sought out the little pale girl. "Which is your coat? I'll get it for you. You and I are leaving."

"All right," she said without a smile. Not mournfully either, but as though she had been expecting a summons and was ready for it.

Downstairs, out of doors, he would not even flag a taxi until this thing was settled. He made the sidewalk his forum. "I'll never bother you with questions. All I have to know is your last name and are you free?" The sky was tilted so her face was the moon below him. "On second thought, never mind your last name."

"I am—free," she said, and it was to be a long time before he remembered how she paused before the word. Then she smiled, and he saw that under her quiet there was radiance. "Will you need my address and telephone number?"

"Never clutter the mind with information you'll only use for a day or two." Suddenly he grew weak; his courage melted like snow under the heat of hope. "Do you know what I'm talking about?"

Nothing is more tender than the pity of the small for the large. "Don't be upset. It could be you're offering me a job."

"I've messed it up already. It's not a job."

"It's not a guessing game either, is it? Tell me."

"All right. I will. I want you to marry me, and if you won't I'll walk off right now, and I never want to see you again."

She faced him squarely. Behind her stretched miles of sidewalk striped light and dark, velvety by night as a tiger's pelt. "Could you smile when you say that? So I'd know it would make you happy. You look so miserable."

Suddenly it was easy to talk to her. "The reason I feel bum is because I can't see any reason why you should marry me. I'm not handsome or romantic——"

"You're big," she said. "You look strong. You look healthy."

"You'd have to move to Ondega. The whole town would fit into Central Park. You'd be bored stiff."

"I come from a small town. I like shady streets and big back yards."

He groaned. "It would never do. My God, I'm forty-five!"

"And I'm thirty."

"I'm rough. Not dressy the way I look here in New York. Working on construction I come home with muddy feet. A girl like you—you couldn't stand it."

She sighed. "Years from now, when I'm an old maiden lady, I can tell my cat and my canary that I could have been married if the man had stopped talking long enough to let me say 'Yes.'"

He stood still as a big tree the second before it crashes. "Lord! You said—you mean you—I don't know what to do."

"I'll tell you what to do. First call a taxi. We'll get in it. Then give the driver my address with which I have already offered to supply you. Then you can rest or talk or look out of the window. Or—if you really want to—you can kiss me. It makes it more formal."

MR. AND MRS. SAM BURRIDGE. Within the week they were married and established in Sam's house in Ondega. They were so anxious to begin building the tissue of marriage that neither of them wanted a honeymoon. Like a child with a new game, Fay studied the rules of housekeeping. Sam was a lover on fire, a husband on tiptoe, and an Aladdin's lamp capable of granting wishes before they were conceived.

It was fun to give her things. She had no jewelry, no furs. Not even any perfume which he had thought women considered as necessary as soap. Evidently the salary from the job she had had in New York, receptionist to a doctor, had been enough to keep her only decently housed and fed. She had no relatives; her parents had died years before, and there was much of the child orphan about her. She received his every gift with intensity, like a foundling a trip to the circus.

Living with her offered more joy than even Sam with his mature dreams had imagined possible. She had a disposition like wild-grape jelly, sweet and a little strange; she was loving without the reserve or coyness he had expected to have to put up with in a woman, and she was what wives rarely are to slavishly devoted husbands—divinely kind. There was not a day when Sam did not shake his head with the amazement of it—a fool in his forties to have married a stranger and to find her—perfect!

Though friends, male and female, always resent the marriage of a long-time bachelor, after a few meetings Sam's gang accepted Fay. They entertained the

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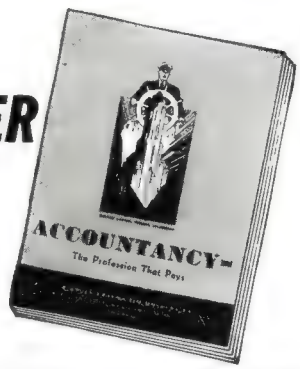

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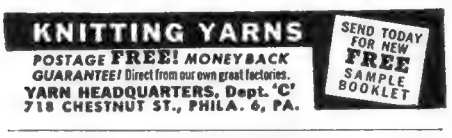
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newlyweds at small dinners and cocktail parties, ready to sympathize with good old Sam, ready to find his wife faulty and undeserving. But she was simple, she was grateful for attentions, and she was not too pretty. They liked her.

Of course Celeste Pfauffer. . .

It was hard on poor Celeste, naturally. There were those who were sure Celeste had divorced Earl Pfauffer because Sam had much more money, and Sam was always nice to her. Celeste could scarcely be blamed for continuing to mine for blemishes in Fay long after the others had pronounced her excellent. Still, even Celeste would soon have to be smilingly quiet or be left out of Ondega's best parties, the worst punishment which can befall a small-town divorcee. By the night of the Burridges' dinner Celeste was nearly ready to subside.

The local form—and Sam, for all his masculinity, had been observant enough to note it and instruct Fay—was for the newly married to be entertained and, after a decent period, for them to reciprocate in good style. After that, social acceptance was considered complete. The dinner tonight, therefore, was more than a party; it was part of a ritual: graduation, confirmation. It had to be good.

Sam Burridge had a cook, and the cook liked the bride and was willing to attempt a roast filet of beef rather than the standard Ondega company menu of turkey, chicken or baked ham. Fay was cautious; not too many innovations; parfaits as dessert instead of soufflé, coffee at the table instead of in the living room . . .

To Fay nothing of this was trivial. She had wakened to find herself in heaven, and if staying with Sam in heaven meant she had to serve raw worms in order to receive the approval of his friends, then herself would she go to the garden to dig them!

At the proper hour the Burridges stood poised, waiting. The guests came punctually, and like a wave breaking, the party commenced.

Fay was an etiquette book's dream of a good hostess. She remembered that Mrs. Mitchell Havenstrike liked to talk about art—any art; that Havenstrike himself should be seated with consideration for a faulty left ear, and that Dr. Rome took tea, two lumps, instead of coffee. By the time dinner was over, approbation bathed her, and she glistened in it.

Her white gown belling, she led the way back to the living room resolved to spend some minutes, at once, with Celeste Pfauffer. She had recognized at first meeting the dangerous and frightening eye of envy; she hoped to close it with soft words and flattery. There was a nice little place on the love seat next to Celeste, and before the bridge tables were set up, Fay placed herself there, smiled at her pink-blond neighbor. "Your dress is so becoming, Celeste," she said. They were already first-name enemies.

Mrs. Pfauffer looked down at her dress with the proper surprise at finding herself wearing it. "I've had it ages," she observed without enthusiasm. "I ate too much," discontentedly. Then with another suddenly direct flip of conversation, "I wish there weren't going to be cards. I wish there were a piano here so you could play for us."

"What?" startled.

"Sam says you're marvelous. Heavens, according to him there's never been anyone in Ondega who can play like you."

I should have known, Fay thought. Unguarded, her glance went to Sam busy talking into Mitchell Havenstrike's good ear. Talking and looking at her. Talking about her. His pride in her rippled across the room and set her blushing.

She forgot to be polite to Celeste Pfauffer, went directly across the gray broadloom to Mitchell Havenstrike to find she was already too late. "Say, Fay, why didn't you tell us about yourself? Sam says you're terrific at the piano."

. . . and Geraldine Rome, "My dear, I'm so sorry I didn't know you played the piano. I'd have insisted. I've been longing to hear some good music."

. . . and Lil Havenstrike, "Next time we do our Ondega Revue, will you . . . ?"

To each of his guests Sam had gone, happy and clumsy as a pup with a ball, to have his treasure admired. There was nothing casual about the way in which he had announced that his wonderful wife played the piano. Not just a parlor talent; no, sir, she was a concert artist!

As she understood what he had done, Fay closed her eyes. She opened them again, looked at her hands, put her hands behind her as though they might betray her. How fortunate that Ondega liked its game of bridge better than conversation. The tables were occupied now, the contented silence chipped only by the riffle of cards. People are disinterested in everything which does not directly concern themselves, she consoled herself. By the time the evening was over, the losses paid, the winnings accepted, everyone would have forgotten Fay Burridge and the piano. Even Sam.

SHE forgot it herself and accepted, with ease and innocence, the invitation to Dr. and Mrs. Rome's mid-January tea.

It was Sunday. Pleasant to come into the warm house from the snowy blue cold; pleasant to salute Geraldine Rome at her tea table and be greeted by her as an intimate.

How good the Lord is, Fay thought, to let me live in Ondega and visit a house like this where I am already accredited enough to know where the powder room is, where I am allowed to stand before the fire like any long-time family friend. How good He is to let me belong to Sam.

Composed and happy she explored the salads, the tea sandwiches, moved aside a little to permit Geraldine Rome to leave the table. With the passive interest of the other guests she watched her hostess turn in the center of the floor, gently clapping her hands for attention. "Everyone—please listen! Shh, please! Among us is a very talented lady. I know that if we give her our attention she will favor us with some music. Let me present one whom we have already learned to love—Mrs. Sam Burridge. Fay?"

As though this had been happening since the beginning of the world and would grind on forever, Fay watched Geraldine Rome turn to the great black grand piano which squatted like a three-legged frog, pull out the bench and, with a little turn of her hands, make offering of the beast to Fay.

There were eyes on her face, hot as sunspots on paper, and the sound of clapping hands—Sam's loudest, leading all the others. With their eyes, their hands, they willed her forward, but she pressed back a step, two steps towards the door. "I—can't," she heard herself say. "Please—I just can't."

Geraldine Rome came to Fay, put the official arm of a hostess about her. "Now don't be shy, my dear. Perhaps I shouldn't have sprung this on you, but we are so anxious to hear you." And Dr. Rome, his tolerant, serious eyes intent on Fay, came close to whisper, "Just give 'em 'Over the Waves.' Anything to shut 'em up."

"No," she cried. "I haven't practiced! I can't suddenly sit down like this before a crowd and play. I can't."

It was as though there had been an accident. The other guests, like passers-

by, crowded closer to Fay, the injured. Closest of all came Celeste. "Oh, play anything! We'll make allowances, won't we, Sam?"

Then Fay understood how substantial a heaven marriage might be. Sam stood beside her, facing the others, aligning himself with her. "Naturally she can't play just cold like this. You have to do scales and things, don't you, baby, before you can turn it on for company? Now if you want to hear music, *I'll* play for you, 'Chopsticks.'"

Tactfully Dr. Rome turned the radio on, full and loud. More people wanted to hear Walter Winchell than were interested in Fay Burridge's music; Geraldine Rome helped matters by deciding that the moment had come when cocktails could be substituted for tea, and finally Sam and Fay were left alone. With Celeste. Who put a pretty hand on each of them and said, "Poor darling! That must have been hideously embarrassing." But her head turned to indicate that Sam was the darling who had been humiliated. To Sam she said, "You are naughty not to have bought Fay a piano."

The trap was set. It had black and white ivory teeth and a hideous yard-long grin.

OF COURSE he bought a piano. A grand piano of the most famous make. An enormous one. To accommodate it a sofa and two tables had to be removed from the living room. The afternoon of its delivery he took Fay with him on a building-inspection trip and when they came home in the evening, there it was. The surprise. The gift which might, she felt with a quick icing of her veins, end all other gifts from Sam. Which might end *them*.

"There's your music box, baby," he said, "Look all right?"

He was so anxious. So sweet. She forced herself to the black beast; she touched its sleek hide. She even managed to turn back the long lip which shielded the keys. "It's beautiful," she said and stood paralyzed as though she had met this creature in a nightmare.

Tactfully he went into the bar to give her a minute's privacy while she became acquainted with her piano, came back with a drink for himself and the evening paper. "Don't pay any attention to me," he said. "I'll just sit here and read. You try it out."

She closed the keyboard. "It will need tuning; a piano always does when it's been moved."

"Even a new one?"

"Even a new one."

"Couldn't you—just let me hear how it sounds even if it's all out of tune?"

She had not known Sam could make her feel this panic. Frightened and sharp she said, "Look, I'll have to have privacy for this. A piano tuner and then privacy until I get back in practice. And let's not talk about it any more."

He tried to keep the injury out of his voice. "Okay, honey. Shall I fix a drink for you too?" He was so big and clumsy and sweet, lifting himself from his comfortable chair, that she thought he would break her heart.

She had never before asked him for privacy. Their marriage had been open as a meadow. But now, around the awkward shape of a grand piano, the first walls were built.

SHE had a name for her piano. *Sin* she called it. It was black as sin, conspicuous as sin, ineradicable as sin.

They had to pass it half a hundred times a day; on the way to and from breakfast, lunch, dinner; on the way to the bar, to the kitchen, to the sun room;

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At the first blush of Womanhood

by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

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there was no way to cover it; nothing was large enough to hide it. As though it were a transient which she would not guarantee to shelter, she had not permitted as much as a vase of flowers to be placed on it. Neither was it, in the comfortable way common to most household pianos, used as a catch-all for hats, packages, magazines. It was bald as sin.

Except during the visit of the piano tuner whom Sam had sent the day after its arrival, it had never uttered a sound. It had not even complained discordantly as a dustcloth went over its keys. The keyboard was locked. Silent as sin it was, yet it spoke very loud in the Burridge household.

Since the first day Sam had not mentioned the piano; he had never again asked her to play for him. Neither did Fay speak of it; the subject was taboo. Grouped around it were other, related subjects of which they rarely talked: musicians, music in general. Even when they hummed they were self-conscious.

When one subject in marriage is forbidden, others dry up. More than that, the forbidden topic becomes the most important of all, so that other things seem scarcely worth mentioning.

It grew to mean more than music—that piano. Unless love is music.

The winter cracked, flooded in sun and melting snow into spring. And still *Sin* sat waiting in the Burridge parlor for its owner to try its voice.

IN THE town of Ondega there were others who knew about the piano and had not forgotten that Mrs. Burridge played it. Or was supposed to play it. It was a little queer, wasn't it? But most people were too polite, too disinterested to dwell on such small queer things.

But there was one who was neither polite nor disinterested. Celeste Pfauffer. The most engrossing things in Celeste's life that winter and spring were Fay Burridge, her grand piano and the diminution of Sam's radiance. These matters, she thought, were not unconnected.

You never know. One thing might lead to another, and it would not be the first marriage to be broken, and maybe Sam would understand how much better off he'd be to marry a girl he had known all his life than a stranger who thought she could get away with any claims she wanted to make. Concert pianist, indeed!

In April, Mrs. Mitchell Havenstrike always began to plan the Ondega Revue which was performed annually in June. She was pleased this year that Celeste Pfauffer took such an active interest in the work and—Celeste being free and husbandless—granted her the tedious job of rounding up the talent for the show.

The first telephone call made by Mrs. Pfauffer was to Mrs. Burridge. "Fay dear, we'd like you to do a solo with dancers. Sort of a 'Dreams of the Piano.' Something classic . . . you choose it . . . we'll do a ballet to describe the music."

"It's impossible," Fay said. "I'm much too busy." She almost forgot to say, "Thanks, anyway."

"It's a pity you're so shy," Celeste said sympathetically. "But look, I know you'll be willing to do this for us—act as our rehearsal pianist, accompany the dancers—you know. We'll have a full orchestra for the performances, naturally; all we need is someone to sort of—keep time. Easy, even if you *weren't* concert caliber."

At last Fay spoke, painfully pushing the words along the wires. "I'm sorry. It's impossible. I haven't the time."

"But, my dear! With competent help? And no children? Too busy?"

"I'm sorry." And Fay hung up, knowing her rudeness to be foolish. This would not be ended by the breaking of a phone connection.

Nor was it. Sam Burridge received a call at his office. "Seems like old times to be phoning you," Celeste said cozily. "And as usual, I want your help." After her divorce and before his marriage she had brought him all her lone-woman problems of investments and taxes. "But this time I want your help about Fay."

"What about Fay?" He was the watchdog, bristling. Even an old friend must not presume on this subject.

"Well, simply that we'd love to have her for the Ondega Revue. We need her, really. And she turned me down."

"I guess Fay knows better than anybody what she wants to do."

"But Sam, this is more than a casual thing. That's why I'm calling you. I want you to intercede. You know Fay's been popular here since the day you brought her. We've all just loved her. Well now I wouldn't tell you about this unless I were really an old friend, a good friend. Some of the women are beginning to be hurt with Fay. They know what a wonderful pianist she is, and yet she won't play. First it was Geraldine Rome and now Lil Havenstrike. They think Fay doesn't consider them good enough to hear her music. Now for myself——"

He cut in roughly, "What do you want me to do about it, Celeste?"

Her own voice grew more brisk. "Explain it to her. Naturally she doesn't understand a small town. You can't just go on refusing and refusing in a town like this. Already, people are talking."

"Talking about what?" Business acquaintances of Sam Burridge's would have been frightened of this tone.

Celeste was not. "What would you think they'd talk about when someone's supposed to be a wonderful pianist and has never been heard to play a note?"

"Listen, Celeste. Don't bother me with your cat clubs. If you meant this kindly, I thank you kindly. But I'm too busy to listen to such trash. Good-by."

Nevertheless he went home for lunch.

Fay opened her arms to him. "What a wonderful surprise! Real rural life. Farmer Burridge up from the fields for his noon dinner."

As they went into the dining room they looked into each other's eyes so as not to see the piano.

During luncheon Fay bustled as though she were really an old-time farmer's wife, making sure the meal was plentiful and tasty, urging his unwilling appetite, chattering out of her surprise and pleasure at his presence. "I love seeing you in the daytime, Sam, not just at night. It makes me feel I'm really part of your working life."

Heavily he said, "Fay, I want to talk to you. I want to talk where no one can listen. Come and sit with me in the car."

She quieted at once. To her lips returned the look he'd first noticed, of patiently awaiting trial. She brought her light spring coat and went with him out of the house, into his car at the curb.

Across the street an ambitious neighbor had begun the first lawn mowing of the season. Its whirr was peaceful, domestic as a cricket's song.

His eyes straight ahead, Sam held the wheel of the parked car. "Fay, I have never asked you for a favor. Now I want one. That musical-show thing is coming up. I want you to play the piano for it."

"Don't ask me that." Her eyes were on the road too, as though she saw dangerous curves ahead.

"I do ask it. Everything's been—good—between us, Fay. I don't know any better way to say it. Everything was good between us."

"*Was?*"

"Till the piano."

"I see."

"Play once. I'll never ask you again."

The mower across the street sang over the lawn; a whistling boy distributed handbills. She shivered as though all sound had become pain to her. "You mustn't ask me."

"Then I ask an explanation."

A marriage, like any other partnership, may ask for an auditing of the books. What they reveal may, as in business, determine the health of the enterprise. But in this case, she thought, there is no outside, impartial auditor. I could tell him anything. The ledgers are in my sole possession, and they are locked. "Are you sure you want to hear?"

"Look, Fay, I didn't ask you. You *volunteered* it; you said you played the piano."

Out of love and gratitude she had wished to make him a gift. . . Remembering that, she almost smiled. "All right," she said. "I should have told you this before we were married. Only—remember?—you didn't even want to know my last name. Well, all right. The story of my life can be told in two words. Music. And ambition. I am—I was—a very capable pianist. I had worked—sweated—to become a concert artist. I went to Italy, to study. I was terribly poor. But in Sicily I had a teacher . . ."

She looked at him quickly as though he might already have guessed the rest. But his eyes were on the peaceful street.

"This teacher—a man—thought I was talented. He thought I was—pretty, too. We became lovers. On my part it was like gratitude. He was very good to me; my lessons were free, and all one year he supported me. Otherwise I would have had to come back to New York, get a job, stop studying."

"What was his name?" His voice was as though it had been stored too long.

"That doesn't matter. He's—gone. You'll see. Sam, I was almost ready to make my debut, and I thought it only fair to tell him that things were—over between us. I would come back to the United States to begin my career; he must forget me. I wanted to end it. I thought it wouldn't matter to him. That was how little I knew about—love affairs."

"Quit saying 'love affairs.'"

"Shh! I wanted to end it. I told him. It was at his studio on the cliffs above the sea. I was playing. It was a concerto. Sam," she said, crossing her arms tight, holding them to stop the trembling, "Sam, while I was playing he went to the French windows and jumped out. They—found him on the rocks; they called it an accident."

The lawn mowing was over. The neighbor now tidied his job with shears which flashed bright as mirrors.

". . . I've never been able to touch the piano since. It makes me cry, terribly; it makes me sick, faint. I went to a doctor finally, a psychiatrist. He told me not to force it, that maybe someday I'd be able to play again. That's why I changed my work. . . Maybe someday. . . . But I can't yet. I can't."

"You don't have to. Don't worry about it." Heavily, impersonally he patted her arm. "Guess I'd better get back to my office. Sorry I made you hash the whole thing over." He opened the door for her to get out. "See you tonight."

He heard her unspoken appeal. He kissed her but as he never had before, with embarrassment, apologizing that he could do no better. Tilting her cheek as though there were pain where he had kissed her, she went steadily up the curved walk, never looking back.

It was next morning before he could bring himself to call Celeste. He was

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brief. "Listen, I've forbidden Fay to play for the Revue. Her health won't stand it."

"Her health—my heavens, I didn't know there was anything wrong with her! Just a little thing like playing?"

"I don't want to hear any more about it, Celeste. Ever."

In her voice there was a pure note of pleasure. "Don't you think another thing about it. Sam—even if nobody else understands, *I* do!"

THOSE who have known the rich satisfaction of a perfect relationship do not surrender it easily. Sam and Fay tried to recapture what they had had. He continued to buy gifts for her, but the ideas no longer came spontaneously. If he failed to note their monthly anniversaries on his desk calendar, he forgot them altogether. Fay's intense delight in Sam and what he did for her was present too, but as rouge may be present on a cheek which no longer generates its own color.

They traveled their separate, sterile paths of constraint. Where they were going they did not know. To the miserable marriage which is just a bad habit—to separation—or to divorce. It might be any of these, and separately they grieved. But separately.

They began, more and more, to want to be with other people. Failing a bridge game of an evening, they went to the movies where they would not have to talk until the film was over, and then only about the people they had seen.

But as fiction is derived from truth, sometimes it may return to truth. One evening they saw a movie about a marriage which was ruined by jealousy and broken confidence and afterwards, instead of suggesting a soda, Sam said, "Let's go home. Maybe we can—talk."

She knew what he meant. Maybe they could break this membrane of silence which walled them away from each other. "Maybe we can," she said. She was hopeful and excited.

In their bedroom they were awkward as though this were their wedding night. Neither of them began the usual routine of undressing, toothbrushing. Sam sat on the bed, Fay on the dressing-table stool, and they looked at each other.

"Will you talk about him—that music teacher? It might help me," Sam said.

With a kind of patient courtesy she answered at once. "All right. What do you want me to say?"

"I don't know. What kind of guy was he? How did you—feel about him? Were there—many others besides him?"

She winced. "When I knew him, I didn't know there was a Sam Burridge in the world. You must remember that."

"I do remember it. But it doesn't seem to help." His fist came down noiselessly again and again on the bed. "I tell myself that after all I was no lily when I married you. I ask myself, 'Who do I think I am to sit in judgment on you?' It's all neat and modern in my head, but I can't do anything with my emotions!"

As though she took his pain along with her own, she rocked back and forth. "I'm so sorry for us. So terribly sorry."

"Me, this town, everything you've got is second choice with you. I know that now. That guy was tied up with the life you really wanted—your music, your career. . . I can't stand it that all I know is really your shell—what's left of you after—what happened."

In a stricter, cooler voice she said, "If I talk about all that, will it help really? Or will it just be grinding on an aching tooth?"

"I don't know."

"You just want to torture yourself, isn't that it?"

"That's it." His voice was dry powder. "Anything you told me I'd just hate you more. Let's go to bed."

Long after he slept she sat in the bathroom, locked in with the word *"hate."* It did not belong to a man like Sam; she had given it to him with her "gift;" now it was returned to her, pointed at her heart. There was nothing she could do.

THERE was nothing she could do. It had to be done for her. And it was not done out of kindness.

Sam had refused to go to the opening of the annual Ondega Revue, although Fay had bought tickets.

"Tear them up. Give them away," he said, "Or go alone." He spoke like an enemy; worse—like a stranger.

"Please," she said. "They're aisle seats, down front. Celeste saved them for us. She said you never missed a Revue."

"Then this will be the first time."

She had to run after him to keep him in the room for her final, screened plea. "If we don't go we'll be so—conspicuous."

"Considering your foreign travels and your experiences—small-town talk seems to mean a lot to you . . . All right, skip it. We'll go."

She wore a long-sleeved black dinner dress of the required formality, but it seemed to her that she looked smaller and smaller, as though she were melting away. The jewelry Sam had given her was too heavy to carry; even her wedding ring was loose.

In his tuxedo he looked muted too, dimmed. They rode quietly to the Town Club where the Revue would be performed, took their aisle seats and sat in silence. They had been married less than a year.

Between greetings to friends they read their programs. Fay's eyes would not go beyond the line, "Special thanks to Mrs. Lester Field for her assistance at the piano during rehearsals," while Sam studied, as though it were his masterpiece, the ad he had donated to the Revue committee: "Compliments Burridge Construction Co." When the lights dimmed, they settled with relief into the protective darkness.

The opening routine was enjoyed as much by the cast as by the audience. An amazing assortment of rarely bared legs was displayed; the untrained voices ranged like a chorus of solos, and laughter, like a sweet sauce, covered the oldest and most local of the jokes. The very meaning of the word "amateur" was enacted; they all loved it.

But Fay was closer to tears than laughter, and Sam the exuberant, Sam the kind, who must always before have lent his hardhanded applause, sat silent.

Then a comical trio, three fat ladies singing "Buttercup"; a skit, sophisticated in intent; another ensemble number. Then intermission.

All dreary, all dead. "Shall we go out and stretch?" Fay asked Sam.

The red velvet stage curtains did not quite close. He sat regarding them. "I don't know," he said, as though incapable of even this simple decision.

They were still sitting silent, almost alone under the bald auditorium lights when Celeste Pfauffer came to them. As assistant to Mrs. Mitchell Havenstrike she was in full evening dress and orchids, wearing the intent and important look suitable to a producer on opening night.

With an effect of putting on brakes she stopped at the Burridge seats. "My dear," she said to Fay, "I'm so glad I caught you. This is an emergency. Remember I told you we were going to do a 'Dreams of the Piano' number? Well, the girl who was scheduled to play hasn't come—sick mother or something." She gave the effect of wringing her

hands, "Please, darling, will you come up and sit on the platform in front of the piano during the number? Just *pretend* to play. Mr. Steinhoff, the orchestra pianist, will do the real playing from the pit; all you have to do is move your hands convincingly."

Sam came to life. He looked at Celeste with—for him—real hostility. "You're all dressed up. Do it yourself."

"But we want to *fool* the audience. Everybody knows I can't play a scale. But if Fay sits up there they'll be *fooled* into thinking she's really playing."

"Let her alone," Sam said. "She's not going to do it."

"Wait a minute"—Fay spoke finally—"what's the music?"

"We're using Liszt's 'Hungarian Rhapsody.' But all you have to do is *fake* it. Surely you'll be able to do that. . . ."

Fay whitened as though her blood were being let. "I'll do it," she said, "on one condition. That I play the music. I, myself, not Mr. Steinhoff."

Celeste's glowing pink flesh lost its gleam. "But, darling—without practice?"

"Liszt was my specialty." She rose now, tense, active. "You needn't worry."

Sam looked at Fay. It had been a long time since he had sent his gaze full into hers. "You think you can?"

"Yes."

There was a panic about Celeste as of the hostess whose guests have arrived on the wrong night for dinner. "Maybe I'd better just check and see whether the girl who was scheduled has come . . ."

"You asked Fay," Sam said, "and Fay will do it."

"Then wait here a minute," Celeste said, preparing to run down the aisle.

"No," Sam said. "We'll go with you now." He was like a guard following them to the stage door, and Fay was conscious of that solidarity, that two-for-one and one-for-both which had blessed the early days of their marriage.

Backstage Sam stood rocky and grim while Celeste went through a whispered conference with a girl in evening dress and stage make-up who seemed exceedingly distressed. "But you can't do this to me—you simply can't!"

He watched, listened, said nothing.

Someone gave Fay a folding chair; she sat upon it, conscious of no one. Her lips were pursed into a dry whistle; she nodded; tapped her foot keeping time, as though to sounds from another world.

They heard the bright blast of the orchestra. The second part of the Annual Ondega Revue began. The people yet to perform prepared themselves in various ways for their ordeals: an acrobatic team rehearsed dangerously; a little girl wept, "I broke my strap—fix me somebody. . ."

Now it was time for "Dreams of the Piano."

"What?" Fay asked, startled, as Celeste touched her arm. "What? Oh." She had aged in these minutes; she rose stiffly.

"You're on at the curtain," Celeste said. "And just sit still till the curtains close. They'll open again for your bow. That's all you have to do. That and—of course—play."

Fay looked past Celeste at Sam, and in her eyes there was such agony that he could not be silent. "Are you sure you want to? I have an idea you can be replaced—and fast."

"I must play," she said. "I've got to." She accepted the music from Celeste. Her dress was too black; she was too unadorned; her very face seemed more naked than was decent. Such a glance as a beaten fighter might throw a devoted second she sent Sam, and then she was gone through the wings to the stage.

From offstage, he watched her. He saw her seat herself upon the piano bench,

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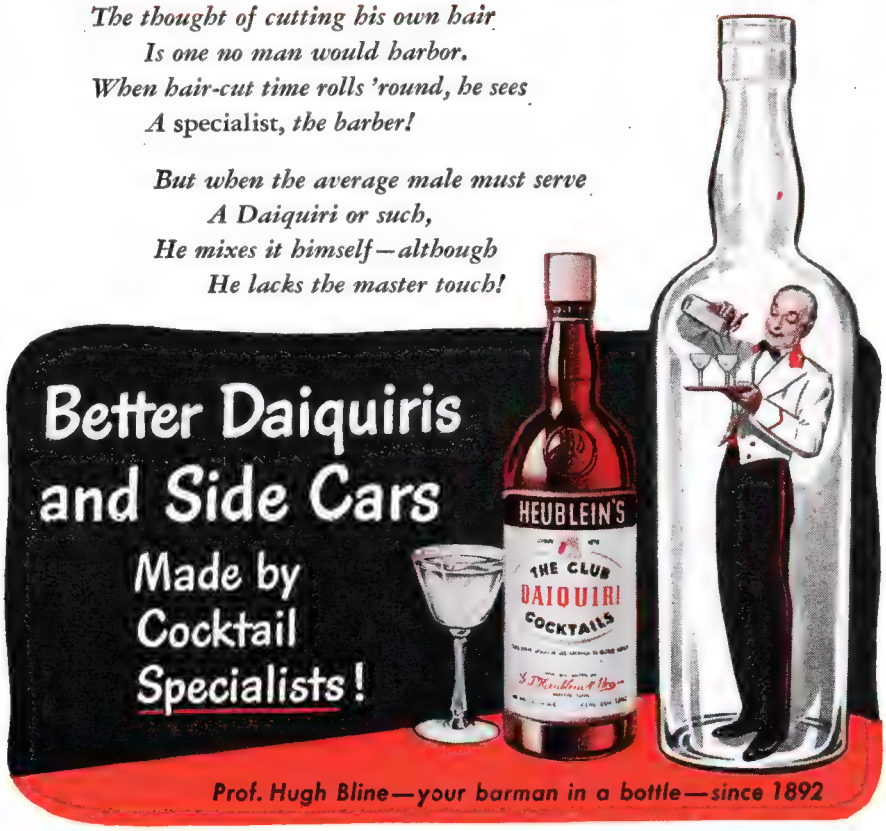

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her back to him. But there was such tension in her shoulders that anyone might know she did not face music but her deadly enemy. He turned to beg Celeste not to let the curtains open, but the dancers who were to interpret the music Fay would play buffeted him, blocked him; his distress signal was unseen among their red satin and sequins.

Sighing, faintly squeaking, the curtains parted. The polite applause of the audience opened to enthusiasm as it was noticed that Mrs. Sam Burridge had replaced the scheduled pianist. Like a boxer without gloves Fay lifted her hands to her adversary.

Sam closed his eyes then, maybe to pray. So he did not see it happen. Crash! A discord. Silence. A series of small spiteful notes which were not music. He opened his eyes to see Fay's head slide off the keyboard; her arms trailed uselessly at her sides. Turning limply in kind of a lazy dream, she slid from the bench to the floor, lay conquered by the piano, under its heavy feet.

His hands, his fists made an aisle among the dancers; he was on the stage. In full view of the audience, he shoved away the piano, its bench, bore her up within his arms. "Spirits of ammonia," he said when he had brought her backstage. "Fainted!"

Celeste, clucking and cheerful, brought the stimulant; the dressed-up girl in evening clothes went through the wings to the piano, and Sam heard the first fiery notes of the thing Fay had been supposed to play. They sickened him.

"Poor thing!" Celeste said, looking down at Fay. "Why do you suppose she ever attempted it?"

"Where's a doctor?"

When Dr. Rome had taken her pulse he said, "It's all right, Sam. Just take her home. Shock of some kind. Put her to bed. Call me if you need me."

Celeste put her hands to her heart. "May I come with you to help you, Sam? I feel—responsible." She had never looked better, more radiantly healthy.

"I don't care what you do. Just hurry."

Pale, clammy, but conscious now, Fay would not be carried to the car. Tears like some freer flowing liquid than tears can be, fell from her eyes. She sat between Sam and Celeste on the way home and spoke no word.

They got her up the stairs at home. Sam and the cook undressed her, placed her, white and delicate as a blanched almond, between her sheets. Then Sam went downstairs to Celeste.

She had taken a position near the piano, stroked it affectionately. "I just want to put in a word for poor Fay," she said. "She couldn't possibly know that all this comes from one tiny fib!"

"Sit down some place, will you?" he said roughly. It angered him to see her by Fay's piano.

"She just wanted to be more important than she really is. You mustn't be angry with her about that. At one time or another I guess everybody tells a lie——"

When a man who is usually soft turns hard he is frightening. "If you weren't a woman, I'd break your bones. Lie, huh? Like the lie you told tonight, saying the regular pianist hadn't come. Baiting Fay, that's what you were doing, torturing her——"

"Sam, just let me talk——"

"Listen, I'm going to do the talking. I'm going to tell you the real story so you can spread it all over town, and then I don't want to see you again. Ever. I'm going to tell you why Fay won't play the piano. She——"

"Why Fay won't play is obvious to everybody in town. Only most people don't care enough about you, darling, to come out and tell you——"

"Shut up!" He forced her silence by the violence of his voice. "You listen to this, and tell all the other curious cats. Before she ever met me Fay had a music teacher in Sicily. He was in love with her. Because she wasn't in love with him, he killed himself. She hasn't been able to face the piano since."

"That's what she said? That she was in Italy? Studying?"

"Getting ready for her debut."

"And her teacher committed suicide?"

"He jumped out of a window. Struck the cliffs." He had not yet heard the change in her voice from anger to amusement.

"Out of a window! Cliffs, no less! Sicily! How glamorous!" She giggled. "And of course, baby boy, you can't ask him any questions he being so very dead. What was his name? I'll bet she didn't even tell you his name so you can check! If anybody ever could check on anything that happened in Sicily."

He came out of the frightening abyss of his story. He heard, a little late, what she said. "What do you mean?"

"You poor idiot. I never heard such a phony story in my life. Nobody in the world but Sam Burridge would believe it. She can't play the piano. She can't play any more than I can make an atom bomb!"

"Wait——"

"Oh, stupid thing that you are! A lie follows another lie, that's all. She'd bragged about being able to play, and then she had to give some reason as to why she wouldn't." Her laughter was more kindly. "See what happens when a baby boy marries in haste."

"My God," he said, "if you're right——"

They had been sitting on the sofa together; cozily she brought her legs up, tucked them under her. "Of course I'm right, darling, but you mustn't blame yourself too much. It's because you're good and sweet that you can be fooled even by such a yarn. She never had a Sicilian music teacher!"

"She never had a music teacher. . ."

"Nor a concert career nor—I'll bet you—even five-finger exercises."

He shook his head as though to give the idea air and space in which to develop. "The poor little thing," he said. "Why the poor little thing!"

"Who?" she said foolishly. "What do you mean?"

He stood. "Look, I know you'll be a good scout and forgive me if I don't take you home. Call a cab, will you, Celeste? I've got to get up to her. And fast."

Left alone together, Celeste did not speak to the piano, and the piano did not speak to Celeste.

Fay was asleep, and he began a not very patient vigil. Watching her closed, intent face, the pale ribbons of her lips, he opened and closed a book with an unnecessary snap. He heard the front door slam. That would be Celeste; yes, there was the cab roaring away. He was glad for the noise. He found a squeak in his chair, rocked back and forth encouraging it.

He was so noisy he almost failed to hear her first words. "When I was a little girl I used to wake my mother like that. On Christmas morning, usually."

She was awake, smiling. Then he could read, as though it were print, her memory returning, see her horror as she had to take up consciousness from where she had left it.

He rushed in with words to dam her misery. "Everything's all right, honey! Everything's fine!"

Her eyes, half-opened, were watchful,

shining crescents. The light of the night lamp made a circle, taking them in together; the rest of the room, like an unknown continent, was dark.

He knelt beside her. "So you can't play the piano! So what? Who the hell cares?" He lifted her hand, folded a kiss within the palm. "All you have to be able to do with this hand is get it manicured. I understand everything. You let out one little fib about being able to play, then you had to make up that terrible story to explain why you didn't. That story"—his face grew rigid—"that story about a lover nearly killed me."

She kept her breathing low and little as though it might interfere with her thinking.

He was making her confession for her. "I don't know what kind of dope I was to believe that stuff about an Italian jumping out of a window! Even the movies wouldn't use that! You can't play the piano any more than I can and that suits me fine. Tomorrow I'll trade it in for a record player, and we'll get all the music we want. How's that?"

"You look better," she said. "You sound the way you used to."

"You wonderful little dope," he said.

She turned her face away from him. From her ear to her collarbone a cord stretched, a slender ivory bar. "I thought you'd despise a liar."

"It's funny," he said seriously. "I do. In business, for instance. But Fay, my God, darling—I can live with a liar when the lie makes me know how much you really—care about me. You just wanted to be a hot-shot, didn't you, dear? For my sake."

Her head still turned away from him, she spoke finally. "I didn't have anything else to give you."

"Now say it right out loud like a brave kid, and we'll never mention it again. Say 'I can't play the piano.'"

"I can't play the piano. And I have told you my last lie."

NEXT morning the cook said, "You look fine, Mrs. Burridge, like fainting did you a world of good."

"Good morning. And I'm sorry I was such a bother last night. I want you to have the day off. Just drop everything and go."

There wasn't much time. Fay counted the minutes until the woman had left the house, watched from an upstairs window to see her board the bus at the corner. Then she pulled the blinds, lifted from her jewel case the key to the piano, ran softly down the stairs. Everything must be quiet. Very quiet.

Holding her breath, she unlocked the piano. This was the ivory smile she used to know, beautiful, inviting. There was no fear in her now. No regret. Nearly no regret.

Nearly no time. If she knew her Sam —and at last she had begun to know him —the man to remove the piano would come almost any moment. She pulled the piano bench up under her. . .

Her wrists lifted, her hands plunged, controlled yet free like divers, collided with the keyboard in chords and swam away in music. Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody."

She could play; she could still play! The hands, the head, even the foot held constantly on the soft pedal, remembered their duties; the heart had not forgotten how to sing. She played the "Rhapsody" all the way through, only slightly stiff, smiling to remember that she had once considered it banal; dipping, bathing, drowning in the rippling, familiar harmonies. When she had finished she rinsed herself in silence. It was still there, music was still there for her—

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concerts, career—the dream had returned.

Too late. She would never play again. She closed the keyboard, relocked it. There were worse things than not playing the piano. A lie . . . maybe a lie was worse. Stealthily she rubbed her fingerprints from the shining black instrument. The truth had almost cost her Sam; the lie had saved them both. If this were unsatisfactory to heaven . . . still, it did very well on earth.

THE END

Goldie and the Beautiful Brakeman *(Continued from page 37)*

guy in a leather jacket, who wanted a haircut. I took him.

We gave the weather a quick going-over, and then he applied himself to Janet Blair, in a white bathing suit, in a dime magazine, and I applied myself and the clippers to his neck.

I noticed that, from time to time, his glance wandered from Janet Blair to Goldie, which was not surprising, as Janet Blair could not change her position, and thus show a little more of her legs. When he glanced at his nails, I gave him the pitch. "Would you like a manicure?"

His "Mmmmm?" was very casual.

"I said, would you like to have that doll give your finger tips a gentle massage?"

"Not the one with the——"

"No," I said.

"The one with the——"

I said, "Yeah."

"Okay," the beautiful brakeman said.

Goldie had different "days," and this was Girlish Laughter Day. "Did you want me, Frankie?"

"Yeah," I told her. "This fellow wants a manicure."

"A manicure?" Goldie asked, never having heard of one.

"Yeah, sweetheart," said the beautiful brakeman, "and I'd like to have it this year, unless you have other plans."

Cool, Polite and Distant was quickly substituted for Girlish Laughter Day, as Goldie arranged herself and her things and went to work on the beautiful brakeman's left hand. I was cutting his hair by that time. It was dark and clean and healthy, and I thought: This is quite a hunk of man, and then slapped my wrist for thinking it. But he was. He wasn't the average brakeman.

"This Janet Blair——" he said.

"Yes," Goldie nodded. "Hot outside?"

"Some doll."

"I was just thinking it seems hotter today than yesterday, and——"

The beautiful brakeman tossed Janet Blair on Ham Shipman's chair and looked at Goldie. "Hello," he said.

If he had said, "Lady, that's some eagle you've got tattooed on your forehead," he couldn't have startled her more. She looked as if nobody had ever started a conversation with her before, but always had begun in the middle. Which may have been the case. "What?" she said.

"I said 'Hello.' My name's Tony Casenove. I work for the CD&NY. Brakeman. Cleveland to Detroit. My first time on this run, but I hope it won't be my last. I also hope it won't be my last time here. If you know what I mean . . . What was that telephone number again?"

"Better take a look at your schedule, mister," Goldie suggested. "You're running fast." Which was up to her usual standard, and one for our side.

"Mmmmmmm!" Tony's voice raised its eyebrows. "A maker with the mots!" (That's where I got the expression.)

"I am here," Goldie said, in a voice fresh off a North Cape cruise, "to manicure the customers' nails, *not* to be insulted. If you will observe the sign over the door: 'UNDUE FAMILIARITY WITH THE MANICURISTS WILL NOT BE TOLERATED.'" It was printed in capitals, and she said it in capitals.

"By who?" he asked, and then, "And is introducing myself being undue?"

"By me," Goldie told him, "and you can't be *undue*, you can only *be* familiar."

"Yes," said Tony Casenove. "Now about that telephone number."

"Frankie," Goldie said.

"Sorry," I said, "I'm only going down two blocks."

"I live in a vile one-room hole in Detroit," Tony began, and his tone was so different, I had to look twice to see if I was still working on the same guy. "And when I get in from a run, I take a lukewarm bath in a dirty tub, and lie down on the slab they laughingly call a bed, and look up at the ceiling, and say to myself, 'Tony Casenove, what is the most beautiful thing in the world? What is the coolest? What is the most desirable?'"

I looked at Goldie, but Goldie's eyes were swallowing.

"And you know what?" Tony went on. We didn't know what. "I always answer myself, because when you live in one room, by yourself, you start talking to yourself, and I usually say, 'Tony Casenove, the most beautiful thing in the world, the coolest, the most desirable, is a blonde in a barbershop in Cleveland Junction whose name is Lana-Jo Garfinkel—which it says on her license over her table—and who has little lonely specks of gold-dust in her eyes."

Which is how Goldie became the first dead duck that season in Ohio.

TONY CASENOVE'S run from Cleveland to Detroit took him through Cleveland Junction twice a week, and it wasn't long before he could have won the Most-Manicured-Brakeman-of-the-World Championship hands down. It also wasn't long before Goldie was out for the long count.

When she came in one morning in June, swinging a big straw hat with cherries on it, and making a noise Lily Pons would use for a sigh, I knew we were in for a long, hot summer.

The beautiful brakeman was showing signs of spring, too. He didn't talk much; he just looked at her. And once he tipped me four bits, which nobody but a man with a serious emotional problem would do in Cleveland Junction.

Then the first week in July, I had a glass of beer with a guy named Harold. Which, in itself, does not sound momentous, but was to make history of a kind and can surely be admitted as evidence in l'affaire Goldie-and-the-Beautiful-B.

That summer, I didn't have very much dough. I don't have much now, but that summer I didn't have even less. I had just got out of the Army and was trying to put myself through a correspondence course in short-story writing so I could subscribe to magazines and take it off my income tax. So by night I wooed the muses to be rich and famous, but by day I lathered chins to eat. And as Louie was having janitor trouble (he had a janitor named Hallelujah Jones, but Hallelujah joined a union, and after that all he did was walk up and down in front with an "Unfair" sign, so he didn't get much work done in the shop), I told him I would open up in the morning, and clean up at night, for the extra bite.

That was how I met Harold, and indirectly how I happened to have the beer that led to the trouble.

Harold was the driver for the laundry that picked up our linen at night and brought it back the next morning—a nice-enough little guy in his late thirties. He was getting bald, and he wore glasses,

and he was built like a jockey, only a little bigger—lean, wiry and bowlegged. To look at him, you wouldn't have called Harold a ladies' man, although there isn't anything else to call the average man. Anyway, he usually came in around seven, gathered up the laundry while I finished sweeping, and we would exchange the jokes we had heard on our jobs, and then he would go away.

This night in July, however, Harold asked me if I would have a beer with him. I was a little surprised, because our friendship had been more or less limited to counting soiled towels. But I was also thirsty. So we went to Joe's Place, across from the morgue, and ordered the beer.

Harold started talking about women even sooner than you usually do, which might have made me suspicious if I could have thought of anything else to talk about. Then he put it in my lap by asking, "How about the tomatoes in your place?"

I told him about Maudie, which was easy, and then I told him about Goldie—but not much, because it isn't fair to do a thing like that to a nice guy like Harold looked. But he wasn't satisfied.

"This Goldie," he asked, over our second beer, "she date any of the barbers?"

I said no; there was a rule.

"How about the customers?"

I didn't see any reason to drag the beautiful brakeman into this beer bust. But Harold was a man with a purpose. "Tell me about her. Where does she live?"

That was a good question, because I realized then that I didn't know where Goldie lived; in fact I really didn't know much about her at all. You always assume that a girl like Goldie lives with her mother, who works part time, and her father, who drinks full time, and as there was this rule about the girls and barbers, why go into it any further?

I said, "Look, Harold, this Goldie is young enough to be your daughter—if you don't mind my saying so—and if I were you, I'd stick to driving a truck and drinking beer, because men are in jail for what you're thinking, and I couldn't work it for you, even if I wanted to."

"You got me wrong," Harold told me. "I used to work in a barbershop, and I thought she might be a girl who worked there, that's all. Sounds kind of like her."

"You used to scrape hogs, too?" This surprised me. He didn't look like a barber; at least I hoped he didn't. "Where?"

"Chicago. Coupla years ago. Gave it up when I came down here." He cleared his throat. "Domestic trouble."

Long ago I learned not to go into that. "I don't think she's the same girl," I could tell him honestly. Goldie might get to Chicago from Cleveland Junction, but she'd never make it the other way. Not alive and kicking.

"Just thought I'd ask," Harold said.

"Sure," I said. "Thanks for the beer."

IT WAS very hot in Ohio that summer, around Cleveland Junction. So sometimes on Sunday, I would go out to Jones Inlet, an occasional lake attached by a frog-choked umbilicus to its mother, Erie. I use the word "occasional" because Jones Inlet was only there occasionally. When Erie was low, Jones Inlet was a boggy indentation. Anyway, there was water in Jones Inlet that summer, and sometimes there was me out there swimming in it.

That's how I happened to see Goldie and the beautiful brakeman off duty, as it were. Or, to be more accurate, how I happened to step on them.

At the time, I was mildly involved with a bit of fluff named Halo Epstein, who lived in my boardinghouse and was a secretary at Pore-Eaze Inc., a soap factory. Halo had a new two-piece bathing suit, with sea gulls where sea gulls would

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not ordinarily be found, and she wanted to try it out on Jones Inlet, so this particular Sunday, we stashed a few sandwiches and some beer in my car and headed for the great outdoors.

We sat on the sand and picked fleas off us for a little while, and then we rented a rowboat and rowed in a circle in the lake and swatted mosquitoes (Halo didn't want to get her bathing suit wet). Then we ate our sandwiches, and I suggested that we walk around to the bandstand.

We reached Woodland Point—so named for the seven tired trees which have surmounted the book nature has thrown at them—at the same time a scorpion reached my right thigh, and I had to make a hasty retreat. With my pants at half-mast, I ducked behind Tree Number Four, and stepped directly on the beautiful brakeman's face; he was lying there on a blanket, looking up at the sky and humming a pretty little tune.

I didn't know it was *his* face for a minute—I just knew it was *somebody's* face—because the scorpion was gaining ground. But by the time I had dispatched the little stinker and saddled myself up again, the beautiful brakeman was on his feet, spitting out part of my shoe, and something very blonde and familiar was getting up off the blanket beside him.

"Just waddya——!" he began.

But Goldie took it from there. "Frankie! Frankie, what are *you* doing here?" And then, when she saw, "And what are you *doing*? HERE!"

I said, "I have just completed a rendezvous with a scorpion and am about to return to Miss Halo Epstein. Nice to have seen you."

Tony's hand was exploring where I stepped on his chin. "I wish you had," he remarked. And then, because the whole thing was somewhat awkward, "Stick around."

A glance at their sylvan dell told me they wanted me like they wanted a swarm of angry yellow jackets. Two blankets were spread very carefully over what Jones Inlet calls grass, a picnic hamper added a note of *joie de vivre*, and a little portable phonograph was giving out with a popular melody, "They Say That Falling in Love," etc. . . .

I said, "I'll take a rain check," which is always good, turned and walked smack into Tree Number Three, and eventually joined Halo Epstein down on the beach, where she was standing with her feet apart and her hands on her hips and her jaw out, and wanting to know, Frankie McCurdy, who the blond doll was behind the tree and what's with this scorpion stuff! Huh?

I said, "Just some old friends having a picnic."

And she said, "Where was the other?"

I said, "The other what?"

And she said, "The other old friend."

I said, "Oh, him? He must have been behind the tree."

And she said, "Well, it seems like a *very funny* place to have a picnic. To me."

I said, "Be that as it may, that's what they're having," at which point I dropped the scorpion, which I had been holding all this time, and temporarily brought the conversation to a halt.

We listened to the band, rode the merry-go-round and, when it was about time for Halo to get hungry and want three hamburgers, we started home.

The road from Cleveland Junction to Jones Inlet is no Grand Concourse. The last mile to the lake is very dusty, and the first nine miles are ditto. We were going along in the dust and the sunset, when a figure materialized out of the Ohio loam before us, thumb extended.

I stopped, and the thumb turned out to be on the end of Harold. "Well," he said, after the dust had settled, "small world."

"Yeah," I said. "Makes strange bedfellows. Meet Halo Epstein."

He met Halo Epstein, and then wanted to know if we were going into town. Halo started to remind me about the roadhouse on the way back, but I said, "*YOU BET!*" like that, and he got in, and we started off again.

That probably doesn't *seem* very significant, but what was, is that he had a pair of binoculars slung over his shoulder. I didn't get it then, but I get it now. Don't let the mathematicians kid you—put two and two together and you don't always get four; sometimes you get three.

"Good hunting?" I asked. Jocular Frankie McCurdy.

Harold turned that over in his brain, and finally looked at the binoculars, and then straight ahead, and said, "Yeah," the way Humphrey Bogart says it.

"Well, you can't kill anything, hunting with a pair of glasses," I philosophized. Harold gave this the same treatment, and then came out with, "Can't you?" At which moment, Halo danced around the flame with, "There it is, Frankie! The roadhouse!"

I stepped on the gas and said, "It sure was." Thereby saving myself twelve bucks and a hang-over.

THE next week, Harold came to work at Louie's Tonsorial Salon. And Goldie disappeared. Only in reverse order. Actually, Goldie didn't "disappear"—she just didn't show at all. Monday. The day after I stepped on the beautiful brakeman.

I opened up, and Ham Shipman came in first. He looked terrible, having spent hours in a bar near the hospital because his wife still hadn't had her baby, and a man can only drink so much. Then Gaby Williams arrived, and pretty soon Louie and Maudie came in. They were in a car pool. Hallelujah Jones arrived with his "Unfair" placard and started walking up and down in front. The first customer came in. Nine o'clock came and went. But no Goldie. Ten. Eleven. Noon. No Goldie.

During lunch, we speculated. Ham thought she might have been hit by a truck, but Gaby said that was impossible, you could see Goldie coming for two blocks, and no truck driver would want to run into that. When six o'clock came, I said to Louie, "Why don't you give her a call tonight?"

He said he'd have to call awfully loud, because Cleveland Junction was a pretty big town—which isn't as funny as it sounds, because it turned out he didn't have her phone number, and *then* it turned out he didn't know where she lived. He explained that she had just walked in to the shop one day, holding the little sign that had been in the window: "Manicurist Wanted," and said, "This just came down."

He said, "Would *you* have asked her where she lived?"

And I said, "Well, possibly not."

Which is why we had no address and no telephone number.

Ham said his wife had seen Goldie once buying crackers at a chain store, but we didn't have enough men to put one on cracker detail. Particularly as Ham's wife had triplets that very night, and he had a heart attack, and the next day we ended up short one manicurist and one barber.

The second night, when Harold showed for the laundry, I thought he'd be interested. "That doll, Goldie, we were talking about——" I said.

He looked at me.

"Disappeared!" I said.

"Yeah?" He didn't seem very surprised, but of course he hadn't known her very well. It says here.

"Into thin air." I told him. "So we're

now short a manicurist and a barber."

"A barber?" he asked, perking up.

I told him about Ham, and so the following day, Harold—the Chicago hog scraper, the little man with the bowlegs and the binoculars, my friend from Joe's Place across from the morgue—was working Chair Four at Louie's.

There was so much confusion on Tuesday, what with the triplets, and Ham's heart attack, and no Goldie, that I didn't realize Tony Casenove hadn't come in as usual. When things quieted down, I guess I wondered vaguely if he had any connection with Goldie's disappearance, but I was pretty busy breaking Harold in, and was having a little extracurricular difficulty with Halo Epstein, who was getting romantic notions, so the beautiful brakeman wasn't foremost in my thoughts.

Harold was one of the worst barbers I have ever seen, but he also had the best tools. His razor was something to dream about—but so were his haircuts. He asked old Doc Mustard if he liked the clippers, and the doc said sure, go ahead, and then fell asleep, and didn't wake up until Harold was looking around the room for something else to clip, there being nothing left on Doc. As I had recommended him to Louie, I had to spend most of my spare time teaching him the fine points of the trade. But that razor! Brother!

Came Friday, and with it came Tony Casenove.

But not the *old* Tony Casenove. Not the guy in the leather jacket. As you know, Tony had always been beautiful; but never *this* beautiful. He had on a cream-colored gabardine suit, with a dark red carnation in the lapel which just matched his dark red tie, brown and white shoes, and a jaunty straw hat. Hallelujah Jones was so impressed he came in and took Tony's coat and hung it up and then went out to picket again. And even Harold, who certainly wasn't the type to be moved by a lovely male, stopped stropping his razor for a full second.

As Tony sat down in my chair, I said, "Is this what the well-dressed brakeman is wearing these days?" and he grinned at me, and said, "These old things?"

He grinned at me, but he didn't *look* at me, his eyes being occupied with Goldie's empty manicure stand.

"Where's Goldie? At lunch?"

I started to say she'd been at lunch since Monday, but he went right on, "Well, I need a little time to warm up, anyway. Want to see something?"

I started again to say she'd been at lunch since Monday but before I could, he had a little box out of his pocket and open in his hand, and there it was. An engagement ring. With a diamond the size of a gnat's eye in it, but still a diamond.

"Like it?"

I said, "Sure. It's—it's pretty." And *then* I said, "But Goldie's been at lunch since Monday."

I might just as well have split his skull open with an axe. He went limp in the chair. All the red ran out of his tie. The carnation even wilted in his coat on the hanger.

"What?" he said. Not "said"; it was just an awful rattle in his throat. "What?"

"I'm sorry, Casenove," I told him. "We thought maybe you'd know where she was. Because *we* don't. She hasn't been in the shop all week."

"She—" Not a word, just a strangle. His hands were clenched tight on the arms of the chair, and the knuckles were white. "Since—Monday?"

I nodded. "The last time I saw her was at Jones Inlet. With you. I was the guy with the scorpion up my——"

His Adam's apple went up and down, very slowly, and finally he turned and

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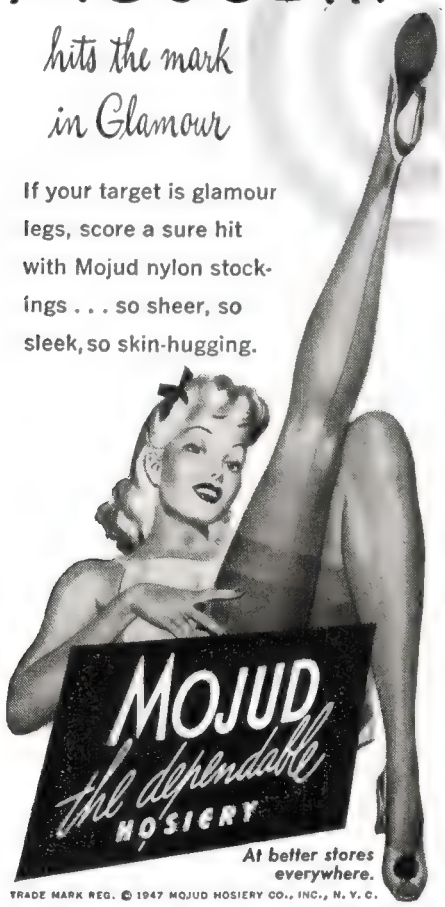

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looked at me, and his eyes weren't the eyes of Tony Casenove, the beautiful brakeman, at all. They were the soft, hurt, velvet eyes of that buck, in the aspen across that hill in Colorado, before you pull the trigger.

"I——" he said—only not to me, just to himself, but out loud—"I—asked her to marry me. The phonograph was playing, 'They Say That Falling——'"

"I know," I said.

But he didn't hear me. He wasn't there, at Louie's, at all. He was behind Tree Number Four, on Woodland Point on Sunday, toward sunset. "She started to cry. Can you imagine Goldie crying?" I couldn't. "Not tears, really. Just sort of a soft mist that made her eyes blue as all——"

You better get this guy out of here, I thought. You better get him to the nearest doctor. Or bar. I also thought: The trouble with falling in love is that you always get mixed up with some woman.

"She said, 'Say that again, Tony, just once.'" His hands slowly were relaxing on the arms of the chair, and his voice was tired and faraway. "And I asked her again to marry me. And she was soft in my arms"—this in a whisper that should never have come from a brakeman, but from a falling star maybe—"soft like nothing's ever been soft before. And cool. And desirable. And the specks of golddust"—he shook his head—"they weren't lonely any more."

"You're killing me," I told him. But it wasn't a crack. He was.

"We'll never learn, Frankie," he said. "The basic trouble with men is that they always think tears mean 'yes.'"

What could I say, then? What would you have said?

"I told her I'd get the ring on Tuesday—that's why I wasn't here as usual. And she just clung to me, so that the shoulder of that shirt's still damp from her tears. And pretty soon we started back. She didn't say anything at all, not all the way home."

Home? "And where," I said, "was 'home'?"

He looked at me, and then away. "Third and Jackson," he said, and it was no longer a whisper. His voice was hard and flat and bitter. "That's where I always met her. And left her."

"You mean——"

"I didn't know where she lived." He got out of the chair. "I guess none of us did."

By "us," he didn't mean me. He meant the men in Goldie's life, and he meant there had been plenty. It was too bad, hearing him say that, when what he'd been saying before had been a little bit beautiful.

He took his coat off the hanger, and tossed it over his arm. "Try this on for size, pally," he said, handing me something, and it wasn't until he was lost in the crowds headed for the depot that I realized I was engaged to a brakeman on the CD&NY.

Most of this had been lost to the rest of the shop, because it was the busy hour, but Harold, who had been stropping his razor, came over, looking inquisitive. "Short haircut," he said succinctly.

I looked at the box in my hand. "Yeah," I answered. "He had it bad for Goldie. Wanted to marry her. Guess she wasn't the marrying kind."

"Nice looking guy." This was very casual. "Think he'll be back?"

I flipped open the little box and looked at the gnat's eye. "Maybe," I said. "Maybe he'll come back for this. After all, he's a human being." Which was a nonsequitur, and also the understatement of the week in Cleveland Junction.

He came back, all right. But a lot sooner than I thought he would. I was sure, if he stayed on his run, he'd be in for a haircut, or to look over the joint for auld lang syne. Or for another manicurist. One thing about a broken heart is there are plenty of fish in the sea, if you go for metaphors, I always say. Anyway, I certainly didn't expect him on Monday, but there he was. The *old* Tony Casenove. Even older than that one, in fact.

He wore the leather jacket, and several day's growth of beard, and the story of all men and all women in little blue circles under his tired eyes. When he sat down in my chair, I noticed his hands were shaking slightly.

"Well," I said, "I didn't expect to——"

"Stow it," he told me.

"Okay," I said. "Okay. Haircut?"

But he didn't answer. He was looking at Goldie's empty stand again, and above the little blue circles, something flamed dark for a moment, and then went out. "She never came back?" he said.

"No." I said. "She never came back."

His hands slapped the arms of the chair, so that it was ended. Over and forgotten. "Skip the haircut, Frankie," he said, "but shave me. I need it."

"You sure do, chum," I agreed, as I adjusted the chair, wrapped his face in a hot towel, and started to strop my razor.

I don't know what would have happened, if Halo Epstein hadn't come in just then. But she did, and I certainly know what happened because of it.

She waltzed in, threw her arms around me, and spun me around a couple of times.

"Wait a minute!" I gulped, when I got my balance. "What is this?"

Halo held out her left hand for me and all the world to see, and there was a ring upon the third finger. An engagement ring. With a diamond the size of a gnat's other eye, but a diamond.

"Look," Halo said, "I'm engaged!"

I didn't know it before, but I had apparently been carrying Mount Everest around on the small of my back. Because this announcement from Halo lifted it gently off. "That's great," I said, and I meant both words. "Who's the lucky guy?"

"You," Halo Epstein told me.

"Me????"

Halo went coy. "Oh, Frankie, I suppose I *should* of waited for you to give it to me yourself, but don't you think it was cute of Mrs. Schwartzwald——"

"Mrs. Schwartzwald?????? Our landlady? What did *she* have to do with this?" But I didn't need to ask, really, because I knew. Mrs. Schwartzwald lived in my dresser drawers and only came out to collect the rent.

"She found it. In with your socks. Oh, Frankie, just think"—suddenly, Halo smelled very strongly of old orange blossoms—"you and me, ball and chain! Isn't it lucky it was too small for Mrs. Schwartzwald!"

Tony Casenove moved restlessly under the hot towel. On the arms of the chair, the knuckles whitened again. "Halo," I said, "I think you and I better have a little talk." I wanted to get her out of there. I thought this could be killing Casenove. I *knew* it was killing me.

"Harold," I called to the next chair, where he was stropping that razor. He looked up casually. I indicated the beautiful brakeman. "Take him for me, willya?"

"Him?" he said, running his thumb carefully along the blade. I nodded, and started to propel Halo out of the shop, and only half heard Harold say, "You bet I will. And it couldn't happen to a nicer guy."

If you read a newspaper last summer, or owned a radio, you probably know

what couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

You know that Harold very carefully shaved one side of Tony's face, stropped his razor again, soaped the other side, shaved it, gently and neatly slit Tony's throat from one ear to the other, covered the evidence with two hot towels, and walked out of Louie's forever.

You know that two minutes later, Miss Maudie Kirch, manicurist in the establishment, approached the customer to see if he wanted a manicure, and—if you were within five hundred miles of Cleveland Junction—you may have heard Maudie scream. Which sentence is the other half of her part in this story.

If you were looking for a romantic background for a little love affair in Ohio the summer before last, Louie's Tonsorial Salon near the train depot at Cleveland Junction would probably not have been the first place you would have looked. But it happened to be the first place Harold, the hog scraper from Chicago, looked, and that's just what he found—a romantic background for a little love affair. Between Lana-Jo, the wife who had run away from him in Chicago, and one Tony Casenove, a b.b. on the CD&NY.

THEY caught up with Harold in Tampa, Florida, two weeks after the slaughtering. He was driving for a night laundry, which shows you that, though he was a man of singular purpose, he was also a man of somewhat limited imagination.

And, in case you are wondering where they found Goldie's body in what old trunk, you may be somewhat relieved to know that *I* found Goldie's body, but not in an old trunk. In Steve's Tonsorial Salon in Wichita Falls. Where it was working as a manicurist. Of course, things like that don't happen in real life. Only this did.

My grandmother, who lived in Wichita Falls for ninety-four years, died in Wichita Falls that September in six minutes. And as I knew she saved 1871 pennies in a pottery pig, I talked Louie into letting me have a week off and proceeded to Wichita Falls for a round of funerals and will-readings. After two days and nights on a bus, I looked more like my grandmother than Wallace Beery does, so, before I put in an appearance at the bier, I stopped at Steve's for a quick renovating.

I practically grew up in Steve's, and the boys—for "boys" read "the three doddering barbers who had been there since my nonage"—gave me a hearty welcome. Steve himself could barely see me, and the other two could barely hear me, but I convinced them Frankie McCurdy was back in town, and the bells rang. Nothing else had changed in Steve's either. Except the manicurist.

In the place of Gertrude (Vintage 1902—whom I remember from my childhood as a haggard Lena the Hyena) they now had a pale, quiet little brunette, with "Esther" hemstitched across the breast pocket of her modest white uniform.

Esther started working on me while I was having a shampoo, so I didn't really get a good look at her at first. Nor she at me.

But finally Steve got the soap out of both my eyes, and she looked up and said, "Do you want polish on your nails?"

Or, rather, she started to say that, but only got as far as "want." Then something choked Esther, and the rest of the sentence was lost forever. Maybe she would have gotten away with it, if it hadn't been for that choke. Because this was certainly no Goldie Garfinkel, to the naked eye.

In place of the pencil lines, she now wore the old-fashioned kind of hair eyebrows, and this was a month, not House

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of Westmore, Inc. A faint stencil of gold ran down the part in her hair, but otherwise it was a dark, plain brown.

"What?" I said. I wasn't even sure about her then—though her hand, which was holding mine, had started to shake violently.

She tried to start the sentence over, but it was useless. I said, "No, I don't want any polish on them, Goldie." And this Esther looked at me for a long moment, her chin quivering so that it would have broken your heart, and the tears that Tony had told me about—the blue mist—fogging her eyes, and then she bent her head, and started filing my nails.

"I guess you—I guess you know what happened," I said, in a little while.

She nodded.

"Maybe if you'd stayed around——"

She shook her head.

"You loved him a lot?" My mouth was full of feet, but they weren't helping me walk out of this any.

The mist had become two tiny rivulets that zigzagged to the corners of her lips and lost themselves in the tense, twitching lines there. "I"—she shook her head, looking around for words she couldn't find—"I—oh, could you understand, Frankie? In Goldie Garfinkel, I don't know what it was. But in the movies, and in magazines, and in all other women, ever, it's what they use for love."

I kissed Steve and the other boys goodby and pressed ten bucks into Goldie's hand in the doorway.

"I'll be here a few days," I said. "If you want me. To talk things over."

And she said, "There's nothing to talk over, Frankie. What good would words . . . Why, *Bubbles*, you look *beautiful!*"

After my head went completely around on my neck, I realized she had directed the first few words to me, but the last ones to a portly, middle-aged gentleman, who had made his appearance in the door of the shop behind me. Bubbles hardly looked "beautiful," but he certainly looked like the president of a bank, which can be used in place of "beautiful."

"Do you like it, Esther?" Bubbles coquetted for a moment in an obviously new suit. "I *thought* you'd like it!"

"I *love* it!" this girl said. With just enough of both Lana-Jo (Goldie) Garfinkel, and a slim, brown-haired manicurist named Esther, to please any bank president. And then she turned to me, very sweetly and as though she had never set eyes on me before, and said, "'Bye, now." Which never meant "It's over. Frankie. Ended. And one thing about a broken heart is there are plenty of fish in the sea"—until spoken like this. If you go for metaphors.

My grandmother left two-million-and-some-odd 1871 pennies to endow an art museum in Wichita Falls, and I used the other half of my $27.18 bus ticket to get back to Cleveland Junction. Halo was waiting for me at the station with a minister and siege guns, and if you are wondering how successful Mrs. Schwartzwald's proposition was, I can only tell you that when I go out to Jones Inlet now, I go with Halo McCurdy. And when we pick fleas, mosquitoes and assorted Ohio fauna off ourselves, we also pick them off Halo, Jr., ten months.

THE END

Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations of the Month *(Continued from page 55)*

be good and ashamed of them. Why, I wouldn't be knowing. Greater models of propriety have seldom been encountered outside the pages of Emily Post.

But the story idea gives the plot a chance to swing back and forth between small-town theaters and the snobbery of a correct finishing school for young ladies.

Right about here I want to say I've got news for Betty Grable. She may not want to prove anything particular with her acting, but what she does prove is that she is a darn good actress with a new and becoming maturity and warmth. No longer a hey-hey girl noted chiefly for her gams, she clicks delightfully in a role that couldn't be more warmly played by an Irene Dunne or a Claudette Colbert.

As for Dan Dailey—he will remind you of both Hal Skelly and a taller, more muscular Fred Astaire. If you are an old student of the movie business, as I am, you may remember him as Dan Dailey, Jr., who was at M-G-M playing heavies—very mean heavies—some six or seven years ago. Why it has taken him so long to hit big, I wouldn't know. But his worries and his meanie days are definitely over. This boy's hoofing and personality can charm canaries right off their perches.

It is becoming increasingly clear that the best way for a subdeb actress to attract attention is to be cast as a "daughter" playing a devil-on-wheels — Ann Blyth in "Mildred Pierce"; a high-tempered belle—Geraldine Brooks in "Possessed"; or a snip of a little snob—Mona Freeman, in this case. The Freeman girl looks like something born in a finishing school, and she sings nicely while registering a fresh brand of delicate beauty as Betty's elder daughter.

The younger child, Connie Marshall, has a field day as the tomboyish youngster of the clan. The others of the large cast are just "bits," but very delightful bits they are.

Credit for the over-all fine performances goes to my good friend, Walter Lang, for his well-seasoned direction. My only quarrel with this movie is its bold "lifting" of the technique of a previously established hit, but that is not keeping me from handing "Mother Wore Tights" the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best production of October, 1947. And a special credit to Darryl Zanuck for his musicals which are tops in the movies.

When Universal-International telephoned me claiming that "Something in the Wind" would reveal Deanna Durbin "back in her old, merry, musical mood," I balked. And who could blame me?

I've been hearing this promise for the last six or eight of Deanna's pictures—even as you have. I've fallen for it every time, and every time I've been disappointed. That may be true of you, too.

Anyhow, I was firmly resolved that nothing—but nothing—would make me see "Something in the Wind." Whereupon a couple of slick-talking press agents began high-pressuring me. So what did I do—with my will of putty? I went over and saw the picture. And I'm glad I did.

For it is true at very long last. Deanna is really her merry young self again. Gone is her extra poundage. Gone is her gloom of drama. She sings in that lyric voice of hers—but what is she giving out with? Jive, no less. She seems to have been born a great comedienne, and here she re-proves it. She got herself an Orry-Kelly wardrobe strictly designed to reveal her other assets and it does.

It always puzzles me why Hollywood generally ignores working girls. Usually our screen heroines seem to flourish without any contact with that green stuff with numbers on it.

That's not the case here. Deanna is practically up to her knees in greenbacks and trouble, even if it's she who creates the trouble for an arrogant young man who infers on their first meeting that she is much less good than she should be.

This is how it comes about. As "Mary Collins," she is a radio disc jockey. Finishing her stint one day, she is stopped in the hall of the radio station by John Dall, who says she must relinquish all claims on the estate of his deceased and very rich grandfather. Deanna has never heard of the estate or Grandpa, but she determines to teach Mr. Dall his manners the hard way—the hard cash way.

She practically drives Mr. Dall and his smug family crazy and, to her astonished delight, she is aided and abetted by his younger brother and his wacky uncle. But one thing is particularly satisfying about "Something in the Wind"—gay though it is, it is also logical.

Do you remember John Dall's sensitive, moody performance opposite Bette Davis in "The Corn is Green?" I think this young man has gone in for silly publicity, getting his name linked with every glamour girl in town, but after seeing him in this, his second movie appearance, I've got to admit he is an actor. For here he plays farce and does it excellently. It's delightful, too, to welcome Donald O'Connor back from uniform, and to assure you that he hasn't lost one whit of his clowning glory. He is a wow as the younger brother and tears through a burlesque called "I Love a Mystery" in a way that will tear you down with laughter.

A star is as good as her vehicle. Here the vehicle and the star have come glitteringly together. Welcome back to your beauty, youth and laughter, Deanna. I'm so happy about all this that I am giving you the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best stellar performance of October.

John Garfield came into pictures a little more than seven years ago in "Four Daughters." He has given many excellent performances since that time, yet he has never surpassed the force of that original one, and well he has known it.

Born Jules Garfinkle, a definitely "underprivileged" kid raised on the sidewalks of New York, it is very much to the credit of this star that he has always wanted to bring Americana to the screen, to repay, through the medium of his work, the debt he feels he owes to this country. A farseeing school teacher, that great man, Angelo Patri, was the first person to give the bewildered boy his chance. Patri must surely be proud to see the triumph of this pupil.

Now that Garfield is free of his Warner Brothers contract, he has invested his own money in "Body and Soul" (which he made for Charles Einfeld, former Warner executive and now head of Enterprise), a story which shows what can happen to a slum boy—what can destroy or save him. From his own background, Garfield settled upon the story of an East Side New York boy who became the world's champion boxer. His producer is another New Yorker, R. B. Roberts, and his writer is Abraham Polansky, also from the East Side.

At Warners', Garfield had a writer pal, Robert Rosson, who shared his enthusiasm for making screen stories sell an ideal or two. So, out on his own, he hired Rosson as his director. Then he also borrowed from Warners one of the greatest camera artists this industry has known, James Wong Howe, and finally, as the small, bright jewel of this artfully rough setting, he got the loan of Lilli Palmer to play his leading lady.

Their astute and deeply felt collaboration has resulted in the best prize-fight picture in many a year. For it is much more than a prize-fight picture. Its story

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of "Charley Davis" is an unsparing revelation of the pathos and brutality of being a ring champion, of the intoxication that is brief fame and big money.

Charley Davis is a fresh young East Side punk who falls instantly and deeply in love with Peg, a young artist (Miss Palmer). But as soon as he wins his first match, he postpones their wedding. When he reaches the point where he is willing to sell half his income and a good chunk of his soul to a coldly crooked promoter (Lloyd Goff) in order to get his chance at the championship, he is trying to forget Peg in favor of a "dame" (Hazel Brooks). He wins the title and more money than he ever knew existed. He lives high and handsome; he shrugs off the death of his best friend and ignores the plight of his Negro sparring partner. But time is waiting for Charley, though. And time catches up with him.

The last big fight scene surpasses anything I've ever seen in that line for suspense, terror, heartbreak—and the manner in which it has been photographed.

Actresses seldom achieve much fame playing "good girls." But Lilli Palmer, playing the good, sensitive, true Peg, glows with the pure enchantment of the spirit. She is naturally gifted with great physical beauty, but she doesn't rely upon it in any way. I've never seen a more convincing portrait of an ideal than she here projects, and so I hand her the Cosmopolitan Citation for the best supporting performance of October.

BRAHMS, Schumann and Liszt may not be the accepted fare of Mr. and Mrs. Average Public, but I am confident whether their acquaintance with classical music is on the scant side, or whether they are actually patrons of the masters, they will enjoy "Song of Love." This musical movie makes a definite bid for honors among the musical epics, and I have no doubt it will captivate music lovers all over the country.

People who know the real story of the Clara Wieck, brilliant pianist (who married the talented and delicate Robert Schumann), and Johannes Brahms, may quarrel with the movie version, for M-G-M has taken great liberties in presenting this famous triangle of the musical world. The love Brahms had for Clara has been glossed over and made as pure as the driven snow. These liberties, however, seem to me to be incidental when we can listen to the music of Schumann and Brahms and Liszt.

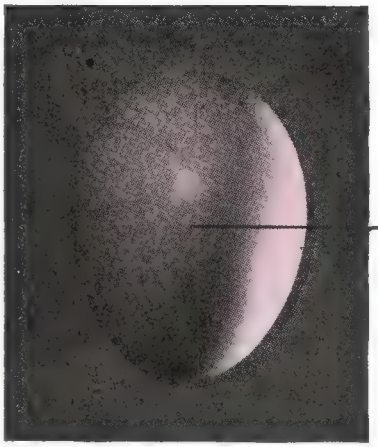
The music, as interpreted and recorded by Artur Rubenstein at the piano, is brilliantly executed, and Katharine Hepburn does a sensational job of piano fingering.

Katie's Clara Schumann is appealing and delightful. This Hepburn has a warmth and appeal that I first noticed in "Sea of Grass." All that staccato brittleness which she affects disappears when she becomes the loving wife, and mother of seven children.

Paul Henreid, as the delicate Robert Schumann; Robert Walker as Brahms, whose futile love for Clara Schumann is another unhappy note in this more or less weepy epic; and Henry Daniell, as Liszt, support Katie. But definitely it's Katie's picture.

Without Clarence Brown's direction, however, "Song of Love" might have fallen flatter than the proverbial pancake. He makes it something you'll enjoy seeing and hearing. There are so many little touches that are original and different. So I give to Clarence Brown, that veteran of many screen successes, the Cosmopolitan Citation for direction for the month of October.

THE END



egg melter

IT'S A LIVING

When the magicians felt the pinch of wartime shortages, Abe Keene came to their rescue by melting duck eggs

Abe Keene, a tall, solid man of seventy-two, used to be a gold prospector in the West; a dentist in old Mexico; a salesman of rubber tires; a buyer of surplus war materials after World War I and a real estate man. These days he earns his living by melting duck eggs.

He became an egg melter during the past war when his son, a magician, confided to him the trouble that he and his fellow prestidigitators were having in procuring certain materials.

"One of the scarcest items," explained Mr. Keene recently, "was an imitation rubber egg. It was made of very thin rubber, and could be rolled into a small ball."

Out of respect for the Magician's Code, we won't go into all the details. It involves a lot of palming and squeezing of the egg to make it small enough to hide from the audience.

Abe Keene gave the problem considerable thought. At the time this problem came up, rubber was exceedingly difficult to obtain. "I thought to myself," he explained, "why should rubber be used? Wouldn't it be better if a real egg, or part of a real egg was used?"

He went on from there. "You know the skin of an egg? The thin layer right under the shell that holds the white and the yolk? Well, I figured if I could get that skin out of an egg without breaking it, my problem would be solved."

Mr. Keene went to the Public Library and looked up the subject of "Eggs."

"I learned their chemical content," he said, "and everything else I could find about them. That took me a number of weeks. Then I figured: Maybe this stuff that eggshells are made of can be dissolved by chemicals. So I studied chemistry. That took me much longer. Finally, I thought I knew what to do."

Mr. Keene invested some money in various chemicals. He also bought dozens and dozens of eggs. Then came the experiments—the old, old story of scientific research.

Abe Keene worked alone in his little apartment in Brooklyn on the problem of removing the skin from an egg without breaking it.

He woke one morning to find that he had succeeded.

Mr. Keene laughs now at his early attempts to obtain an egg skin, unbroken and unmarred.

"I tried hen's eggs by the dozen," he said, "but they were just no good at all. Then I tried duck's eggs and found them much better. The first problem was to get the whites and yolks out of the eggs without smashing them. It took me weeks to develop a little auger with which I drill, very delicately, a hole in either end of the egg. Then I blow through one end, and the white and the yolk dribble out. Then I dissolve the shell. You will pardon me if I do not divulge the secret chemicals I use."

The egg skin, he explained, is an amazingly delicate object when first extracted. "I make it tough," he said, "by a secret tanning process I learned from the Indians in the West."

Now that Abe Keene is established, and the wholesalers and jobbers who distribute his magic egg skins have beaten a well-worn path to his Brooklyn dwelling, he can look back and smile at some of his earlier misguided efforts — for instance, manufacturing swagger sticks to be carried by enlisted men in the United States Army.

By Hyman Goldberg

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Lydia E. Pinkham's TABLETS

The Sealed Verdict

(*Continued from page 52*)

the home of Jakob Meyersohn, an elderly Jewish refugee, who had entered a complaint against an unnamed man—presumably Rodal—for trying to blackmail Steigmann's wife, Ilse, sheltered by the old man because she had been his daughter's friend.

THE FIRST house on Grenauerstrasse was No. 168. Lashley walked quickly until he came to No. 192. The sign on the lawn read: "Meyersohn Schneider."

The gate creaked as Lashley pushed it open, and Meyersohn appeared at the door of the cellar apartment.

"You are a man of your word, Major Lashley. I beg you to come in."

He led the way along a passage so narrow Lashley had to twist his broad shoulders. They came into a small, oblong room sparsely lighted by a tiny window at the far end. Along one wall stood a pressing board, and along the other there was a table strewn with skirts and blouses and bits of cloth. Under the window there was space for two chairs and tailor's dummy.

"Please be seated," Meyersohn said. "Would you like to see Frau Steigmann?"

Lashley said, "If I may."

"She is not well. She has been sick with worry since last night."

"Is she concerned also about her husband?"

Meyersohn shook his head. "She has cast him out of her mind as one casts out evil thoughts."

"Then she believes he is guilty?" Lashley asked eagerly.

"She is a good woman. When they came to tell her of the verdict, she wept—as a good person must weep in the presence of death, even for the most heinous of men—but she said, 'The Americans are a just people. If they have found him guilty, then surely he deserves to be punished.' I will go now and call her."

LASHLEY glanced about the little shop. A few GI jackets hung next to the pressing board, and piled in a corner of the table was their corollary—some bars of chocolate, three packs of chewing gum, a cake of soap and a few loose cigarettes, the legal tender of the occupation zone.

Meyersohn reappeared from the passageway. "Frau Steigmann is coming down. Meanwhile, I will stand at the door to watch for the man."

Lashley heard a latch click, and Ilse Steigmann came into the room.

She was a small woman, so thin that her heavy black dress hung on her like a kimono.

He could not imagine her ever having been a pretty woman, although her grace and slightness indicated she might have been. Now her mouth was locked in a downward curve and it seemed to pull all of her face into its ugliness. In the dimness her eyes appeared of exaggerated size and curiously lifeless. Her black hair was bundled at the back of her head. She was a tragic figure, and even knowing that she was the wife of a ruthless man could not keep Lashley from pitying her.

She came forward timidly and extended her hand. "*Mein Herr*," she said in a dull voice.

Lashley stood up. "Frau Steigmann."

There was no quickness in her blue eyes. He felt that he might have said anything, and they would have looked the same. She continued to look at him for a few moments, then her head sank and she wept.

Meyersohn came out of the passageway, saying, "He has not come. Perhaps he has changed his mind——" When he saw Frau Steigmann crying, he stopped short. "Why do you cry, my child? It is not necessary."

Just then, there was a thump at the outer door. Lashley started forward, but Herr Meyersohn stopped him, saying, "I will go alone. It is possible that he has changed his mind. I have prayed that he be spared the commission of this evil." He disappeared into the passageway.

After a brief silence, Lashley heard the sound of low conversation, then suddenly a raised voice harsh with the guttural inflections of German argot.

He was starting for the door when Rodal plunged into the room, shouting in German, "I want my money! Where is Frau Steigmann?"

The Czech caught sight of Lashley and stopped short. He divided a quick, perplexed glance between the American and the woman, and his clenched hands came down to his side. He lowered his head, seeking to shield it from the light, turned abruptly and ran back into the dark passageway.

Lashley bolted out of the house after him, and was fifty yards behind when Maria crept out of the shadows and joined Rodal. They turned left into the big street and disappeared. Lashley started to sprint, then slowed to a brisk walk. Windows on both sides of the street were suddenly filled with inquiring heads, mostly of housewives, and in this purely German neighborhood he was conscious of his dignity as an American officer.

By the time he reached the corner the street was deserted. He turned slowly in the direction Rodal and Maria had taken.

As far as he could see there was not a habitable building on either side of the street. Doors and windows were overflowing with rubble. Yet two tiny places of business were wedged together between the ghosts of the huge financial structures which had once lined the street. One displayed a few dusty tins of food in its window. The other, he saw through its curtained door, was a *Bierhaus*.

He pushed at the door of the *Bierhaus* and went in.

Three shabby men looked up furtively from one of the tables. The other half dozen tables were empty. A single lamp glimmered dully behind a small bar and cast a sheen on the bald head of a huge man who stood with his hands motionless on the spigot of a wine barrel.

Lashley stood inside the door. "Did a man come in here?" he demanded.

"Man?" The bartender exchanged glances with the three men at the table.

"A man and a *Fräulein*," Lashley said sharply.

The bartender moved his head slowly from side to side.

Lashley turned abruptly to the three men. They hastily picked up their steins, drained them, and shuffled to their feet.

"What do you want?" the bartender grunted, coming around from behind the bar.

Lashley glared swiftly around the room. There was a door at the back, to the left of the bar. He started toward it. The bartender, moving rapidly for so big a man, intercepted him between two tables.

Their eyes met across the inches that separated them. Lashley took a step forward. The German held his ground, his heavy breath unpleasantly across the American's face. They stood motionless, chin almost touching chin, and glared at each other like a pair of leashed dogs until Lashley could no longer stand the man's insolence.

With his left hand, Lashley felt for a

grip on the bevelled edge of one of the tables. Still looking into the man's face he gradually raised one end of the table until its red-checked cloth slipped to the floor. The German's face was impassive. The table came higher. It teetered on two legs. Lashley watched his opponent and the man watched the table, grimly diverted.

With a sudden flip of his arm Lashley upended the table. It struck against a chair, spinning it out of the way, and fell upside down on the floor. The German looked at the upset table with a dull clownish curiosity. Lashley stepped around him, strode to the door near the bar and pushed it open.

He was in a storeroom musty with the smell of spilt wine. An oil lamp flickered on a shelf. Sitting on stubby wine kegs in a corner were Rodal and Maria.

The Czech seemed only mildly concerned. He leaned sideways and whispered into Maria's ear. His discolored lips moved, but his voice was inaudible. The girl's eyes opened wide, and a grin spread over her unwashed face. Then all at once the grin vanished. She looked desolately into the Czech's face, extended her hands and said in high-pitched German, "My hands are clean, are they not, Rodal?" And the reply came quickly: "*Ja*, Maria. They are clean. Fine and clean."

Lashley closed the door behind him.

The Czech rose sullenly. The dull light made his face look deep yellow and, as though it were an X Ray, it seemed to lay bare all the misery of his past. For a moment Lashley struggled again with the problem of judging between the tortured and the evil.

"I could arrest you, Rodal," he said.

"For why?" muttered the Czech.

"You know damn well why. You're a blackmailer, a filthy little blackmailer, and I could put you in jail for it!"

Maria began to whimper, and Rodal reached over and stroked her hair. The whimpering subsided.

"You German?" Rodal said, looking unhappily into Lashley's face.

"You know I'm not!"

Rodal threw up one shoulder contemptuously. "For why you protect German beasts?"

At that moment Lashley heard the stealthy brush of a body against the door behind him. He backed against it without taking his eyes off Rodal. "I don't protect the guilty. I punish them. I punished the seven in the *Gericht*." He stepped forward and grasped the man roughly by the shoulders. "My duty is to punish the guilty and protect the innocent. And I'll punish you, Rodal."

The Czech spat. "You know nothing, my major."

Lashley shook him angrily. "You're a devil, Rodal. You swore on the witness stand. I don't believe a word of what you swore. Do you hear that? Not a word!"

Maria squealed pitifully. The Czech shook himself loose from Lashley's grasp and sat beside her on the wine keg. He squeezed her hand spasmodically and whispered in her ear, before he looked up.

He said, "Frau Steigmann mus' give money. She beast. Mus' give money me and Maria. Not your bus'ness."

Lashley grabbed at the man's lapels and jerked him to his feet, "You're mad, Rodal!"

Maria began to moan hysterically. The air in the storeroom was foul. Sweat poured from Lashley's forehead into his eyes.

He glared at the Czech and he wondered how he had ever accepted him as his principal witness. Had he wanted so desperately to convict Steigmann? To

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score a personal triumph? The thought drained the anger from him, and he dropped his hands from the Czech's coat. He said roughly, "Tell me, Rodal, what were you before the war?"

"Student."

"What were you studying?"

"*Doktor—Medizin.*" The Czech's eyelids fluttered and his voice was morose.

Lashley said, "If you were studying medicine you must have wanted to help human beings."

Rodal spat into the corner.

"Why do you torture Frau Steigmann? Why, Rodal? She has done you no harm. She is a poor woman."

Rodal spoke in German. "Not everyone knows how to deal with these beasts—as I do. They are afraid of me—all of them. I am the master now."

The last vestige of anger fell from Lashley's mind. He studied the Czech as a scientist might study an ailing guinea pig. The man was insane. Bossin would establish the fact. He must get the man to Bossin.

He said, "What about those out there?"—indicating the *Bierhaus*. "Your friends?"

Rodal tapped his chest significantly. "They suit my purpose. I do business with them. They are afraid of me—like all the others."

"They gave you the information about Frau Steigmann——"

Rodal scowled. "Who is she that she shouldn't pay?" he demanded. "She is no longer one of the master race. Let her not forget it. She has not even begun to pay. She has a body—let her sell herself." He panted with indignation.

Lashley said evenly, "You would send Frau Steigmann into the streets?"

"Why not?" the Czech shouted. "The Americans pay. That's more than the Germans did, more than they did for Maria." He stroked the girl's head eagerly. "In the *Lager* on the hill they ravished her five—ten times a day, whenever an SS beast wanted a woman he ravished Maria. "You Americans are fools!" The Czech thrust forward his yellow face. "You hang one beast or a dozen, and you are satisfied. What good does that do me? Who is going to pay me? At Bergen Belsen they locked me in a railway truck with ten others and threw in a stick of sausage. When we arrived in Nordhausen I was the one who was alive. I—Rodal. We fought for a stick of sausage. For six days and six nights we fought. We killed —and I survived. Who is going to pay me for that?"

Lashley sought to humor the man. "We will discuss it. We will strike a bargain."

Maria was making little bleating noises. Rodal went to her side.

"Have you ever heard of Theresienstadt?" he shouted. "They brought her there when she was eleven. Eleven! They put a whip in her hand, and they pushed her into the gas chamber. Her mother was there—in the gas chamber—naked—with all the others—all naked. They pushed pins into her buttocks, and she lashed the naked people—all the naked people and her mother among them. The beasts laughed. It was comical. Everybody danced under the whip. They danced until they could dance no longer. And when everybody lay exhausted from dancing, they took the girl from the chamber, and they turned on the gas——

"Now you know why her hands are unclean. They did not expend much gas because the people were already half dead. They saved money." He stamped his foot on the floor. He shouted crazily, "I want that money! I want it for me and Maria. Who will say Frau Steigmann should not pay it?"

Lashley waited until the man's panting subsided. Then he said, "Do you want the girl to be well? If you do not ask Frau Steigmann for money, I will arrange for Maria to see a good doctor."

Rodal sucked his lips. "I would like Maria to be well."

"Then you must promise you will not ask Frau Steigmann for money. If you break your word, I will put you in prison."

"How do I know you are not trying to fool me?"

Lashley said, "I will give you a note. You may go today to the American hospital, and they will examine Maria and give you medicine."

Rodal nodded slowly and stroked Maria's hair.

"Give me the note."

Lashley wrote a note to Bossin and handed it over.

"But remember. If you trouble Frau Steigmann you will go to prison."

When Lashley came out into the street his eyes smarted with the glare of sunlight. He leaned against a pile of rubble and breathed deeply again and again.

He knew now that Rodal was a madman, that his testimony had been worthless. If Bossin confirmed it, he would act decisively. This much he promised himself as he headed back to his office.

THE afternoon hours went slowly. Lashley spent them reading interrogation reports. But his mind was only superficially concerned with the documents. All day long, his thoughts had been returning to the evening before. Whatever the truth about Themis, he knew he wanted to be near her.

The mystery of her whereabouts persisted. The telephone rang once during the afternoon. It was the provost marshal reporting his failure to apprehend Themis.

At last it was five o'clock. He gathered up his papers, shoved them into a filing cabinet, banged the steel door shut and snapped the padlock. The office was officially closed for the day. Let the phone ring now if it must—he wouldn't have to answer it.

Curiously enough he was not anxious to leave the office. He realized that he had been half expecting Themis to come as she had yesterday. He wondered if she had been in hiding during the day. Curious that she could have eluded capture so long, for she was being sought as any suspected criminal is sought. The provost marshal had carefully explained that Marriner had ordered the woman expelled from the 11th Army area, which was his prerogative, and he had specified the mode of transport and the point of exit from the area. This was clever of Marriner, Lashley thought, for it superseded his own authority to retain Themis on the pretext of further questioning.

Light footsteps came down the corridor. He could not tell whether they were the steps of a man or a woman; they were at the door now. The handle squeaked and the door opened.

He swung his chair around. Standing in his office was Parker. The lieutenant rummaged in his overcoat pocket, brought out a brown envelope and, approaching the desk, held it out. "The general would like you to read this, if you will, sir."

Lashley took the envelope. "Is that all, Parker?" he said carelessly.

"The general gave me a message for you."

"Well?"

"After you read the communication."

Lashley swiveled his chair around, turning his back on Parker. He tore open the envelope and read:

From: Gen J Marriner, CG 11th Army
To: Maj RM Lashley, AA-JAG

Subject: Execution of War criminals

1. On 8 April 46 US War Crimes tribunal under presidency of Col WH Macklin decreed sentence of death by hanging on six convicted criminals, after due legal processes entered into at Reschweiler.

2. The trial records were despatched to JAG, USFET, and to CG, USFET, for review and possible approval and confirmation.

3. JAG, USFET, AND CG, USFET, have approved the convictions and have confirmed death sentences of the six whose names and serial numbers may be found in Appendix A. The sentence of life imprisonment upon the seventh prisoner has also been confirmed.

4. I have this day commanded CO, Bergsdorf prison, to proceed with the execution of the six condemned at dawn on the day of 13 April 46.

5. As permanent officer, JAG War Crimes Branch presently attached for duty with the 11th Army, you are instructed to be present in the capacity of an official witness at the place of execution.

6. For your immediate attention and necessary action.

J Marriner, CG
CG 11th Army

Lashley turned swiftly to face Parker. "What's got into the general? The men were only sentenced on Monday. The thirteenth is—let's see—Saturday. That's only five days from the day they were sentenced! What about their appeals?"

Parker said calmly, "They went forward with the trial records. They were rejected by Frankfurt."

Lashley made a fast calculation. "But this is only Wednesday. Did Frankfurt look at the record?"

"The general asked for all possible speed," Parker said. "The JAG remained on duty nearly twenty hours to review the record."

"For God's sake, why?"

Parker appeared to relish the major's consternation.

"It occurs to me," he said, "that the general explained that to you the other night—at his house. The public safety people——"

"Damn the public safety people!" Lashley exploded. "They didn't prosecute. They can go on sleeping with their frowzy *Fräuleins*. I've got to sleep with myself ——"

"If I were you I'd take it easy on that subject," the lieutenant said.

Lashley came to his feet. "Don't talk to me like that, Parker. Don't you know how to address a superior officer?"

Parker mumbled, "Yes, sir," without changing the manner of his stance or the complacency of his expression.

Lashley sat down and eyed him belligerently. "What's the message the general gave you?"

"The general is—well, he's damned mad if you want to know."

Lashley said sharply, "Never mind your commentary, Parker. Give me the general's message."

The lieutenant hesitated. "The general wants you to surrender the Delisle woman to the French authorities without delay——"

"Wants *me* to surrender the woman?"

"He put it this way," said Parker. "If the woman is not surrendered to the French before the executions, he will have you up on charges."

For a moment Lashley was confounded. "Does the general think I'm sheltering the woman?"

"He knows the woman was here in this office last night and"—Parker smiled—

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"in your billet the night before—Monday. Does that answer your question?"

Lashley said nothing.

"Another thing, Major," Parker went on. "The general has called off the provost marshal—he called him off when the confirmation came through from Frankfurt. Nobody can prevent the executions now, but he wants the woman out of the area before it happens—and he doesn't want any open scandal about you and her."

Lashley struggled to control himself. He said evenly, "Go back and tell the general I don't know where the woman is. I'll do what I can to find her."

AT SEVEN o'clock Lashley abandoned the hope that Themis might appear at his office. Reluctantly he shut off the lights. He lingered a few moments outside the door, then turned his key in the lock and went downstairs.

At the front door Buckley, the guard, put down a picture magazine, saluted, and said, "Good night, sir."

Lashley paused. "By the way, Buckley. At about this time last night a woman came down from my office. Do you recall?"

"You mean the Frenchwoman—the one at the trial?"

"That's the one."

"Yes, sir. She came through last night. I remember."

"Did you notice what direction she took when she left here?"

Buckley shook his head. "No, sir. Tell you the truth I didn't pay much attention, not after she went through the door. Pepper might've noticed. He's the guard out by the gate."

Pepper, a lanky youth, leaned his rifle against the sentry box.

"I just can't rightly remember, sir," he said in response to the major's query. "Seems to me though she went thisaway—down Mehlmannstrasse—sorta the way we go for the Red Cross Club."

"Thank you, Pepper."

Lashley turned the jeep down Mehlmannstrasse. He asked himself why he had not found out earlier from Nissen or the provost marshal where Themis was billeted. But the answer was too easy, for he knew how hard he had been resisting every impulse to go to her. He had no longer been able to excuse a visit on the grounds of his wish to prove Steigmann's guilt . . . But he must see her again.

At the bottom of the hill the street merged with Bahnhofstrasse. From all directions groups of GI's wandered toward the Red Cross Club, attracted by the beat of swing music.

It was unlikely that he would see Themis, but still he looked for her as he drove along. He turned the jeep into Bahnhofstrasse and made for the parking lot in the rear of the Excelsior Hotel. From there it was a short walk to the place he associated with her and the moonlight.

He crossed the street and took the pathway that wandered through the rubble-heaped Opernplatz. The dust of pulverized stone lay like a fine carpet under the moonlight. In the unreality of the shadowy ruins he thought he saw the gleam of a bronze arrow moving beyond a pile of rubble. But this was no mirage. She stood before the bust of Schumann, looking up at the stone features, and her face was white and pensive and beautiful.

"Themis," he called softly.

She looked around her, and when she saw him she smiled. It was a soft smile and wonderfully tender. In the pale light, amid the silent ruins, finding her here as he had imagined she might be, he almost felt as though he were dreaming.

He murmured, "I wanted to find you," he said, taking her hands. "All day, since this morning, I hated myself for letting you walk away last night."

"Since this morning," she echoed. "I too was sorry for last night." Her eyes were wide and her voice was as soft as the night around them.

"But you ran away," he said.

"Only across the river. Look." She lifted her foot and turned her muddy shoes to the light. "I walked up into the hills. There was no war, nor the end of war, nor even a beginning of war. In the hills nothing was changed. It was spring quite as it used to be, and I could pretend there were no dark years between."

"You have a good imagination."

The night wind carried sounds of revelry from the direction of the Excelsior. Lashley was suddenly back again in Reschweiler, holding hands with a girl who was wanted by the French authorities.

She said anxiously, "How did you think of me today?"

"I wanted to be with you."

"Then I shall not run away again," she said softly. "Except with you, Robert." She paused over the name. "*Robert* . . . It has a lovely sound in French."

Touched by her sweetness and the happiness of her mood he hated the task that lay ahead. "Did you know they were looking for you today, Themis?" he said.

"Who was looking for me?"

"The military police."

She laughed lightly. "As if I would run away from you. You must have known I wouldn't. You knew, Robert."

"Yesterday it didn't matter to you. Nothing mattered. And tonight——"

"Tonight I am happy, as if yesterday and all the other days and years never happened."

"Why, Themis, what has changed since yesterday?"

She looked away, and her face looked suddenly grave. "Yesterday it didn't matter whether I lived or died. And today, Robert, I have come alive again—oh, I can't explain it, but each breath I take is important to me."

"What has happened, Themis, between yesterday and today?"

She looked up into his eyes. "If you do not know, Robert, I could not explain it to you."

"I shouldn't have asked that," he said.

He bent his head and kissed her gently on the lips. Her arms came up and went around his neck, holding him close. He could feel her tremble.

"Robert," she murmured, and he kissed her again. Her eyes were closed now, and her lips were very soft against his.

She said, "I pray some day . . ." but then her voice trailed off.

ON THE east bank of the Auer, across the river from the city's docks, a small park had been reclaimed from the forest. In Reschweiler's happier days it had been the scene of tombolas and picnics, for its escarpment provided a clear view of the river. A concrete parapet protected the merrymakers of another time from a sheer drop to the Auer's muddy banks.

Now the park had fallen into disuse except as a summer rendezvous for soldiers and their *Fräuleins*. The parapet and a few park benches recalled better days, these and a breath-taking view of the night and the river.

Themis leaned against the parapet, her back to the river below, and faced the bench on which Lashley sat. She spread out her arms as if to claim ownership of the park and the moon and the water.

"I discovered this all by myself when I came out of the hills. You see how grand it is, Robert."

"Themis." he said at last, "please listen

carefully. The police were searching for you today to arrest you, to send you back to Paris."

At the sound of his voice she looked away from the river and the sky. "But you will not allow it," she said confidently.

He shook his head. "I am under orders from the general to hand you over to the French within forty-eight hours. Forty-eight hours, Themis!"

He searched her face for the dismay he expected to find, but her eyes continued to glow like a young girl's.

"Two days is a long time," she murmured. "Let's not worry until we have to."

"And when the time comes——"

"If you let them take me, I shall be content to go. If you send me away, Robert, nothing matters any more."

She looked up at him and put her hand quietly into his. It was a gesture as simple and as trusting as a child's. "Don't worry, my Robert. In the end it will be all right."

"In the end it *must* be all right."

"You won't try to send me away?"

"Never."

Her head was on his shoulder, and his arms were around her.

"Robert?"

"Yes, dearest."

"This isn't all. This can't be all."

He sat for a long time holding her. Her eyes half closed, and she lay quiet in his arms.

Again and again he reasoned that there was neither logic nor wisdom nor even hope in the blind decision he was taking, but the unruly force that overwhelmed him was far too great, and he could not deny it. He knew he loved her.

THE NIGHT grew cold. They came down from the escarpment and crossed the bridge, clinging to each other as if to shut out even a gust of air which might separate them.

In this darkened ruined city, Lashley had a feeling of at last having found his life, a deep sense of belonging to someone and having someone belong to him.

They passed the Red Cross Club, darkened, for it was nearly midnight, and walked silently up the Mehlmannstrasse hill until they reached a huge apartment block. Outside No. 29 she pressed his arm close against her. "My billet," she said.

"Who assigned you here?"

"Captain Nissen arranged it when I first arrived." She saw the anxious look on his face. "What is it, Robert? Will they . . . No, no, don't let them!"

"No one will take you from me."

She clung to him. "Until tomorrow, my darling."

"Anything can happen tomorrow," he replied. "Whatever happens I'll find you!"

He held her close a long time, and then he kissed her. "Pray for us," she whispered.

She ran up the stairs and let herself into the building without looking back.

He walked thoughtfully down the hill, seeking to gain perspective for the tasks which lay ahead.

He turned hastily into Bahnhofstrasse and stalked through the Opernplatz toward the marquee lights of the Excelsior. As he passed the monument of Schumann he paused briefly and remembered that he had meant to confess to Themis his misgivings of the Steigmann verdict, to ask her what she knew about the man's guilt or innocence. He had even forgotten to tell her about the execution, and that omission truly disturbed him.

ON THURSDAY, before dawn, the telephone rang—one long, urgent note—then —silence.

The sound reached into Lashley's consciousness as if it were an echo out of

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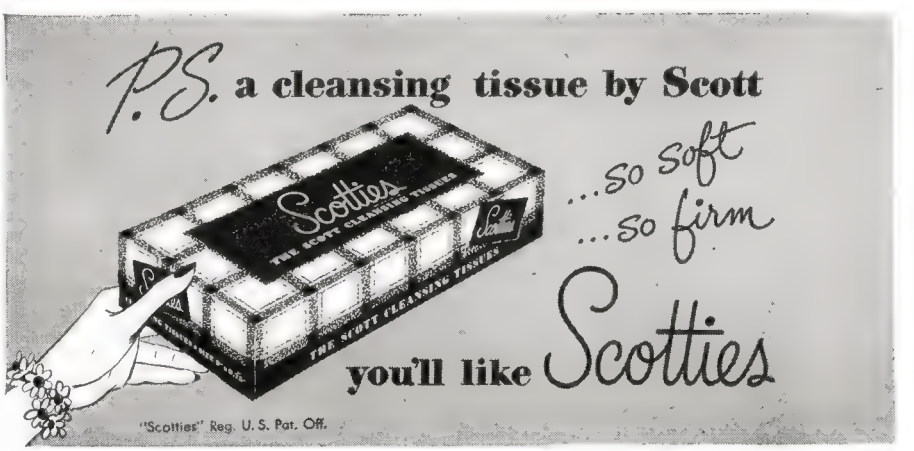

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a bad dream. He pulled himself up on one elbow and wondered whether he had really heard it.

The telephone pealed again, now in short, angry notes. Stupidly he lay on his elbow, listening to it ring, trying to gather his wits together. Finally he grabbed the receiver. "Hello."

He heard a man's voice say, "Hello. Is that you, Lashley?"

"Yes."

"Sorry to get you up at this hour," the voice said with a briskness which belied its apology. "This is Colonel Pike, G-1."

"Yes, Colonel."

"You know this Hockland case. You're familiar with it."

He sat up quickly. "Yes, Colonel."

"I've just had word from the hospital. The boy is going—pretty fast, they tell me."

There was a brief silence. Then the colonel said, "Hello, can you hear me? Are you awake now?"

"Yes, sir," Lashley said briskly.

"Good. Better get down there and take a statement from him. With witnesses and all that sort of thing. You know what I mean."

Lashley said, "I got something from him the other day, Colonel——"

"Yes, I know. But you've got to get the thing absolutely firm. The general is personally interested. He wants a short trial for the girl and a perfectly foolproof one. Can you get a stenographer at this hour?"

"What time is it, Colonel?"

"It's nearly six. Never mind about the stenographer. I'll get my own man—Master Sergeant Williamson. How soon can you get down to the hospital?"

"In about half an hour."

"Fine. I'll have Williamson meet you there—and Lashley, I hate to tell you your business but—uh—get evidence that will make it a lead-pipe cinch. We've got to make an example of the girl."

"Yes, sir," Lashley said without enthusiasm.

"Go to it then." The telephone clicked.

IN ANTICIPATION of death and the arrival of his parents, young Hockland had been moved to a private room.

Master Sergeant Williamson was already there. Pad and pencil in hand, he stood respectfully against the wall just inside the door.

Lashley closed the door gently and stood beside Williamson. He could not see Hockland for there were three persons standing close to the bed and gazing through the transparent fabric of an oxygen tent. One was Captain Bossin. His thick black hair was disheveled, and he wore a dressing gown over his pajamas. The second was apparently the night nurse, a tiny, wiry young woman. The third was a full colonel who might be, Lashley judged, the medical head of the hospital.

The three stood motionless as wax models. The only sound in the room was a hiss from the oxygen containers. A cool, bracing smell filled the room. This was the smell of vigorous living, thought Lashley, not the smell of dying.

Finally Bossin glanced toward the door. Lashley nodded. The captain moved noiselessly behind the nurse and held a whispered conference with the colonel, then he went to the door, opened it, and motioned both Lashley and Williamson outside.

While Williamson waited out in the hall, Bossin conducted Lashley into the lounge. On a small table in a corner of the room a coffee urn steamed over a flickering oil fire. Bossin filled two cups.

"When did Hockland take the bad turn?" Lashley asked.

"The nurse got scared when his respiration took a dip about an hour ago. She called everybody except the general. Silly girl."

"I'm glad they called me," Lashley said sharply.

Bossin halted his cup in mid-air. "Look, Major. You can't go on worrying about death. Anybody worth his salt worries about the living. When a man's gone, he's gone—and believe me, Hockland's gone. Not a thing anybody can do for him."

"That's no reason for being lighthearted," Lashley said.

Bossin gulped at his coffee. "A doctor develops a philosophy about death. I've learned enough about it so I know I won't be afraid when my time comes. It's something chemical. Nature administers her own anesthesia. I never saw a patient die that I didn't get the impression he was meeting it halfway."

LASHLEY looked uneasily at Bossin. He said, "Captain, did those refugees come to see you yesterday?"

"Oh sure—sure," Bossin said airily. "Glad you sent them. I had a field day. Kept them here most of the evening—so everybody could have a look at them. What a pair! One's got a paranoia I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy, and the other's a dementia praecox they'd give a thousand dollars at Johns Hopkins just to examine."

"You mean the girl——"

"The girl's hopeless. No one can do a thing for her. All I did was give her a bottle of mild laxative."

Lashley said, "What about the man?"

"He's a paranoic. The embittered kind."

"Would you consider him sane?"

"That's hard to say, Major. I'd have to keep him a couple of days to be sure. If you want a snap judgment, I would say he's insane most of the time—at least, as long as he's around here."

Lashley caught his breath. "Why around here, Captain?"

Bossin mused over his coffee. "Well, he's an embittered paranoic. It's not uncommon. His mind gravitates between delusions of persecution and suspicion of the outside world. As long as it's only suspicion of the outside world, he's fairly harmless. There's a million of them walking the streets back home. But when it comes to delusions of persecution, he's dangerous because his persecution complex is centered on Germans. Whenever he comes in contact with practically any German, he goes off. At least that's my guess."

"Would you consider him a trustworthy witness against a German?"

Bossin shook his head decisively. "Not on your life."

"Would you give me a certificate to that effect?"

"Not inside of a week. I'd have to keep him under observation at least that long."

Lashley stared momentarily into the sunlight streaming through the window. He was seeing Steigmann in a cell at Bergsdorf. This was Thursday. Another dawn and another, and they would lead Steigmann into the courtyard to hang him.

He cursed Marriner for the order requiring him to be present. He shrank from that duty, and he made up his mind that the hanging must not take place. Not on Saturday. He would wash out the conviction and move for a new trial. Not because Steigmann might be innocent, but because he had not proved his guilt.

There was a knock on the door, and the nurse put her head in. "The patient is awake now, Captain," she said.

On their way upstairs Lashley said, "What about Hockland's parents?"

"Doubt if they'll make it," Bossin replied. "Their plane's due in Paris this

morning. The army's got a C-47 waiting to fly them here. How long does it take—two and a half hours? That means around noon. Touch and go."

They reached the door of the room and went in.

The nurse and the white-haired colonel were looking down through the transparent curtain and smiling dimly, as though Hockland had just said something amusing. Williamson stood nervously against the wall inside the door.

LASHLEY peered through the fabric of the tent. The young soldier's eyes were open. His face was peculiarly colored, as though enamel-white were painted on a dark yellow base, and his lips were pale and slightly parted. His breath came in short gasps.

He looked dully at the newcomer for a few moments, and then he mumbled something which Lashley could not hear over the hiss from the oxygen containers.

Lashley said to Bossin, "Is it possible to turn this thing off for a few minutes?"

Bossin looked at the colonel. The latter said, "It will probably be easier if we remove the tent. Not more than five minutes though."

With a few quick moves the nurse detached the tubes running out of the base of the containers and pulled the tent away on its casters.

Lashley motioned to Williamson to come forward.

They leaned over the dying boy. He looked at them with the sleepy curiosity of a baby who has not yet learned to talk. His eyes were placid, they revealed neither fear nor sadness.

Lashley said gently, "Can you hear me, Hockland?"

The youth nodded almost imperceptibly.

"Then try to remember. Did Erika Wagner shoot you?"

Hockland's eyelids fluttered and his lips moved, but if they formed words Lashley was unable to hear them.

"Can you speak a little louder?" he said.

Hockland's face contorted. "I'd like—to see—Erika," he gasped.

"Did you see her take the gun in her hand and shoot you?" Lashley said with an immense effort to enunciate his words clearly yet quietly.

Hockland listened patiently. Then he wrinkled his nose. He seemed puzzled. "Erika," he mumbled. "Erika—good kid. Good kid—not her fault," he cried sharply. "Not her fault!"

He sank back, and the struggle of his breathing filled the room.

Lashley swore under his breath. He leaned close to young Hockland.

"Take it easy, son, and listen carefully. I know you're tired. You don't have to think much. Just answer yes or no. That's all. Just yes or no. This one more question, and then you'll go back to sleep again. Now remember, son. Just yes or no. Did—Erika—shoot—you? Yes or no . . . yes or no . . . yes or no." He looked imploringly into the boy's eyes.

Hockland's chin quivered. He mumbled, "Good kid—loved me."

Without an instant's delay Lashley said, "Think hard—listen to the question. Think hard, Hockland. Listen to the question—now listen. Answer yes or no, yes or no. Did—Erika—shoot—you? Yes or no."

Lashley brought his head still lower. He felt the boy's hot breath on the side of his cheek. He swallowed hard.

"Don't stall, Hockland," he said sharply. "Don't stall, damn it. Yes or no, yes or no. You're in the Army, Hockland. Do you hear me? This is an order, soldier. Yes or no, yes or no. Did—Erika—shoot—you? Out with it!"

The youngster's head shook in a spasm

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A number of special schools are listed on page 200 of this issue. We can suggest others located in various parts of the country.

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of agony. His closed eyelids quivered. He was barely conscious.

"Pull yourself together, Hockland. Don't stall. Answer the question. Did—Erika—shoot—you? Yes or no. Quick now!"

Hockland's chin shuddered. He opened his mouth wide, as if to shout, and then closed it.

"Y-y-yes," he mumbled and his chin jerked to one side.

Lashley straightened up and stepped back from the bed. He clapped both hands over his face.

Bossin came forward, took one look at the boy and turned to the nurse. "Oxygen."

Lashley wiped his eyes and glanced at Williamson. "Did you get it?"

The master sergeant nodded.

Lashley said, "Type out the report and get Captain Bossin and Colonel Ericson to witness it. Then send it to me."

He looked once more at the dying boy, then hurried from the room. The blood was pounding in his temples. He fled along the hall out into the air. He cursed Marriner, and the Army, and his job, and the war, and Hitler, and the whole damned world.

The jeep darted swiftly away from the hospital and hummed along a deserted street. Lashley hugged the steering wheel as though he might keel over without its support. He had done his duty. Marriner would be happy. Pike would be happy. The Hockland parents would be happy. Justice would be happy. He had reached into Hockland's helpless mind and torn from it the dream the youth struggled to keep, to carry into his last sleep.

SHORTLY after eleven o'clock the office telephone rang. Lashley swiveled his chair around to answer it. Colonel Pike was on the line.

"Well, Lashley, did you get it?" the colonel asked.

"Get what, Colonel?"

"Snap out of it," the colonel bellowed. "You know what I mean. The statement from what'sizname—Hockland."

"Yes—yes, sir," Lashley said quickly.

"Did he name the girl? Witnesses and all? I mean it's all wrapped up, isn't it?"

"Yes, Colonel. It's all wrapped up all right."

The colonel's voice crackled with enthusiasm. "Say, that's swell. The general will be tickled. Good work, Lashley. Hockland's gone. You know that, don't you?"

Lashley breathed heavily. "When did it happen?"

"About ten minutes ago. They called me."

"I'm sorry." Lashley could think of nothing else to say.

"It's bad enough. But as long as we've got the statement, we're geared for a fast job on the girl. Say, Lashley——"

"Yes, sir."

"I've got another little job for you. Hockland's parents, you know. Their plane is late. They won't get into Paris for an hour or so. Means they'll get here around three. I think it'd be nice if you went out to meet them. I mean you could tell them how quick we got the murderess and all that. It might help."

"If you like, Colonel."

"Yes, I definitely think it's an idea. You won't have to tell them about their son. I've already signaled to Orly Field. They'll tell them there."

"All right, sir."

"One more thing, Lashley. The PR in Washington tipped us off. Camilla Cameron is in the plane with the Hocklands. You know her, don't you?"

Lashley said, "I've heard of her."

"Well, I don't like it. These damned sob sisters can make a Greek tragedy out of a crap game. She's liable to write this thing up to make it read that the Army is making a bawdy house out of Germany. So be careful. You know. Efficient, sympathetic. And don't say a word you don't have to. Remember, everybody reads her stuff, especially in Washington."

"I'll do my best, Colonel."

"Good enough for me, Lashley."

Lashley's hand lingered on the telephone a long time after the colonel had hung up. Then he grabbed his cap and coat and walked out of the office. The hell with Marriner, he thought. I'll go see Themis now.

LASHLEY knocked lightly on the door numbered "Five."

"*Oui.*"

"Themis, open up," he whispered.

He heard her cry, "Robert!" and then there was a rush of slippered feet. The door swung open. The light from her room burst into the hall and blinded him for a second.

He saw the trim outline of her shoulders and the long sweep of her dressing gown; her hands held out to him and her face, unsmiling but flushed with emotion. He kicked the door shut and caught her in his arms.

"Robert," she laughed, "why didn't you give me warning? Look at this room—look at me."

"I'm looking at you," he said, and kissed her first tenderly and then passionately.

"Robert," she murmured. "You Americans!"

He laughed and hugged her. "You don't know how good it is to see you," he said. "I've had a hell of a morning."

"I'm sorry, my darling." She led him over to a window seat and they sat facing each other. "Tell me."

"Some other time, darling. But there is something I must tell you now—Steigmann is to die early Saturday morning."

"There is nothing I can say, Robert. If I said I was desolate, I would lie. If I said I was content it would also be a lie—after all I knew Steigmann."

"I understand."

She was very serious now.

"Robert," she said, "I ask you again—may I see him before he dies?"

"No, Themis. Not because I'm jealous of Steigmann—whatever he may have meant to you, I can see that it no longer matters."

"But then why not?" She looked at him in surprise.

"Because that is just what they're waiting for. Gribemont and his damned bloodhounds. They'd consider it conclusive evidence. No, darling, I can't let you. You've done enough for him."

She started to protest, but then she saw the determination in his face.

"Rodal has washed out on me," he said. "His evidence isn't worth a damn—he's crazy. I've been trying to decide whether I should ask to have the execution held up."

"But why?"

"Rodal's evidence was really all I had against Steigmann. But I am killing him. I am killing him without knowing whether it is right and just. Perhaps you can help me. In Paris did——"

She stood up and walked quickly away from him. When she spoke again, her back was turned. "In Paris I did something I had to do and for a reason of which I am not ashamed. But I promised myself when I did it that I would never talk about it to anyone. Never.

"I know nothing of Steigmann's atrocities. I always believed him guilty because people said he was. I'm sorry but

I can't help you." Her voice trembled. "I'm sorry, Robert."

Lashley walked over to her, put his hands on her shoulders and kissed the back of her neck.

"I've got to go, darling—until tonight."

"Until tonight, Robert."

He went out quickly and closed the door.

GARNHOFFEN FIELD, the principal airport serving Reschweiler, was twelve kilometers from the outskirts of the city.

Lashley parked his jeep near the entrance to the lounge, and went into the building where he joined a queue in front of the dispatcher's desk.

"Hey there, Major!"

It was Gubbins of the United Press. The tall, cadaverous newspaperman was waving a doughnut from the Red Cross bar. "The Hockland plane, isn't it? It'll be in in a couple of minutes."

"Thanks, Gubbins."

"What's this about Camilla Cameron? Since when is the Army giving free rides to trained seals so they can scoop us right on our home territory?"

"Honestly, Gubbins, I don't know anything about it—except that she's on the plane."

"Well, it's a damned outrage. Say, what's the Frenchman doing here? You know, the fellow at the trial—Gribemont."

"Is he here?"

"Right out there, mooching around gate three. What is it, Major?"

Lashley glanced through the open window. Captain Gribemont was pacing the landing apron at gate three.

"You've got me, Gubbins. Why don't you ask him?"

"I did. He's one of those guys—ask him a question and right away he becomes a diplomat. 'My dear fellow,' he says——"

Lashley mumbled, "See you later," and pushed out into the warm sunshine.

"Are you waiting for the Hockland plane?" he called out before Gribemont was aware of his approach.

The Frenchman turned about. "Major Lashley," he said stiffly. "How do you do?"

"I'm all right. What are you doing here?"

"I'm waiting for the special plane from Paris."

"Does the Hockland affair concern you too?" Lashley barked with as much belligerence as he could convey in the simple query.

"My dear fellow," Gribemont said with an injured air, "the plane happens to be carrying two men I wish to meet. If it interests you—and I believe it does—the men are Lieutenant Pierrard and Sergeant Greviers of the Deuxième Bureau." He said, "They are arriving in order to escort the Delisle person back to Paris. I believe she will be—uh—available tomorrow night."

"Why are they on this plane?" Lashley demanded.

"It was convenient. We French have no priorities on your scheduled flights, you know. General Marriner arranged it. He thinks of everything."

Lashley turned away and strode to the edge of the concrete apron. He was conscious of a web tightening around him no less than around Themis, for the suspicion grew in him that he had been enticed to the airfield primarily to witness the arrival of the French guards. He cursed Marriner's cleverness. The general was manipulating every stray incident to force him to surrender Themis voluntarily.

THE silver plane came down out of a faultless sky. The moment the engines died, the plane's door opened. Three prisoners of war pushed a landing platform into place.

A flight sergeant appeared on the platform, looked around and stepped back into the plane. Then a tall, middle-aged man in a gray overcoat came out carrying a suitcase.

Lashley guessed he was Elmer Hockland. He called up from the foot of the landing stage: "Mr. Hockland?" The man looked down at him. "Be with you in a minute," he said. He stuck his head into the plane. Lashley heard him say, "Ready, Edna? This is it. Steady over the bumps."

Two women came out. Lashley recognized Camilla Cameron immediately, although she was not nearly so pretty as the picture which was printed at the head of her dispatches.

The woman whose arm she held—though one glance showed her precaution to be unnecessary—was obviously Mrs. Hockland. Short, inclined to be stout, and capable-looking in a neat navy blue suit and a well-worn muskrat coat, her face under her simple navy hat was pale and strained with fatigue and grief. But it was calm. She tried to extricate herself from Camilla's clutch. "I'm right here, Dad," she said quietly.

She looked like home to Lashley, like many other American women scattered on farms and in small towns from Maine to southern California: steady, not very articulate, but intelligent about the business of everyday living. Women who did their own housework, and did it well, and who, when that work was done, had time for their church Ladies' Aid, Parent-Teachers' Associations, Red Cross Chapters and local garden clubs. Women like that had bred and reared a million or so kids like Hockland, never thinking that those kids would be fitted out with uniforms and guns and sent to Leyte and Saigon and Sicily and Germany to do the foul business of war.

Mr. Hockland said gruffly, "Well, come along, then. Let's get going."

They came down the steps together. Lashley went to the big man's side and said, "I'm Major Lashley. If there's anything I can do, any questions I can answer——"

"There's plenty I'd like to know," Hockland said bitterly. "But I want to get my wife settled first."

"Mr. Hockland?"

Gubbins inserted himself between Lashley and Hockland, and began asking questions about the trip.

Lashley suddenly remembered Gribemont. He looked about, and caught sight of the Frenchman walking toward the passengers' lounge with a fellow officer. They were followed at a discreet distance by a French enlisted man. A revolver butt stuck out of his open holster.

Lashley's attention was diverted by a large, pea-green automobile coming around the corner of the lounge. It was Marriner's limousine. It stopped at the edge of the apron, and Lieutenant Parker hopped out and walked briskly toward the group. He saluted Lashley, but addressed himself to Hockland.

"Lieutenant Parker, sir. General Marriner asked me to see that you and Mrs. Hockland are comfortably settled. The general's car is here—any time you're ready."

The man from Iowa shook Parker's hand. He turned to his wife. "Look, Edna, the general sent his own car for us."

Mrs. Hockland had managed to break free of Camilla's hold. Gubbins was talking to her and writing down her replies to his questions.

Lashley said, "Would you like to go to the hotel first—or the hospital?"

Mrs. Hockland laid a hand on her husband's arm. She spoke to Lashley. "To

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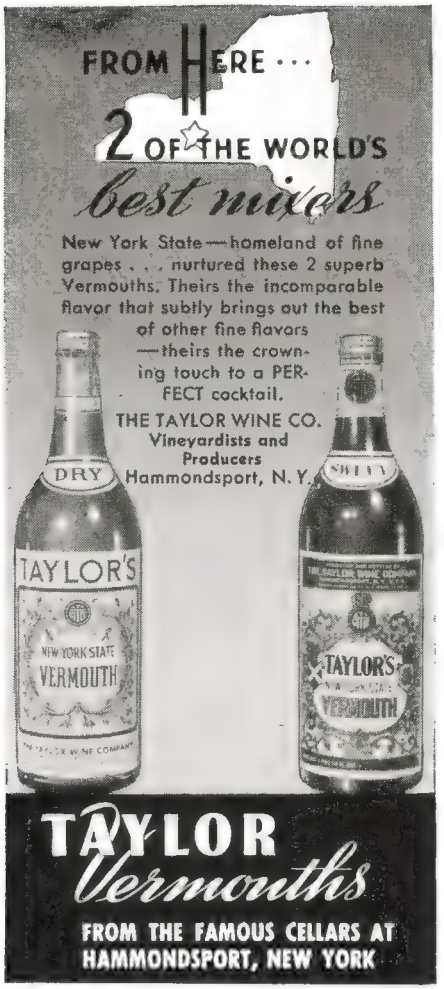
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the hotel, please. Dad and I would like to be alone a bit before—the other thing."

They walked toward the automobile, Camilla following close at their heels.

Hockland said to Lashley in a low voice, "Are you the man who knows all about—what happened?"

Lashley nodded.

Hockland said, "Suppose I see you at the hospital in about an hour. I'll be alone. That's no place for Edna."

LASHLEY was standing in the corridor when Hockland came out of the room where his son's body lay.

There was something sturdy and courageous about the big man's grief. His eyes were dry, and a look of stark indignation covered his hard, outdoor face.

He turned upon Lashley. "I want to know just what happened to my boy," he said gruffly.

"We'll go downstairs," Lashley said. "Captain Bossin—he's the doctor who treated your son—will let us have his office for a while. We'll be alone."

At the head of the stairs Hockland paused. "Did they do everything they could for Clay?"

Lashley said, "Everything."

Bossin's office was small. It contained a desk and two chairs and some shelves piled with medical books and clinical equipment.

Hockland seated himself on a small chair which was hidden by his bulk. "He was a good boy—my only boy. I want to know what happened to him."

Lashley said gently, "I don't know where to begin, Mr. Hockland. How much do you already know?"

"Just what was in the telegram and the papers. Some German girl waited for him and shot him in cold blood. You'd better tell me from start to finish. I want the facts. All of them."

Lashley leaned on the edge of Bossin's desk and looked into the man's face. "All right, Mr. Hockland. There's nothing to hide. But I'm glad your wife isn't here . . . Your son was having an affair with this German girl."

"What do you mean—an affair?"

"A love affair."

Hockland began shaking his head. "If you mean he was carrying on with her, I say it ain't true. I'm saying right here and now, it ain't true. Why, the boy was just out of high school. He treated a girl right. We live clean where I come from. Clay wouldn't know a loose woman if he saw one——"

"I'm not saying this German girl was a loose woman. She's only nineteen."

"Nineteen? Old enough to shoot my boy. And break his mother's heart. What kind of a story does she tell? Where is she? You've got her, haven't you?"

"She's in the hospital." Lashley studied the Iowan moodily. "She's going to have a child—any day now."

Hockland burst out, "Hospital! You mean here?"

"No. She's at a German hospital, a civilian place."

"Look here, Major! My boy is lying up there cold. He's dead. And you can sit there and tell me the woman who killed him is in a hospital having a baby like nothing happened. What kind of Americans are you around here? That woman deserves to hang, baby and all!"

Lashley braced himself against the desk. "It's—very possible that it's your son's child, Mr. Hockland."

"That's a lie!" Hockland sprang to his feet. His face was suddenly dark red with anger, and his tightly compressed mouth was outlined in ugly lines.

Lashley watched him impassively.

Hockland relaxed slowly. He pushed gnarled fingers through his hair and turned his face away. "I didn't mean to call you a liar, Major. It's just that I know my boy better than you do. Funny," he muttered, "how I talk like he's still alive. It'll take a lot of getting used to."

Lashley said, "Maybe we can talk tomorrow."

"Yes, tomorrow. Guess I'm tuckered out." Hockland took up his hat and moved toward the door.

They walked together to the front hall.

Lashley said, "By the way, Mr. Hockland, where did they put you up?"

"At the big place. The Excelsior Hotel."

"I'll take you. I'm driving there now."

"I guess not, Major. Got to see General Marriner. He asked me, you know. He must be a fine man, the general."

"Yes." Lashley sighed. "He's a fine man."

DUST weaved across the city's jagged rooftops. It seemed to Lashley as he watched from his window that this night was party to the tragedy it covered.

There was Clay Hockland lying stiff and wasted beneath a white sheet, and the elder Hockland blindly searching for retribution as a shaggy animal might seek it, and the undernourished body of Erika struggling to bring new life into the world.

There was Rodal trying to make "the beasts" pay for the suffering he had endured. And his Maria whimpered for want of memories her empty mind could not hold. There was Marriner desperately ruling the morbid empire to which he had fallen unwilling heir. And Steigmann concerned no longer with days but with hours. And there was Themis.

Lashley was not excluded. He was a part of the ugly drama. He too was fumbling with life and death, and doing nothing to resolve the dilemma into which he had fallen. He knew why this night was repellent to him. It was the last night for Steigmann; in another way it might also be the last for Themis, for him. Tomorrow night would be too late. The hours between were precious as no hours had been before in his life. All afternoon he had put off thinking about Steigmann and the worthlessness of Rodal's testimony. Now he could no longer avoid doing something about it. He caught up his cap and coat and made for the door.

The phone rang, and he cursed under his breath as he lifted the receiver.

"Major Lashley?"

"Yes."

"This is Camilla Cameron." The voice was utterly charming.

"Yes, Miss Cameron."

"I'll state my business very quickly, Major. I'm phoning for Mrs. Hockland. She's here beside me . . . Can you see her for a minute or so—now?"

"Where is Mrs. Hockland?"

"On the second floor—two-o-six."

"I'll drop by on my way down."

He found Mrs. Hockland in a large, twin-bedded room. She sat uncomfortably on the edge of a chair, very still and stiffly braced.

Camilla Cameron lounged on one of the beds. Deliberately ignoring her he said, "Is there anything I can do for you, Mrs. Hockland?" She looked up at him, and he read purpose in her gray eyes. "Is Elmer—Mr. Hockland, still—at—the hospital?"

"I believe he's with General Marriner now."

"I want to ask a favor." A tremor passed over the woman's face, but she spoke calmly. "It means so much to me."

"What is it, Mrs. Hockland?"

"Would you—take me to see—the girl?"

"Don't you think you should wait until your husband is with you?"

"Oh, no," she replied quickly. "Elmer

—Mr. Hockland—wouldn't want me to go. Please," Mrs. Hockland urged. "Please take me."

Lashley breathed hard. "All right. We can go right now."

"Thank you. I felt sure you would. I'm ready."

Camilla took down her own coat.

Lashley said, "Where are *you* going?"

"Where do you *think* I'm going?" she answered viciously.

"Not with us."

"Oh, yes, I am, big boy."

Mrs. Hockland said, "If the major doesn't think you should come, Miss Cameron——"

"He can't prevent me," she said with feeling.

Lashley said quietly, "The girl is a prisoner, Miss Cameron. If you want to see her, you'll have to make application to the JAG of this area."

She ran to the phone. "You louse," she said under her breath, "you can't get away with this. What's his name?"

"Lashley," he said, mimicking her tone. He turned to the older woman. "Come along, Mrs. Hockland."

THE LITTLE woman was silent during the journey to the outskirts of the city. She looked straight ahead into the bright night.

As they swung into the hospital driveway, Mrs. Hockland said, "He was just an average boy. He wasn't ever very smart in school. Sometimes he was quite lazy around the farm. But he was a good boy, Major. A good boy. I loved him.

"Riding along, I've been thinking. I'm glad I'm here in Germany—and not back home. Everything is strange here. Sad and broken, everything—so I feel as if I belonged. It's like the place is made for dying and feeling sad. It's easier being away over here. But I don't know what I'll do when I go home. I declare I don't." Tears ran down her cheeks. She turned her head from Lashley and unobtrusively wiped them away.

She was quite calm when they entered the hospital rotunda. Lashley spoke to a tall, angular nurse. "*Wo ist die Fräulein Erika Wagner?*"

With a weariness bordering on insolence the nurse pointed down the hall and said, "*Die letzte Thür.*"

Lashley could see a Wac leaning against a window frame at the end of the long, gloomy corridor. She was smoking. As they approached he recognized her as the same girl who had looked after Erika at the stockade. On a near-by door a cardboard sign read: "No admittance. U. S. Military Police."

The Wac stamped out her cigarette. "Oh, it's you Major," she said. "Gee, I'm certainly glad to see somebody come. Somebody with authority. What happens—what do I do if she dies?" She gestured with her thumb towards the room.

Lashley turned to Mrs. Hockland. "You'd better sit down for a minute." He took the Wac down the hall a short way. "What's the matter?"

She pursed her lips and shook her head. "Major, I can't take it much longer. I can't even stay in the room. The labor pains started today. It's horrible. You ought to talk to the doctor. He says there's nothing he can do. She's going to die."

Lashley suddenly felt relieved. It might be a good thing if the girl died. Better for everybody.

"Call the doctor," he said. "Tell him I want to see him."

"Anything you say, sir." She walked rapidly down the hall.

He turned back to Mrs. Hockland. She sat on a bench, staring straight ahead.

"Would you like to see her now?" he asked.

"If you please."

They went in. A single lamp hung from the ceiling and illuminated gray streaks of corrosion on the plaster walls. The room was vibrant with the moaning of the girl. She lay on her back, her eyes closed and her mouth open, and her face looked horrible.

Mrs. Hockland tiptoed to the edge of the bed. She looked down on the girl's face. It was an empty look, bereft of emotion, as though she were looking at a piece of mechanism of which she had not the faintest understanding. The girl seemed scarcely to be breathing. She opened her eyes wide and moaned louder than she had before. Neither the moan nor the girl's open eyes appeared to change the expression on Mrs. Hockland's face.

She looked a long time. Then she moved her head from side to side as if measuring the pitiful length of the girl. Her eyes came to rest at the base of the bed. The blanket was pulled out and one of the girl's feet protruded. Quickly and with a practiced hand the woman took hold of the blanket and tucked the edge of it neatly under the mattress.

She turned to Lashley and said in a lifeless voice, "It's Clay's baby."

He said, "You can't be sure——"

"It's Clay's baby," she muttered as if to herself. "She wouldn't have done it if it wasn't Clay's baby. It's Clay's baby." She closed her eyes, and her mouth quivered as she fought for self-control.

The door behind them opened, and a man in a long white surgeon's overall came in.

Lashley touched Mrs. Hockland on the arm. "Come outside for a minute."

He led her from the room and seated her on the bench in the hall. He returned to the room.

The doctor was surveying his patient.

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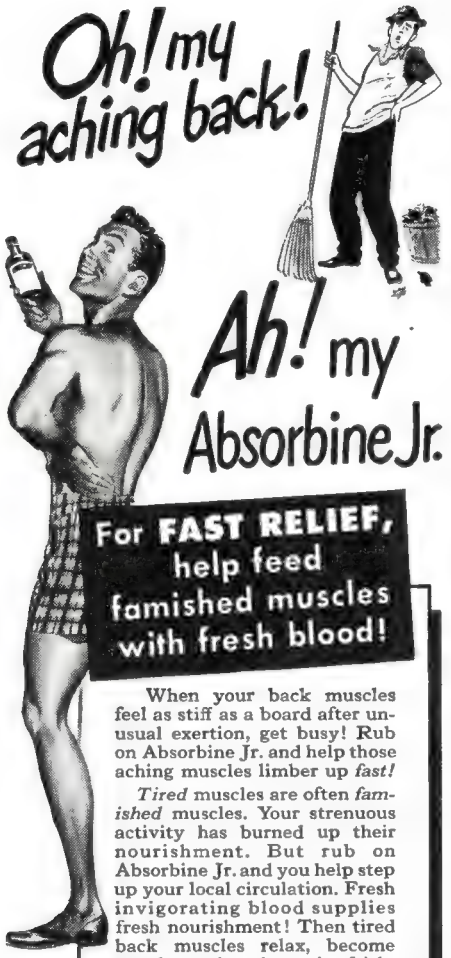

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He was young, perhaps thirty, and his face was peculiarly expressionless.

Lashley said in German, "When do you think she will have the baby?"

Erika began another series of deep groans. The doctor eyed her coldly and beckoned Lashley to a corner of the room.

"It is difficult to say," he replied in low tones. "She is very seriously ill."

"But after all, she's in labor, *Herr Doktor.*" Lashley said.

The man nodded glumly and knowingly. "We found an abscess on her right lung. It is a common thing. We have five or six cases like it upstairs. Girls should not have babies when they are undernourished. The baby saps all the strength they have. There is nothing left with which to fight—— It is a question," he continued casually. "The abscess possibly will subside, and she will be well. Or it may burst and become gangrenous. Then she will die. But I think she will have the baby."

Lashley was affronted by the man's casualness. "*Herr Doktor,* there must be a treatment. What do you do with the others?"

"With the others?" the German echoed. "Surgery. But not with this one. She is too weak. As you see, she is in labor."

"There is nothing else that can be done?" Lashley said sharply.

The doctor shook his head thoughtfully. "Nothing—nothing." He raised his eyebrows slightly. "Is it important that she live?"

Lashley frowned. "What do you mean?"

The German lifted his hand apologetically. "I meant nothing impertinent. It is just that if the American authorities are interested, they have the drug required to treat her condition. I refer to penicillin. It is very useful in such a case."

"You have no penicillin?"

"We have never had any."

The thought came to Lashley that he could obtain penicillin from Colonel Ericson at the station hospital. If he did, the girl might recover—only to stand trial. He pondered the alternative. Suddenly he was sickened by his power over life and death. It was too close to that of God.

He said, "Do what you can for her."

The German clicked his heels and inclined his head slightly. The gesture made Lashley uncomfortable. It was as if the doctor had read his thoughts and was making obeisance to the all-powerful.

IN THE hall Mrs. Hockland was weeping softly. Lashley studied her a moment and reluctantly touched her shoulder. He said, "We'd better go now. Your husband will be getting back to the hotel."

She removed the handkerchief from her face and looked at him with moist eyes. Her voice was surprisingly steady.

"I'm not going," she said. "I'm not leaving here. It's no use to talk to me, Major. That's Clay's baby being born in there, and I'm going to wait here for it."

"Mrs. Hockland," Lashley said, "think what you're doing. This girl killed your son. He told me so on his deathbed. She shot him. We don't even know it is Clay's baby. There may have been others. Think it over, Mrs. Hockland."

"There's nothing to think over," she said stoutly. "My boy sinned. But the baby hasn't sinned, and neither have I. I don't care if they say there was a hundred others. It could be Clay's baby, and what's Clay's is mine. I'm not leaving without that baby. That baby's my grandchild, and here I stay until I get it."

The doctor came from the room, and the sound of the girl's agony came with him.

Mrs. Hockland got to her feet. She brushed off the front of her skirt with capable fingers. Her shoulders straightened. She dismissed Lashley with a nod, turned and walked into the room. The door closed softly but firmly behind her.

For a moment Lashley contemplated the door's white frame. Then he went quickly down the hall and out of the building.

In November—the conclusion. Lashley discovers new evidence, searches for—and finds—old truths . . .

The Enchanted Lake *(Continued from page 45)*

obediently and found his own towel on a scrub pine tree. "My last day," he said, not looking at her.

Joyce was tall and slim with the sort of physical modulations that would have aroused admiration on any beach. Her expressive mouth was too irregular and mobile for conventional beauty, but her eyes were the blue of a very good aquamarine, and her skin was fair to a fault. That fair skin, so sweet to look upon, was one reason why Joyce never could go to the hot beach resorts along the Atlantic Coast, but spent all her summers up here in Maine on a lake; sunburn made her actively ill, and here it was easy to avoid it. But summer on the lake had the disadvantage, if it was one (which Joyce would never have admitted), of limiting those opportunities for being admired which are the prerogative of any pretty girl. This summer she had, in fact, been restricted more or less to the tributes of her own husband and his young cousin, since two or three of the cottages were inhabited by strangers with little to recommend them, and Stan didn't like company at all in summer unless it was enjoyable.

SO THEY had formed a trio for about two months—that is, after Nick arrived. Up to then Joyce had been either alone or with Stan. When he had to go to New York—he was an architect and was both free and unfree; he could spend most of his summer at the lake, doing his work there, but sometimes he had to return to the office—Joyce had Mrs. Small from the crossroads store up to stay in the house, and Mr. Small came around in the daytime on various jobs real or invented. After Nick arrived this became unnecessary and, whenever Stan had to be away, Nick was the man of the house. He was certainly big and strong enough to deal with any intruder.

The autumnal coloring, so early in these woods, held them in its enchantment as they climbed the long walk to the cottage. The morning sunlight through red and yellow leaves dappled their cool skins and made patterns across their bathing suits. Nick had a sudden spurt of garrulity and told them all about what he was going to do when he went back to his school. It was so unlike him that both Joyce and Stan realized he was a little unnerved by his coming departure.

The poor kid has had very few good times, Stan reflected, what with divorces and deaths and general all-around bleakness in his family life. Joyce, who knew a good deal less about Nick's family life—after all, she and Stan had only been married four years and Aunt Jessie had been dead fully five—was well aware, just the same, that the eagerness with which Nick devoured the simple pleasures of those weeks on the lake meant

something. It meant, perhaps, that nothing like this had ever happened to him; it meant . . .

Well, whatever it meant, Joyce reflected, it wasn't her doing. She hadn't suggested his coming; she had even been against it at first. Then, once he arrived, she had only tried to be nice. She had not attempted to subjugate him; she had sharply reproved herself whenever the forces of nature led her into any form of coquetry; she had kept the whole tone of their relationship on the offhand, big-sister-younger-brother basis. If he was moody and intense at times, with the awful intensity of sixteen, she was not to blame. He would have been the same anywhere else, she felt sure, for it was part of his composition, like his wonderful eyes and teeth and skin, like his ability to swim for any length of time without fatigue, like his liking for poetry and cabinetmaking and playing horseshoes. It was lucky he did not know what a nice boy he was, Joyce thought, watching him spring up the steps of the cottage and run for his own room, or life would have been insupportable; as it stood now, he was so humble and so grateful that he made one ashamed.

"WHAT does anybody want to eat?" Joyce demanded loudly as she came up to the log porch of the cottage. "Not that there's much choice. You can have ham or bacon, orange juice or grapefruit."

All hands declared for bacon, which she put on the stove as soon as she had slipped out of her bathing suit and into a cotton dress. The others had changed with equal speed and set to work squeezing oranges. Everything was electric in this cottage, owing to the fact that Stan had built an extension of the main out of his own money, and the big rustic kitchen had nothing rustic about its mechanical arrangements. It was at the back of the house, sticking out into the woods, and the squirrels used to come and look in the windows. They almost always ate here in a kind of gorgeous penumbra, with the light filtered through branches of pine and maple, and all three took part in the cleaning-up afterwards.

"I've got to get those damned drawings done today in time for Nick to take them to New York," Stan said as he dried dishes. "That's going to take me a good many hours. Would you mind not making any more noise than a herd of elephants this morning?"

"I'll be quiet," Joyce promised. "But Nicky's got to pack, haven't you, Nick?"

"I can pack after lunch," the boy said. "Couldn't we—do you think we could go out in the canoe this morning?"

"I've got to get the house more or less in order, but that won't take a minute. After that I'd love to. Let's go and get back before the sun is too hot."

The sun was, of course, never "too hot" in the literal sense; it was the sun of the Maine forests; but towards noon it overcame all intervening mists and acquired an authority which was too much for Joyce's delicate skin. Even now, when she finally came down the steps and joined Nick on the precipitous walk down to the water, she had an enormous, flopping straw hat which screened her face, neck and upper arms from any touch of the sun. Her coloring seemed somewhat less ethereal in the shadow of this parasol of straw.

They did not speak as they made their way down the narrow path over the rocks. Joyce wore her cotton dress and a pair of sandals without stockings; Nick was in khaki shorts, heavy sandals and a yellow pull-over. Their bare legs were scratched by bramble as they made the descent, but they no longer noticed. Nick,

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THE TAXI "INVASION" of 1907

Taxis took the stand at the Plaza; left the hansoms across the street.

ention September 30, 1907, to one of New York's surviving old-time hansom cab drivers, and you'll be lucky to escape with nothing more than a scowl and a muttered curse. That's the day when taxis made their first appearance in the city. Twenty-five of them paraded down Fifth Avenue and stopped in front of the new Plaza Hotel which was celebrating its opening.

On the first day the guests of the Plaza were treated to free rides. Tim Clifford, the Plaza's doorman since it opened, recalls the snappy look of the red taxis.

"The hansom cabbies were curious at first," he remembers, "but it was plain to see that trouble was coming."

Some of the more reasonable cabbies sold their mares and went to one of the driving schools to get in on the change-over, but the more obstreperous hansom drivers tried to browbeat the chauffeurs from the stands.

Meanwhile, the customers were thoroughly enjoying the new vehicles. Not only were they more comfortable and speedy, but they were equipped with a new device which meant the end of the fare racket, a "taximeter."

New York's cab service had been notorious as the most extortionate in the world. So when the taxis charged only thirty cents to take from one to four persons almost anywhere in the Broadway area, and fifty cents for the first hour, and forty cents for each succeeding hour on longer rides, the customers had cause to rejoice. One reporter wrote: "Has joy unconfined flooded your soul as you picture the honest dial which adorns these taxicabs and regulates and moderates the fee which is to be charged up against you?"

It was a death knell for the hansom cabs. The few that remain today "stand" ironically at the very place where the taxi invasion started—the Plaza Hotel.

Doorman Clifford.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

By Hans Schoenfeld

who was leading, sprinted for the last few yards and got the canoe ready.

"I don't want to paddle," Joyce said. "I don't want to do anything."

"I don't want you to. I just—I just want to know you're there."

"Pouf!" she said. "And *pouf* again! . . . Are you really going to miss us, Nicky?"

There it goes again, she thought in dismay: that sounded flirtatious. It was not so intended; and how was she to keep from saying things that came to her lips?

"Miss you!" he said. "I have never in my life . . ."

He let that go unfinished and sent them shooting out into the lake with a swift stroke or two that enlisted all his young strength.

Joyce lifted her head and breathed deep. "Oh, it's wonderful," she said. "It's been wonderful all the time. I love the lake. I love being here. I have loved this summer."

The boy's lips set firmly, and he stared ahead of him.

"What do you think I do?" he said. "Don't you think I love the lake—and—and that I've loved this summer?"

"I hope so, Nicky," she said gently. "We wanted you to. Now let's just be still and take it all in. We can store it away somewhere and remember it afterwards."

He obeyed only too literally, as was his custom. She remembered the time when she said she needed wood, and he had kept on cutting it until, hours afterwards, she thought of telling him to stop. Now he paddled deftly and strongly through the still cold lake for quite half an hour without making a sound. She liked it: the cup of silver water, the green hills around, the enchanted morning, the silent adoration that she felt coming towards her.

It was up to her to speak, and finally she did. "We ought to be going back pretty soon, I suppose," she said. "It seems a pity. This is like a dream."

"Like a dream," he echoed, paddling on toward the far end of the lake.

"It always seems that there's never going to be another summer," she said. "That's the way it is at the end of every summer. And yet it does come. A year passes, and it comes again. The only difference is that you're a year older."

HE PADDLED straight towards the landing at the end of the lake. His bared yellow head glistened in the sun. He was not looking at her. "Wouldn't you like an ice-cream cone?" he asked.

She did not in the least want an ice-cream cone, but she said she did because she knew he did. He shot the canoe deftly into an open space and made it fast to the little pier. She had to take his hand for a moment to get out of the canoe. He was on one knee, helping her. For an instant their eyes met, as they had not so far this morning. It had an electromagnetic directness, like the waves that pierce the wastes of space in a second and come hurtling back when they encounter an obstacle. She leaped on to the pier and turned towards the land.

Almost anything was to be found at Small's crossroads store, and without it life on the lake might have been romantic but a little impoverished. Today there were the usual cars parked alongside the store on one road as on the other, and Mr. Small was pumping gasoline into the tank of a truck. Joyce and Nick went in to demand their ice-cream cones from Mrs. Small, who was engaged just then in supplying the needs of two other customers. In the interval of time thus provided Nick took Joyce into the "other" room of the store.

"I like the smell of the overalls and

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dungarees and all the cloth that's piled up here," he said, sniffing. "I'll remember that, too."

"And remember the big stand with the little drawers full of different kinds of thread," she said.

"And I'll remember the leather belts on the roundabout," he said, swinging the contraption so that the worked leather belts on it were borne out into the air. "And the blind man that weaves the belts."

"I doubt if you want to forget the fishing tackle and gear," she said, nodding towards it. "That's very important."

"Did you folks want something?" Mrs. Small enquired from the door. They were obliged to confess that all they wanted was ice-cream cones.

"Nick had to come back here to look at everything," Joyce explained. "So that he'll remember, you know."

Mrs. Small pursed her lips as she ladled out the ice cream. "It ain't so difficult for us to remember the store," she said drily. "We'll be here all winter."

"We'll be thinking of you," Joyce said, moving towards the door; but then Nick had to shake hands—awkwardly and in some embarrassment for words—with both Mr. and Mrs. Small, who seemed a little surprised.

"You're the toast of the village," Joyce said when they finally made their way down to the canoe again. "They hardly bother to say good-by to anybody else. I think they hate seeing all the summer people go away, even though they pretend to find us all tiresome."

"They're good people," Nick asserted.

"Well, you'll see them again," she said as she got into the canoe. "There's always another summer. You'll be back. You'll have even more fun the next time."

And as she said it she realized that it wasn't true. Something had happened to Nick this summer—she did not dare to give it a name—but something decisive had happened. No other summer would ever be like this one, for him. What had happened? He had grown up, she mused, turning to look at him as he sat down and lifted the paddle; perhaps that was it: he had grown up. Some mystery had opened for him, and in such matters, as she well knew, there was no recapturing the wonder. He would have other summers, perhaps better ones, but never another like this. She leaned over to look at the water, so that her huge hat completely hid her face. She didn't want to look at him. She had looked, just now, and had seen unhappiness there. Why did he have to take on so? Even as she enquired, shying off from the answer, she was not at all displeased. In some way there was a sweet, lyrical sadness in this matter which made her feel almost happy, as if something very nice had happened to her.

"We've been out a long while," she said at last. "It's almost time for lunch. Stan will be hungry."

The boy's lips set firmly, and he did not answer; he propelled the canoe with strong, even strokes.

"Think of all the fun you're going to have at school," she said. "There'll be basketball. And there will be dances."

"Dances!" he echoed.

"When I first came here I thought it was *triste*," she said inconsequentially. "You know, hardly any company and the same still, quiet scene at every hour. I used to think the lake was just like a big looking glass with nothing to reflect but the hills. We hardly ever see anybody here. I loved it, of course, but it drove me to poetry and—and such . . . It's been different this summer."

"Well, there's been poetry enough," he said. "Or nearly enough. You read it so—so beautifully. I like to hear you read."

"Reading aloud is different," she said. "I like that. In front of the fire in the evening. We have had some pleasant evenings, haven't we, Nicky? But you see that's new, the reading aloud. Stan doesn't like it much, or rather he likes it only occasionally. I don't think I've read as much aloud in my whole life as I did this summer. That was because you wanted it."

He drove the canoe with such power that it seemed to rise over the water.

"Mercy!" she said. "You know, I think you're even stronger now than you were when you came here. Your muscles have grown more—more visible. We're simply flying."

"I'll slow down," he said, and did so.

"Oh, no, that's not what I mean—but do as you choose. It doesn't matter. I only meant that you're very powerful. I can see your muscles working, and I can feel the canoe leap like a horse."

"We're almost there," he said, "and I'm sorry."

They made the canoe fast and climbed the rocky path to the cottage, Joyce first. When they reached the log veranda Stan, who had apparently finished his work, was there, smoking his pipe.

"No food for the old man?" he called out. "I'm beginning to get peckish."

"Steak and onions for the old man!" she said, pulling off her enormous hat. "Did you get your work done, darling?"

"All but a final lick or two," he said, looking at her judiciously. "You two have been gone a long time."

He was only making an observation in which, by the carefully expressionless tone of his voice, there was no criticism intended, but Nick's brown face grew moody, and he vanished into the house without a word.

"Oh, we went down to the store and had an ice-cream cone," Joyce said. "It's a long distance if you go by water."

"I thought you hated ice-cream cones," Stan observed with a certain rather grim amusement. "Never mind. Let's get going on the steak."

Nick went to his own room and looked at the disorder which he had now to conquer. He only had one big suitcase, an inherited relic which looked its full twenty years, and a smaller canvas bag he had bought in a Navy surplus-goods store. He sat on his single bed—it was, like all the beds here, rather like a cot—and stared at the picture on the wall. It was a water color by Joyce, and it represented the landing they had just come from, down at the other end of the lake. Alongside it, on a rack, there hung an amazing collection of neckties, neither new nor good, but variegated. He was wondering now, with a sort of dull, diffused wonder, why he had brought them. He had never worn a necktie since his arrival. Why had he brought all this stuff? Why must he go away now?

He turned over suddenly on the bed and buried his face in the pillow. After a few moments of near-suffocation he sat up and rubbed his eyes. Then he got up and went to the kitchen.

"Can I help?" he asked.

"You can peel onions," Joyce said. "It'll make you weep, but never mind."

"I won't mind," he said.

"Your train's at four thirty," Stan said. He was setting the table and spoke as if absent-mindedly thinking of something else; in reality he knew very well what he was saying. "We'll have to leave here at four sharp."

Nick was sitting at the table with the onions and the paring knife in his hands. His back was to the room. They could not see his face, and he was glad of it, for he knew that it had changed. That awkward stopping of the breath had come, and he could feel the blood surging into his head. For a blind moment he hated Stan, until he remembered that Stan was his benefactor; Stan had brought him here; Stan was Joyce's husband. He gasped and put the knife down.

"The onions got you?" Joyce asked.

"They're—they're kind of powerful," he said.

"You have to have the knack," she told him, busy at the range on the other side of the room. "Hurry up with them. Here goes the steak."

They had steak and onions and sliced tomatoes, and afterwards blueberries with cream—precisely the Maine dinner, the very dinner Nick would have asked for if he had been choosing. And yet he did not seem to take any great interest in his food, and while Joyce chattered a little nervously his eyes were most often fixed on the leafy greenery just outside the window. When they had finished eating they all washed dishes, and Joyce started them on two or three of the songs they had discovered suited them all—Stan with a rumbling bass, Nick with a small sure tenor. It was Joyce's theory that this made the dishwashing go more quickly. It was two o'clock before Nick went to his room to pack.

It did not take him long. When he returned to the veranda Joyce and Stan were having their forty winks, a part of the daily routine, and he walked alone in the woods for a while. It seemed to him that they had never been more beautiful. When he came back Joyce was sitting on the steps of the veranda. "Stan's gone to get the car," she said. "You'll have to leave soon. I'll stay here."

"Yes," he said, "that's better. I mean ——"

"I know what you mean. I hate trains and stations and departures. Shall I read you something? We have a few minutes."

She read to him from the book she had in her lap. It was poems by Keats. He was seated on the lowest step with his eyes fixed upon his own feet. The lovely cadences flowed around him like water, like the water of the lake, cool and sustaining. When she had finished there was a silence.

At last he spoke in a low voice. "Thank you," he said. "Thank you for everything."

He got up and collected his belongings and carried them down to the road where Stan would come with the car. Then he turned back to the veranda again.

Joyce had a moment of something like panic. What would he say? What could she say? She did not know how or why, but she knew quite certainly that nothing like this could ever happen again. She looked at him, so thin and young, but he was not looking back. His eyes dwelt on the lake, visible beyond the trees, glistening silver in the sunlight.

The honk of the car horn came to them. "Hurry up," Stan called. "Time to go."

Joyce reached to take Nick's hand but could think of nothing to say. He squeezed her hand convulsively but still did not look at her. He threw his head back and when he spoke it was in a strangled voice. "Good-by, lake!" he said. "Good-by, lake!"

He turned and fled down to the car without another word and without having looked at her directly.

She leaned on the log railing of the veranda and kept her eyes, too, on the lake. The car coughed, roared, was gone. O lake, she thought, good-by, good-by! Still and cold, it folded its silence over her and all the summers that were no more.

THE END

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continual jerking motion of my nerves from head to foot. At the same time my eyes wept continually and my body was racked by constant sneezing. Every bone and muscle in my body throbbed and ached with its own pain. I took sleeping pill after sleeping pill without effect. I rubbed my legs. I lay on the floor. I walked up and down the room endlessly. I poured cold water on my face and neck. I banged my arms and legs against the walls. My thumping heart seemed as if it was about to stop. It pounded and missed but kept going. There seemed to be nothing in the world but pain. Agonizing as my Reiters' Disease attacks had been, the suffering I was undergoing from lack of morphine was far worse.

Yet somehow when Steve called on the second day I managed to drag myself to the phone and assure him that I was all right and hadn't taken any drugs. I put Ida on the phone to verify this. When I had finished speaking to Steve my pain was so severe that Ida had to half carry me back to my bed.

That night I thought my brain would burst and that I would go insane momentarily. I watched myself get closer and closer to it. And all the time I knew that an injection, just one injection, would avert it. I waited and waited. When morning came, I couldn't take it any more. I knew that I had to get morphine and get it quickly or I would commit suicide, die, or go completely insane.

I staggered down the stairs, the rear ones. At the bottom I hung onto the railing and looked around. I forced myself to let go of the railing and went out the back door. I found Joe Carter, Ida's son, and holding my arm against my stomach as though I had appendicitis, asked him to take me to the doctor immediately; the old doctor, the one I hadn't been to.

When I walked into the doctor's office he was on the telephone. I forced myself to sit quietly. When he had put down the phone I told him as quickly and rationally as I could the whole story of my addiction, my brother's visit, and my attempt to cure myself. Before I could finish I was seized with uncontrollable tremors which prevented me from speaking. He went into the next room and came back with a hypodermic. He gave me an injection and sat in his chair watching me as I slowly stopped shaking.

Within ten minutes it was almost as though the previous two days had never taken place. I was still shaky, but the agony, the pain, and panic were gone. It occurred to me suddenly that had they given me an injection in the hospital or in the psychopathic ward shortly after I'd gone out of my mind, I might have regained sanity at once. I finished telling the doctor my story.

When I had stopped speaking the doctor examined me briefly and said he understood perfectly. He told me he thought I had a lot of guts to have stayed away for as long as I had, but he felt I had tackled the impossible by trying to cure myself under such circumstances. He said he'd give me prescriptions for a new hypodermic and a week's supply of morphine, and if the town druggist wouldn't fill them he'd call the druggist in Hartville which was about fifteen miles away.

His only advice was to keep the quantities I took at a minimum and to try to forget about myself and my problems. "Go out on a binge now and then and have a good time," he suggested. If Steve had warned him about me, he said nothing about it. Just before I left his office he gave me a hypodermic and enough tablets from his own supply to last me until I could get the prescriptions filled.

Steve called about twenty minutes after I got back to the inn. I told him that the worst was over, that I was feeling pretty well and felt no need for the drug. I assured him that I was through with the stuff forever, and that he need never worry about it again. I felt very little guilt or anything else at that moment. Truth and love did not matter when, without morphine, life itself was unbearable.

EARLY the next morning I set out for Hartville. It was a harrowing trip. First I had to walk a mile to a crossroads where I could get a bus to Valemill. From there I had to take another bus to a town called Loomis, and from there a third bus to Hartville. I got the prescriptions filled without difficulty and then had to make the same complicated journey back to the inn. Back in my room I began again to burn wood splinters in a water glass to heat water for the hypodermic. I couldn't let Ida know I was giving myself injections again.

I knew I'd have to find some simpler way of getting my prescriptions filled than taking six buses and walking two miles to and from Hartville. Almost every night at nine o'clock Joe Carter would drive off in the general direction of Hartville. Once or twice I'd seen him come home from there very drunk. I asked him if he'd take me along with him the next Saturday night. I told him I was tired of being cooped up at the inn and thought a few drinks and some relaxation would do me good.

Saturday night I put a box of sleeping pills in my pocket and went out with Joe. We drove about three miles and stopped at a square low-slung building with a neon sign which said "Bill's." Inside was a bar, some booths, a juke box and space for dancing. Joe introduced me to Bill Wright, the owner, who was behind the bar, and we began to drink. In short order the sleeping pills and liquor combination put me in very high spirits. I felt so wonderful that when I got back to my room at the inn, well after midnight, I forgot completely about my morphine injection and fell asleep immediately.

When I awoke for the first time the next morning, my room seemed full of people and talk, but I was buried under layers and layers of softness and couldn't pull myself out. It took four or five of these semi-awakenings before I realized that Ida, Joe, the young doctor from Valemill, and several other people were in the room. The doctor gave me some benzedrine tablets to keep me awake, and told me they had been trying to wake me for several hours. At first Ida had thought I was dead or almost dead. She had even called Steve.

Before he left the doctor took me aside. "I want to congratulate you, Mr. Davis. You're the first man I've ever heard of who's been able to lick his drug addiction singlehandedly. I think you've got a lot of guts. I'm sorry that I didn't come to see you when you first stopped, but now I want you to feel that you can depend on me for anything. If you need any help just call on me. But go easy on those sleeping pills."

Because of the lingering effects of the previous night's liquor and the benzedrine, I felt no need for an injection until the late afternoon. About then it also occurred to me that I had to find a way to get money. The week before, when Steve had found out about my return to drugs, he had told Ida that he would

send her checks for my board and room, and warned her not to give me money under any circumstances. He was sending me money for cigarettes and the few minor expenses I might have. Obviously I couldn't ask him for enough money to pay the doctor and the druggist for my morphine. I had to get it from Ida.

How I did it I don't know, but I convinced her that I was a wealthy man who owned several orange groves in Florida, and that the money Steve was paying her was really my own money. I had turned it over to him, temporarily, I explained, because I hadn't trusted myself with it while under the influence of drugs. I didn't want to ask him for any of it yet because he was still suspicious, and would be unhappy if he even thought I had enough money to buy drugs.

Ida told me not to worry about it at all. She'd be glad to lay out whatever I needed, and I could pay her back when I wished. She gave me twenty dollars and told me not to hesitate to ask when I needed more.

That night, a little while after dinner, I took an injection and again went out with Joe. This time I took along only two sleeping pills. It was rather deserted at Bill's, and after a few drinks Bill and I ended up with a bottle at a table in the corner, while Joe sat in a booth with one of the local girls.

As the level of the liquor in the bottle dropped, Bill and I became greater and greater friends. He complained to me about his wife who didn't understand him and told me about the woman he had in Hartville. He had no trouble getting to see her without his wife knowing because he had an interest in a business in Hartville, and gave that as an excuse for going there several times a week.

I knew that in a matter of minutes my problem of getting my prescriptions filled would be solved. I told him about my disease and the medicine I had to take for it. I explained that the druggist in Valemill did not have the ingredients for the medicine, and I had to go all the way to Hartville to get it. Then, as though it had suddenly occurred to me, I said, "Say, Bill, I hate to ask you, but you could help me out a lot if you could pick up the medicine for me every week or so when you're in Hartville."

"Why sure," he said. "I got to be there anyway. Won't be no trouble at all."

I said I'd probably bring him a prescription in a few days. That problem was solved.

THROUGHOUT June life was quite simple. I drank every night, got up about noon, took an injection, had breakfast, and waited for Steve's call which still came almost every day. I'd take another injection in the middle of the afternoon, and one before going out at night. I ate practically nothing: Sometimes I had supper before going out, sometimes just a sandwich or something at Bill's. I shaved once a week and became completely negligent about my dress and other aspects of my appearance. When I needed money I'd go to Ida. When I needed morphine I'd get Joe to drive me to the old doctor who'd give me a prescription. I'd take it to Bill's the same night, and pick up my morphine when he got back from Hartville. Joe thought that what I was getting was sleeping pills, and Bill didn't seem particularly interested what it was.

In a way it was all a sort of living daydream. It seldom occurred to me that I was spending Steve's money. When it did, it didn't seem particularly important. Nor did the fact that sooner or later he'd have to find out worry me. It just didn't seem to matter.

But in the latter part of July, Steve

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found out from Ida that I had borrowed almost four hundred dollars from her in the space of six weeks. He called me and excitedly asked me to explain it. I don't remember what I said to him, but it must have been silly because for the first time he completely lost his temper with me. He said he was through with me for good. He told Ida that he wouldn't be responsible for any more of my debts.

I stayed at the inn until the middle of August. Ida gave me a little money out of kindness, and I was able to borrow some from the guests from time to time. Steve, despite his anger, continued to send Ida checks for my room and board. I was continually beset by the fear that I'd run out of money to buy my drugs or that Steve would somehow cut off my supply. I had nightmares about psychopathic wards and insane asylums. I continued my injections and my nightly drinking. There was nothing else to do.

One thing took place at that time that still stands out in my mind. I walked into the parlor one day and saw a purse on the table. I sat looking at it. I hoped someone would come in and remove the temptation. Finally I sat down in the chair next to the purse. I opened the purse and took out of it a wallet. Sixty dollars was in it. I started to take the money when all at once everything inside me screamed, "No." I put the money back, rushed up to my room, and gave myself an injection. I was badly frightened. I knew then that if there was ever a choice between stealing and going without morphine, I would steal or do worse. That same day I packed my bag, borrowed carfare from Ida, and went back to the city.

First I called Steve, but he refused to see me. He told me, also, that Mary, my sister with whom I used to live, wasn't well and that if I inflicted myself on her he'd come and throw me out.

"You've done enough damage already," he said. "Get yourself a room, and I'll pay the rent and send you enough to live on. But until you learn how to behave like a decent human being, stay away from me."

I left the phone booth. Rooms were scarce, and the only thing I could find was a hole in the wall in a third-rate hotel. In my frame of mind it seemed just about right for me.

I still had a few days' supply of morphine left from my last prescription filled in Hartville, but I didn't want to take any chances. Early the next morning I made myself as presentable as possible and went to see Dr. Gunther, my old doctor who used to supply me with morphine. He examined me briefly and put me back on a schedule of two prescriptions every ten days. I believe he considered me hopelessly lost, and felt it made no difference what he gave me.

Soon the four walls of my hotel room became my entire world. I increased my injections to five a day. I also swallowed from six to eight sleeping pills every twenty-four hours. The future looked completely black. I tried to tell myself I was still a sick man, an incurable, a man with a rare disease who had been wrongly sent to psychopathic wards and insane asylums, but I knew I was no hero, no wronged man. I was a dope fiend.

I spoke to no one unless I had to. I went out only at night. At ten o'clock every night I ate fruit salad, ham and eggs and coffee. Just before dawn I had orange juice, toast and coffee in an all-night coffeepot.

My tongue was always furred and evil tasting. In the mornings, after a night of unhappy and fitful sleep I couldn't get up from my bed until I received strength from the drug. I was careless of everything. My responses and co-ordination were poor. I couldn't gauge distance. All things seemed out of focus. At times I was certain my mind was losing touch with reality entirely, and I wondered if that was the way I'd always be.

September, October, November, December, January went like that. One night toward the end of January, wobbling about my room, I fell and hit my head and the side of my chest against a chair. The next night in my stupor, I again fell and hurt myself in the same places. By morning my head ached terribly and the side of my chest was discolored and bruised. To breathe was agony. I became panic-stricken. I called Mary, who came immediately.

Her presence soothed me a little, but the sight of me frightened her so much that she insisted on getting me a day and night nurse to take care of me until I felt better. That night Steve came. He asked the nurse to leave the room, and he sat down on the edge of the bed. We shook hands, and he looked down at me.

"Jim," he said. "I don't know the rights and wrongs of the past. We both made many mistakes. Let's cross it out and start again. Let's be friends."

Tears came to my eyes as I nodded.

"What do you want to do?" he asked gently.

"I don't know, Steve." I was ashamed of the thickness of my voice and the way my words ran together.

"I don't want to go on like this, but I don't know what else to do," I said. "When I think of the pain that stopping will mean I become terrified."

Steve nodded. "Jim, let me call my doctor and have him look you over."

I agreed and Steve called the doctor who said he would come right over.

When the doctor had finished examining and questioning me he took Steve out into the hall with him. When they came back into the room Steve again sat on the edge of my bed.

"Jim, the doctor feels that you've got to make up your mind right now and once and for all to rid yourself of your addiction. He suggests that we get you into a hospital immediately where they'd take care of you and make you as comfortable as possible during the pain. I know it's not an easy thing to face, but, as you said yourself, you can't go on the way you are now."

I knew that was what I really wanted. It seemed so easy and right the way he said it. With a tremendous sense of relief that almost drowned out the fear, I said, "Yes. But Steve, for God's sake find a place that will understand what I'll be going through and give me decent treatment."

"I will, Jim."

"Thanks for coming," I said.

THE only institution that would admit me was the city hospital, which assigned me to its alcoholic ward.

When an orderly came to my bedside, I asked him about medication. He said he'd speak to the ward nurse. He went away and came back to tell me that none had been ordered for me; that I'd have to wait until a doctor saw me before I could get any kind of narcotic.

I was frightened, but I assured myself that the hospital wouldn't let me suffer without doing anything to help me. I tried to doze, but I couldn't. Then there were tears in my eyes that weren't from crying, and I began to feel cramps in my legs.

I thought a cigarette might help . . . I got out of bed and started toward the bathroom. There were many beds to walk past, and there were faces coming out of the covers. They got in my way and made noises and tried to hem me in. They

wouldn't let me get to the bathroom. There was morphine in the bathroom. I couldn't move one of the beds out of the way. There were arms and legs and faces. I had the taste of blood in my mouth from biting one of the wrists of the arms that held me and kept me from moving and poured liquid down my throat . . .

Finally one morning I woke up sane. My first thought was that I had been having nightmares. I smiled and thought: Thank God it was only a dream. But as I became more fully awake and looked around I knew it hadn't been a dream. My wrists were red and bruised from handcuffs. I realized that I had been insane again. This time it had lasted for two and a half weeks.

Steve told me later that the psychiatrist at the city hospital had believed that I was hopelessly insane and had wanted to send me to Stonybrook again. Only Steve's insistence that I was suffering from the removal of morphine, and that I'd snap out of it, had deterred him.

I knew two things very strongly; that I did not want to go back to morphine, and that I needed hospital and medical care. I didn't want to go home or right out into the world again. That had been my mistake when I left Stonybrook.

Through a friend, Steve managed to get a room for me at one of the better hospitals, where there was no smell of paraldehyde, no noise. I fell asleep with a smile on my lips.

Late in the afternoon a short, plump, nearly bald man walked into the room, came over to my bed, and held out his hand. "I'm Dr. Jason. How do you feel?"

"Pretty wonderful," I replied. "It's quite a change from my last home."

"For the present I want you to relax, not to worry, and to eat," he said. "Walk around. Get acquainted. Begin to read."

"Oh, and one more thing," he said, "you may have some peculiar physical sensations and some funny ideas in your head for a while. Don't worry about them. I'm sure you'll get well and remain healthy. I've got a lot of faith in you."

Faith in me. They were strange sounding words in my ears.

I ate a mammoth supper and after it, read a book from cover to cover. It was a light mystery, but two months before I wouldn't have been able to get through more than a page of it. Two weeks before I wouldn't have understood a sentence.

When I was ready to go to bed I called the nurse and asked for a sleeping pill. She said the doctor had left orders that I was to have no medication of any kind. If I felt restless I was to read or walk around. He had left instructions, also, she said, for me to be permitted to sit in the visitors' room at any time during the night when I couldn't sleep and wished to get away from my room.

During the next three weeks I gained fourteen pounds. My face began to lose its yellow look. The blanketlike thing which had been tangled in my mind steadily evaporated. Conversations were interesting. I became aware again of other people and their problems.

At the same time I still had frequent aches in my back and legs as well as a general restlessness and inability to sleep.

When I complained of these things to the doctor, he explained that they were withdrawal symptoms which might linger for months.

"Now, there's something else I want to talk to you about," he said. "Neither I nor your brother feel that you're well enough to go right out and live by yourself. The effects of drug addiction last a long time—for months—and they could be used as an excuse to return to drugs. The big problem, of course, is to find a place where you'll get good food, sun-

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Soon readers of Cosmopolitan began writing to us about all kinds of schools and colleges for their children.

In the ensuing sixty years Cosmopolitan's education department has developed more and more along the lines of a fact-finding, information-giving agency. Members of the staff spend several months each year visiting schools and colleges in all sections of the country to gain first-hand information.

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shine, medical care and a chance to do some kind of constructive work. A place where addiction and its attendant problems are understood and looked upon sympathetically. I'm going to have the social-service department look into places for you. Your brother is going to do likewise. And I'll do some checking myself."

Steve, the doctor, and the hospital social service investigated and found what they all considered the ideal place for me; a hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, operated by the Federal government solely for drug addicts. Every report, including one from a high public-health official in Washington, indicated it was the finest place in the country for the treatment, cure and rehabilitation of drug addicts.

The cure would take six months, a long time, but I would be among people who had shared my experience, and I would have doctors and nurses who understood addiction and the addict's special problems. It sounded good to me.

Steve took care of my train tickets and arranged to have his son Jeff, who had recently been discharged from the Army, accompany me on the trip to Kentucky.

"There's only one thing I'd like to insist on," Steve said when I left for the train, "that you stay at the hospital the full six months. Stick it through. If you do that I can promise you that when you come back you won't have any worries about your future. But you've got to prove to me, and I think to yourself, that you can stick it out for that time."

"Don't worry, Steve. I won't disappoint you." We shook hands and said good-by.

Jeff and I arrived in Lexington about eight in the morning. We spent the day and night in town and drove out to the hospital by cab the following afternoon.

When the cab turned off the road into the hospital grounds, we were stopped at the fence by an armed guard who took us into a small building. He led us into a small room with steel bars on the windows. He searched me thoroughly—pockets, trouser cuffs, hat lining and hat band. He took everything from my pockets, handing me back only four cigarettes and telling me that was all I could have. From my plentifully stocked luggage, he allowed me to keep only my bedroom slippers. Jeff was as shocked as I was. I gave Jeff my topcoat and my luggage and said good-by to him. He was permitted to go no further.

I was taken to the main buildings. A guard unlocked an immense pair of steel gates to let me in. Two guards took me to the administration building where another guard told me to undress. Naked, I was taken to a physician.

He examined me and asked me about my narcotic habits. When I said I hadn't had morphine for eight weeks, he asked me sharply why I had come there. I explained that my doctor felt I needed convalescence and rehabilitation. He called my guards and they took me to a bathroom and told me to take a shower. While I was drying myself, the doctor came in.

"Look," he said, "you say you've been off drugs for eight weeks. What are you really down here for?"

I explained again why I had come. The doctor looked at me thoughtfully and walked out of the room.

The two guards brought me to a clothing room. I was given a pair of worn-out pajamas, a faded robe with no belt, a pair of socks with holes in the toes—one silk and the other cotton—a pair of dirty, tan and white shoes, a bag of tobacco and some cigarette papers. We went back to the bench outside the doctor's office. The guards never left my side. The doctor appeared again and said he would send me directly to the hospital section instead of to the withdrawal ward. I thought

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A leprechaun, according to Irish legend, is a dwarf who keeps a pot of gold hidden away.

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the expression, "hospital section," sounded odd, but I said nothing.

We went through more locked and guarded doors and gates to another building and took an elevator to the third floor. The elevator operator wore a blue denim shirt, blue denim jacket, blue denim pants and a blue denim cap with a peak and a rather high crown. I remembered seeing clothes like that—in the movies. Prison movies.

I realized then that I wasn't in a hospital. I was in a penitentiary.

"Skid Row" will be concluded in next month's Cosmopolitan

Joy Bells for Barmy

(*Continued from page* 122)

shouted, 'Hoy!' and looking up she saw the face of Barmy.

"Eustace!" she cried.

"Ah, Phipps," said Mervyn Potter. "Or is it Fotheringay?"

Barmy's face was taut and strained. "I say," he said. "I heard what you were saying. Did you mean it?"

"Of course I meant it."

"You—just getting it straightened out, if you don't mind?—you really love me?"

"Of course I love you."

"You will be my wife?"

"Watch me!"

"It will be in order if I come down and smother your face with burning kisses?"

"Perfectly in order."

"It is a very moot point," said Mervyn Potter a few moments later, as he watched the young couple getting on with it, "whether a girl who marries a fellow with two names isn't committing bigamy. I see certain embarrassments ahead of you, Hermione. You may feel a bit silly one of these long winter evenings when you're sitting on Fotheringay's knee and Phipps suddenly comes in, or vice versa. However, have it your own way. So you're getting married? Well, well, well. I'm getting married myself tomorrow, and I don't mind telling you that I now regard the prospect without a tremor. Something has happened to me. I have undergone a change of heart. I am calm and strong. If I have any lip from those assistant clergy tomorrow, I shall sock them in the eye. And that goes for the bishop, the bridesmaids, the choirboys, the reporters, the photographers and the six hundred guests, not to mention the vergers, sextons, beadles, pew openers and first and second gravediggers."

He paused a moment, and heaved a little sigh. "So you're getting married, eh? Starting out on the new life together, you two young things, are you? Then take this simple toad," said Mervyn Potter sentimentally, pressing the reptile into Barmy's hand. "A wedding present," he explained. "A poor gift, but one that comes straight from the heart. It's the thought behind the gift that counts, don't you think? Good night. God bless you. Watch out for those purple rhinoceroses."

He passed into the darkness, and they heard him whistling for Tulip. Barmy looked at the toad a little dubiously. He did not really want it, yet he felt it might be ungracious to throw it away.

An idea struck him. "Darling."

"Yes, darling?"

"I wonder, darling, if you know which is that butler's room?"

"Of course, darling. Why?"

"I thought if you were to put this toad in his bed, darling . . . Just a suggestion, of course."

"An admirable suggestion, darling. See if you can find a couple of frogs too."

THE END

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Mouton-lined coat in Julliard's wool suede coating "Velvolaine." Beige, green, red. Sizes 10 to 18. About $190. By Jack Weiner.

Persian trimmed wrap-around of suede-finish wool. Red, green, light or dark gray, tan, beige, black. Sizes 10 to 18. About $165. By Samuel Krull

Where to buy Male-Tested Fashions

shown on pages 12 and 13

On sale at these stores

If you live in:	go to:	to get these coats
Baltimore, Md.	HutzlerBrothers	B, C
Boston, Mass.	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.	A, B, C, D
Brooklyn, New York	Abraham & Straus	A, B, C, D
Buffalo, New York	Wm. Hengerer Co.	A, B, C, D
Chicago, Illinois	Mandel Brothers	C, D
Cincinnati, Ohio	H. & S. Pogue	A, B, C
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.	A, B, C
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus	A, B, C, D
Dayton, Ohio	The Elder & Johnston Co.	A, B, C, D
Des Moines, Iowa	Younkers	A, B, C, D
Houston, Texas	Foley Brothers	D
Kansas City, Mo.	Harzfeld's	B, C
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	Boston Store	A, B, C
Newark, New Jersey	L. Bamberger Co.	B, C, D
New York City	Bloomingdale's	A, B, C, D
Philadelphia, Pa.	Strawbridge & Clothier	A, B, C
Phoenix, Arizona	Porter's	D
Providence, R. I.	Gladding's	C, D
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimer's	D
Rochester, N. Y.	B. Forman Co.	A, B, C, D
Savannah, Georgia	Levy's	A
South Bend, Indiana	Wyman's	A, B, C, D
Washington, D. C.	The Hecht Co.	A, B, D

Back-belted polo coat of Forstmann's camel's hair wool. Sizes 10 to 18. About $100. By S. Lapick for James Roxton.

Male-Tested Fashions

(*Continued from page 13*)

and a polo coat were competing for honors.

"This is certainly sufficient warning that winter is coming," Jack Wildberg, producer of "Anna Lucasta," said as he unbuttoned the collar of his shirt.

"I like the soft round-shouldered look of the chesterfield," said movie actor William Lundigan, getting right down to business.

"It is very handsome," agreed Otto Kruger, "but that is the trouble with it. I don't fully approve of the mannish look women try to affect."

"For me it's the polo coat, unequivocally," Brock Pemberton, producer of "Harvey," spoke up. "You are extremely pretty, young woman, in or out of that coat," he told Marilyn Sable, one of our favorite models. "I remember you in a two-piece bathing suit the last time we met," he added somewhat nostalgically.

"You mean this one?" inquired Marilyn as she opened her coat to reveal a slim skin-fitting Lastex job. Our strip tease, participated in by the other three models, got a big laugh from the judges. But after this indulgence for the benefit of our all-male jury, we swiftly settled back to business.

That is we settled back until Kay Kyser remarked, "The linings of these coats are so beautiful I can't concentrate."

With the help of the judges who knocked each other over in an attempt to lend a hand, we buttoned our models back into their more formal costumes. Ted Malone cast the vote that put the polo coat way out front.

THE second group caused a genuine stir among the judges who were quick to react to the new longer length which these coats stressed.

"This new long look isn't very comforting," one of them commented. "They make young women look like young grandmothers and old women like old grandmothers."

"I think you're nuts," Kay Kyser said. "I like these long jobs. I happen to have a good memory."

There was unanimous approval, but lengthy discussion of a simple double-breasted black reefer that was worn with marvelous white ermine pouf hat by Sally Victor.

"I am very much inclined toward that brown coat with the—er—Quaker collar, but I can't resist being practical, and the black reefer is the kind of topper any woman could use for any number of occasions by simply shifting her accessories," Otto Kruger observed.

Jack Wildberg, who was leaving the next morning for England, replied, "That coat is priceless looking. What I mean is that it would be difficult to guess how much it cost. And, of course, with a fabulous hat like that fur one, the entire outfit is very elegant in effect. Worn hatless it would be suitable even aboard ship."

"That hat probably cost three times as much as the coat—maybe that's what's setting it off so quaintly," said Phil Silvers.

Ted Malone and William Lundigan agreed that the hat was a powerful influence. Arthur Godfrey, Jack Wildberg, Brock Pemberton and Kay Kyser felt

that the coat was a success with or without the chapeau.

Otto Kruger suggested that we not only change hats, but change girls. This done, our famous coat was paired with a simple velveteen beret, a wide slouch hat and a trim tricorne. The vote was a stand pat.

In the group of fur-trimmed coats that followed, the debate eliminated two numbers at a glance, and the voting was narrowed down to two. Our judges' table was split in two definite factions: those who upheld a rust-colored wrap-around coat with black Persian trim and those who favored a beige fitted coat with mink collar and cuffs.

With an even number of judges sitting in, we are often deadlocked on a decision. This was one of those times. We spent a solid half hour listening while the eight judges split hairs. They shouted at each other, the girls, the audience and me. The team favoring the rust coat argued price and practicality (cleaning bills for the beige coat over a period of a year, they pointed out would pay for the rust one). The other faction talked looks, quality, endurance and chic.

Arthur Godfrey finally took the floor, presented both sides of the discussion, and at the end of his talk took another vote. He had been extremely persuasive. One judge who had been on the "beige" team left to join the "rusts." We felt certain we were making progress, but as we went down the table, a strong "rust" moved over to the "beige" side. This could have gone on all night, so we took it out of the judges' hands and made a count of all the judges and audience together. The rust won by a wide margin.

"That's good," said a strong "rust"-team man. "I had decided to buy my wife the winner, and if the beige had been it, I would have been ninety bucks in the red."

AFTER the hard-hitting battle we had just witnessed, our final group seemed comparatively child's play.

"Enough chi-chi. Now let's get a look at something that will really keep the girls warm," Bill Lundigan suggested.

"These are certainly eye catchers," Phil Silvers commented. "That one looks like a retired motorman's outfit," he added, indicating a silver-buttoned tweed-lined duster.

"You're wrong," Kay Kyser told him. "They've just dyed the covered wagon."

Ted Malone couldn't believe the width of the coat was within the law. "Were you expecting something, baby?"

Arthur Godfrey answered, "That coat was designed for Mrs. Dionne."

A three-quarter-length wrap-around disturbed Brock Pemberton, "I think they must have run out of fabric when they came to this."

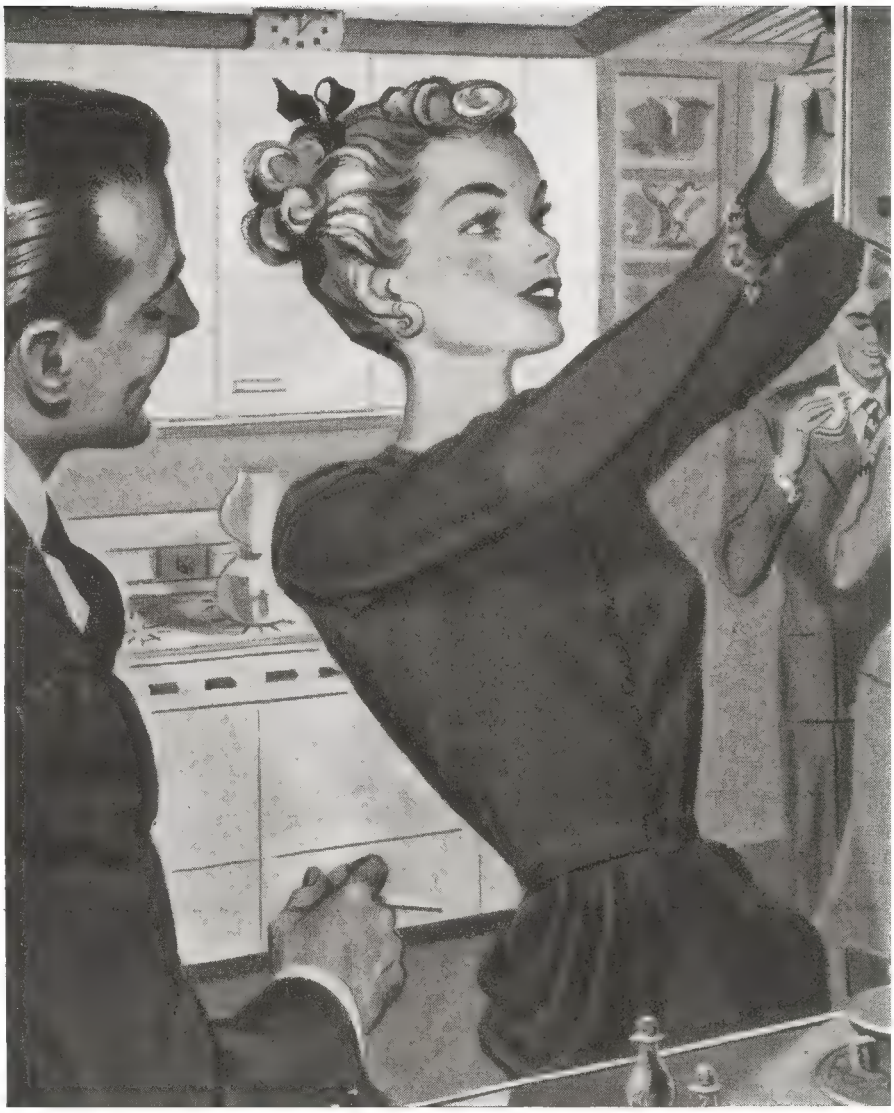
"That's Groucho Marx's old cutaway," Jack Wildberg laughed. "Don't you remember it, Pemberton?"

They decided without debate and quite readily on a mouton-lined and -trimmed greatcoat.

"I think it is a really wonderful coat," Kay Kyser agreed. "That lining should generate enough heat without having to charge the battery, but it's the most expensive of the four. You realize that, fellas?"

"What are you worrying about?" Phil Silvers asked. "Aren't you still spending Confederate money?"

THE END



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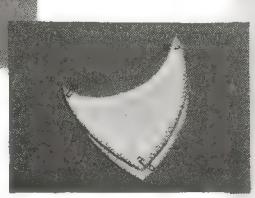

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we'll need it bad and fast. We'll need immediate answers to all these questions:

Who will run the government if an atomic bomb explodes on Washington, destroying the Capitol and the White House and killing most of our high-ranking officials?

Who is going to evacuate civilian populations from bombed-out areas?

Who will set up and direct aid stations and hospitals for radiation victims?

Who will handle the work of placing children in rural areas far from vulnerable industrial centers?

Who will decide upon and handle dispersement of vital industries in our rich and crowded industrial areas when the bombs begin to fall?

Will the Army have its own equipment available for troop movements while other rolling stock is being used for evacuation of civilian populations?

Will agencies be ready to spring into operation for study of radioactive areas so that civilians may be moved around these areas without injury?

Will alternate plans be set to handle food and other vital products when waterways are contaminated and blocked by radioactivity?

Will personnel, adequately trained for work in radioactive contaminated areas, be available the moment attack occurs?

Will mobile radio units be available all over the country, in case the lines of communication are smashed and rendered useless?

These and a thousand other questions must be answered now if we are not to be conquered in the initial hours of another surprise attack.

Foreign governments need a minimum of four, a maximum of ten years to produce an atomic bomb. But these estimates hold true only if they make the bomb the same way we make it—a highly complex operation. If some nation finds a simpler way, it is altogether possible scientists might produce another atomic bomb tomorrow.

Fantastic? Not at all. The United States and its people can no more afford to deny this prospect, however doubtful, than we can afford to permit American defenses to collapse.

The dangerous, tragic reality in America today is that we HAVE permitted defenses to collapse.

We must repair this damage, must face the grim fact that an enemy, striking tomorrow, would find us as unprepared and as conquerable, in our colonial outskirts if not at home, as we were when the Japs sent their bombers over Honolulu in 1941.

This is no roseate picture, but it would be stupid not to face it squarely. The plain, simple fact is that our military strength is hopelessly inadequate.

Today, the Army (ground and air) is at least 100,000 men short of the July first authorized force of 1,070,000 men. Recruiting is slow, and we are dropping further below the authorized strength every day. What forces we do have are spread thin, from hell to breakfast, in occupation work all over the world.

That's not all, nor the worst of it. Back of our weakness in ready military strength lies an even greater, desperate danger—a growing lack of alertness on our part.

We have begun once more to think that because we don't want war, nobody on earth wants war. We fell into that fatal weakness during the time between the two World Wars. It is clearly reflected again today, in an obvious national unwillingness to maintain a respectable armament. That is the most alarming factor in a military situation which is bad on almost every count.

We don't know when an attack will come. We do know that there will be no warning. We know that any attack launched will be maintained with an intensity never before conceived. It took us eighteen months to train organized bodies of men sufficiently to send them into battle as units in World War II. We won't have that much time again.

To be sure, the best ultimate guarantee for world peace is international organization. But for the present, and for the foreseeable future, that is an unrealized goal. This world still talks and moves in terms of power. Therefore, we must rely on our own resources. Merely yearning for peace gets us nowhere. The sure way is to maintain a position of military strength.

This is not war talk. The United States doesn't want military strength for the purpose of waging war. We are not aggressors. The world knows that. America needs military strength for peace.

There is no adequate military protection against the atomic bomb in existence today. Many of the new war weapons can produce havoc and mass death in the very heart of areas bristling with the best military equipment science can provide. The best—the only—defense today lies in our power to strike back fast and terribly if an enemy should attack.

I'd like for the United States to be known overseas as the nation with that overwhelming air force. Call it an armament race. Call it what you will. We must get and keep that edge of first-line defense. We haven't got it now.

As a nation we can—we must—regain the ready strength which has been lost. To delay is to court annihilation. The necessary programs are simple, but important as life itself. They were carefully laid down in the report of President Truman's Advisory Commission on Universal Training, headed by Karl T. Compton.

The Compton board made a long, thorough study of America's military strength and weakness in reaching its major recommendation for a Universal Training law. I don't like the expression "required reading," but the Compton report does come close to required reading for every American citizen. There were nine members on the committee, including a woman. Not one of them could be called a militarist. Their report was unanimous. Read this burning conclusion:

"The United States, shunning aggression, stands as the prime target for the aggressor of the future. Experience in two world wars has made it presently evident to all that the United States must be defeated—and defeated first—if aggression is to succeed.

"The peace-loving nation has no choice except to prepare for every type of attack that might be launched against it and from any possible source. If it leaves any avenue unguarded, it must expect an alert and skillful aggressor to take advantage of that blind spot in its defenses. The omission could prove fatal . . ."

I believe every word of the report. I endorse the recommendation of the Compton board which gives six programs needed for the security of the country. To me, these six programs are utter necessities for a safe America, and for an America really effective in promoting and maintaining world peace. Here are the six components of American security:

Universal training.

A strong, healthy, educated population.

Co-ordinated government intelligence services

Extensive, constant scientific research and development.

Regular armed forces, consisting of a striking Air Force, and of the combined Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine fighting organization, under united command.

Industrial mobilization and stockpiling.

WE MUST have every one of these programs or jeopardize national security. Congress must enact a universal-training law immediately upon its return to Washington. Sufficient men and money must be provided to make the American striking Air Force so overwhelming that no nation can dare to challenge U. S. air supremacy. These are the greatest needs.

We MUST have universal training. This law would provide a trained reserve. And it would, I am confident, stimulate recruiting. Without a trained reserve and increased recruitments, America is unsafe in the world of 1947.

There is a term—"defense in depth"—which has become fairly well understood today. We need it, and we don't have it. The standing forces of the military establishment are only a first line, and a very thin one. Universal training will provide defense in depth.

Finally, if we intend to keep peace in this uneasy world, we must snap out of careless, easy thinking. We must abandon the foolish, comfortable dream that because we don't want war, no other country wants war now or in the future. Today's defense lethargy must be supplanted with vigorous preparation and alertness.

One deeply gratifying element stands out in the bleak United States defense picture of 1947. We have within ourselves the power to regain our ready military strength.

This nation has potential strength of a military character not approached by any other country on earth. In manpower we have a large population, made up of vigorous, energetic people; people with mechanical, scientific and other useful skills far beyond those of any other country.

On the material side we have rich resources. They were dented some by depletion during the war; but still, they are far beyond the resources of any other nation.

We have an industrial plant that can't be found anywhere else in the world. This element of military strength won great respect among other peoples during World War II. We are losing that respect today.

We are in fairly good shape on the weapons phase of defense. We should be able to maintain world leadership in developing new weapons of adequate speed, range and striking power. That is largely a question of money, because certainly the basic skills are here more than anywhere else. This country's prime necessity today lies in showing the rest of the world that we intend using what we have. We did it during World War II. Wake up again, America!

At my final press conference before I left the War Department late in July, I was asked to name the greatest hurdle we had had to overcome in order to win World War II. That was an easy one. I said the biggest hurdle had been getting the American people out of a business-as-usual attitude. It is just as important that we overcome a business-as-usual defense attitude in postwar 1947 as it was during World War II. If we don't, World War III lies dead ahead.

THE END

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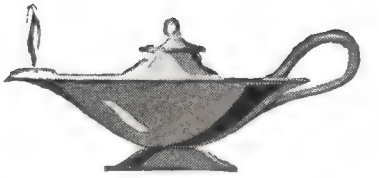

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Interview With a Best-Selling Author (*Continued from page 18*)

a glass of iced tea on my work table, I could manage. I had to do it. I've become actually allergic to tobacco."

Costain, a Canadian from the Province of Ontario, left school at seventeen to become a five-dollar-a-week reporter, moved from that job to the editorship of a country paper, and from there to a group of trade magazines. "One of the papers in this group was McLean's, the Canadian general magazine. It was in a bad way, with subscribers carried on the rolls for years after they'd stopped paying for their subscriptions, with no one worrying about whether it came out on time. They were about to scrap it. But another young fellow and myself persuaded the management to let us take it over. He handled the business side; I took the editorial. Everyone was shocked at the way I threw money around, paying as much as a hundred dollars for a story, but between us we put the magazine on its feet. The Curtis people had been watching this; they hired me and I became one of George Horace Lorimer's chief assistants on the Saturday Evening Post.

"That was a good job. But I'd always wanted to be a writer. I saved so I could get out of my job and write. The crash in 'twenty-nine wiped out my savings, and I had to find a new job that paid more.

"That meant a story editorship in Hollywood. After two years, with a fat contract that still had a long time to run, I said, 'Tear up the contract, I've had enough!'"

Costain's pleasure reading had been history. "I've remained a reporter; when I come on a good story in history, I want to run down the angles of it." He wrote six biographical sketches of forgotten historical characters who interested him and offered these sketches as a book, with the title, "Stepchildren of History." There were no takers, so he obtained a half-time editorship with the book-publishing house of Doubleday and devoted the rest of his time to writing a novel based on the life of one of his six "stepchildren of history"—John Ward, a pirate. This, titled, "For My Great Folly," was a Book League choice in 1942.

His second book, based on the career of Sir Robert Wilson, was a People's Book Club choice. He hit the jackpot in the fall of 1945 with "The Black Rose," which has sold more than one million, five hundred thousand copies to date. A choice of the Literary Guild, this novel was based on the legend of Bayan of the Hundred Eyes. His fourth book, "The Moneyman," is a Book of the Month Club selection. Jacques Coeur, a fifteenth-century Frenchman who is credited as having been the originator of the department-store and chain-store idea, is the chief character.

"What did you try to do in 'The Moneyman'?"

"To tell a story. I realize that sounds old-fashioned. The naturalistic school is so strong now—why, do you realize that there are young adults who have rarely come upon a story told for the story's sake? That condition needn't last.

"I want to make it clear that I have nothing against the critics. On the whole, they've been generous in their treatment of me—a few have been too generous in retelling my plots; I sometimes wonder if the reader of reviews that outline plots doesn't take away the impression that he has read the book—but understand that I have nothing against them. But I do believe that the habit of dismissing as beneath discussion books that do not adhere to the naturalistic school is too common, and is shortsighted.

"I tried in 'The Moneyman' to come nearer realism than I had before. Realism is helpful in characterization. I want to use it. But the main thing with me is to keep the reader interested in what is to happen next, to pull him on through the pages. I want to be read.

"I'm learning all the time. In my first books I threw in a good deal of history that had little to do with the story, but that I liked. I'm curing that tendency. I'm breaking myself of the weakness of scamping scenes that I don't quite feel up to handling. Its easy to scamp, you know. You just say, 'at their last meeting they had discussed the formation of the new business,' and go on from that. But that's cheating the reader, so I go back and do the scene until it suits me. When there's a long, dreary passage with too little action, I figure out how that material would be presented in a play, just what stage business would be used."

"You've taken a different historical period for each of your books. Do you have researchers?"

"My niece helped me on 'The Moneyman' because I can't read French and many of the sources hadn't been translated. A Chinese student gave me some help for 'The Black Rose,' but I dig out most of the material for myself. I have no intention of using the same period twice. For my next book, I'm studying eighteen-century Canada and New Orleans. After that, I'm going back into Biblical times.

"I go into any historical period where I find a really first-rate story that has been forgotten, the sort of story that makes me eager for every detail. History is full of them. There are wonderful stories in the present too, of course, but I'd be writing in competition with the newspapers and magazines, and wouldn't have the advantage of surprise."

Costain is, not unnaturally, convinced that book clubs are doing a great job. Merchandisers see to that.

"Women, for instance," said Costain, "nowadays won't even wash their own hair. Why? Because they're in the habit of going to beauty parlors. Well, book clubs are going to be as big a national institution as beauty parlors.

"The publisher who puts books into chain stores, who makes the most of mail-order techniques, is pioneering—and profiting. The book market has greatly expanded in the last eight years. In 1939, for example. Sales of a million copies of a book were virtually unheard of in nineteen thirty-nine—in the last few years a good many books have passed that mark.

"And we're only at the beginning of the vast new book market. Some critics complain that trash is distributed by the book clubs. That's nonsense. The public won't accept trash, won't be fooled month after month and come back for more. But if someone not accustomed to reading books comes to you for advice, do you start him off with Proust? Of course not. I believe that the new readers will, in large numbers, come some day to appreciate Proust—but before that they'll have become familiar with books through the work of the storytellers.

"Gosh, I'd like to see a Dickens come up now. Can you imagine how he'd burn up the track in books, in the movies! Merchandising will make books a commonplace in most homes. If a new Dickens, with humor, a great gift for characterization, emerges, the process will be speeded up. In no time we'll have books as popular, as accepted, as beauty treatments."

THE END

Some of the People (*Continued from page 11*)

sent away to prep school at fourteen. No one there gave a hoot whether I ate or not. The first breakfast, we had farina. I hated it. I gave it a couple of pushes with a spoon. No one urged me to swallow it or even to 'try just a teeny bit.' At lunch we had a thin stew. This I also pushed a couple of times, this time with a fork.

"Along about four that afternoon I got a peculiar feeling in my stomach which I'd never had before. I was hungry. In fact, I was ravenous. I don't remember what we had for supper, but I know I ate it, asked for more and didn't get it.

"I've been hungry ever since."

How to Be a Spectator Sport

We saw one of the most dramatic football games ever played. As the lead changed hands for the third time in the last quarter a gent behind us said wistfully to his wife, "Gee, I bet it is exciting listening to this on the radio."

How Not to Give Advice

Drug clerks have always taken a dim view of walking all the way to the back of the store to make a nonprofitable sale of a one-cent stamp. So naturally they like those postage-stamp vending machines. And most customers don't mind paying a dime for three three's. At least the machine sells them to you promptly and with no visible signs of annoyance.

But the machine doesn't stop there. It throws in some advice of an ethical nature. We just got four one's for a nickel. The stamps came in a folder (we didn't want any folder, we just wanted four one's) on which was printed the message:

A Stamp's Success Depends on Its Ability to Stick to Its Job
Think It Over—Stick to Your Job

We protest (1) that this wheeze is ancient, (2) that the advice is questionable and (3) that nobody who buys stamps wants these false analogies anyway.

We will hand some advice right back at the machine: if you want to preach an unsolicited sermon to a fellow, don't pick the moment when you've just short-changed him.

THE END

How to Get Ahead in Business (*Continued from page 40*)

overcome. Scrap it as you would deadwood that clutters your road.

8. Keep well by exercising a reasonable amount of care in living. Self-indulgence has skimmed the cream off many careers that might otherwise have been rich.

9. Be a hard giver-upper. If you believe in what you've got, stand by it with all you've got.

"That takes me back quite a ways," she smiled. "When I first went into the cosmetic business, with the handful of preparations I made myself, I hadn't much besides tenacity and a conviction that I couldn't fail. I was actually sorry for people who didn't have that much faith in themselves. I guess I still am."

PHILIP REED, mild-mannered Chairman of the Board of the General Electric Company, disagrees with Miss Arden about the importance of higher education.

"I don't know how much I learned at school. This is heresy, but what you learn there is not very important. It's the habits you form, the approach you take to a problem, the power of analysis that study gives you—those are the big things."

Reed was reluctant to formulate rules for success; he did give a list of pitfalls for an ambitious young man to avoid.

1. Don't choose an industry that has waning prospects even if the job itself looks good.

2. Don't pick a company whose personnel you don't like.

3. Try not to get into an outfit where your future is stymied by a lot of men in your own approximate age bracket who are related to the management. You have to have a good competitive chance.

4. Don't try to act spectacularly. Do the most competent job you can, but do it quietly and unostentatiously. Showing off collects enemies.

5. Don't delude yourself into thinking that you can do anything and everything just because you'd like to. Everyone has limitations, and if we're wise we remain within the perimeter of things we are fitted to do.

"I wish I could think of a reliable yardstick one could use to find out his capacities," Reed said gravely. "I've never been one of those people who keeps one eye fixed on a distant commercial star. I don't believe in that. It uses up energy and thought you might use more productively in just plugging along at the work in hand.

"You asked for do's before, and I gave you only don'ts. Here's one though, that, assuming a man has the stuff it takes to deliver, comes as close to being the most important success factor I can think of: Make sure that your work is noticed. Try to get situated in a spot where what you produce can be observed by someone who can do something about it. *Being seen* as you operate gets you ahead as effectively as the caliber of your work itself. And I have no illusions about the magnitude of the debt a man owes to forces outside of himself. Anytime you start getting too pleased with yourself, make a deep bow to Lady Luck. She's got it coming to her."

THE "breaks," on the other hand, are something Juan Trippe, president of Pan American Airways, does not rate highly.

"Like a football team," Trippe maintains, "you make your own breaks. Keep persevering hard enough, and you'll get your opportunities."

Trippe is a product of a classical education at Yale. He advocates another approach for the young man of 1947.

"I'd have him learn Spanish and Chinese, rather than Greek and Latin. I'd lean more heavily on business administration, on engineering and the like, than on the liberal arts that seemed so important a generation ago. I'd plumb for a curriculum that would give a child a realization of fact, and an ability to cope with it. Each human being from now on will have to contribute something to his universe in his own name, and he'll have to have the know-how.

"As a youngster starts to grow up he should acquire an incentive for developing self-reliance. A realization of the value of money should be implanted early. One way of handling it is to have a boy earn his pin money doing chores. Responsibility for earning his own fun, not having it handed to him on a platter, is, I feel, essential in raising a boy who can look after himself."

Trippe, incidentally, thinks that a successful businessman must keep his nose to the grindstone. "I think a man needs enough time off to keep well," he says, "but I am not an adherent of the month-off-in-the-summer, month-off-in-the-winter school of thought."

STARTING as a messenger boy for a cable company, David Sarnoff, president of Radio Corporation of America, came up the hard way. It is only natural that his ideas reflect his own experience.

"Learn a trade," Sarnoff advises, "but don't be bounded by it. Look up always. The top's where the room is. Learn something specific, and then never be satisfied until you find improved methods that are now uncharted. Study, and study some more. There are schools, libraries, night courses, all available to the individual who actually wants to get on.

"Be content to take one step at a time; then take inventory of the ground you've covered. Be willing to let those steps be small. It's their direction that pays off. An eye focused on the ultimate goal instead of the job in hand can bog a man down so his future never exceeds his present.

"Keep an eye on your health. Whatever you achieve is nothing if that fails.

"Be a predictable human being even at considerable personal cost. You can predict the behavior of an electron, once you know about it. Know yourself and exercise self-control. An undisciplined man is an unsuccessful one.

"When a prospective employer asks what you want to do, don't say, 'Anything.' When a man I'm talking to comes up with that answer, my interest in him goes. If he doesn't know what he wants to do, who does? The word, 'anything' puts upon the man with jobs to give out the responsibility of doing your thinking for you. The man who is willing to shift over to someone else the decision he should be making for himself, has already started on the road to being Mr. Average. He is devoid of one primary quality that goes toward making Mr. Plus."

Sarnoff describes Mr. Plus as the product of a man's determination to be above the average, and how he handles himself.

"Of course, 'breaks' influence a man's life," Sarnoff says. "To think luck can't be either an ally or an enemy is to have a colossal ego. But the man who has what he needs to take him places won't be frustrated by a bad break. He'll lick it, and often the push he puts into overcoming it will carry him beyond his original goal.

"But this success stuff can be overdone if you go after it only out of a burning desire to be top dog. It's a pretty empty aspiration if, to come by it, you have to live constantly with nothing in your consciousness but, 'I must be a success.' That approach gets you only one thing—the certainty that you're going to miss everything that matters along the way, such as good talk and good music—and it doesn't take a fortune to make those your own either. When I was a newsboy I used to pay fifty cents for standing room at the Metropolitan Opera House. Now I sit in the director's box. Think the music sounds any better there?"

I allowed it might not sound as good, since youth adds its own music to a score.

"No," he went on, "success, in my book, isn't nearly so much one's accomplishment in life, as it is one's performance. Occasionally you find people who have managed both. Those are the men who have inherited the earth."

THE END

HERE IS THE TENTH IN A SERIES OF FICTION DIVIDENDS A REPRINT OF A STORY THAT FIRST APPEARED IN COSMOPOLITAN YEARS AGO. A STORY THAT HAS WON ITSELF A PERMANENT PLACE IN AMERICAN FICTION'S HALL OF FAME. READ IT AND COMPARE IT WITH TODAY'S BEST SHORT STORIES

Ernest Hemingway

THE SHORT HAPPY LIFE OF FRANCIS MACOMBER

It was now lunch time, and they were all sitting under the double green fly of the dining tent pretending that nothing had happened. "Will you have lime juice or lemon squash?" Macomber asked.

"I'll have a gimlet," Robert Wilson told him.

"I'll have a gimlet, too. I need something," Macomber's wife said.

"I suppose it's the thing to do," Macomber agreed. "Tell him to make three gimlets."

The mess boy had started them already, lifting the bottles out of the canvas cooling bags that sweated in the wind that blew through the trees that shaded the tents.

"What had I ought to give them?" Macomber asked.

"A quid would be plenty," Wilson told him. "You don't want to spoil them."

"Will the headman distribute it?"

"Absolutely."

Francis Macomber had, half an hour before, been carried to his tent from the edge of the camp in triumph on the arms and shoulders of the cook, the personal boys, the skinner and the porters. The gunbearers had taken no part in the demonstration. When the native boys put him down at the door of his tent, he had shaken all their hands, received their congratulations, and then gone into the tent and sat on the bed until his wife came in. She did not speak to him when she came in, and he left the tent at once to wash his face and hands in the portable wash basin outside, and go to the dining tent to sit in a comfortable canvas chair in the breeze and the shade.

"You've got your lion," Robert Wilson said to him, "and a damned fine one, too."

Mrs. Macomber looked at Wilson quickly. She was an extremely handsome and well-kept woman of the beauty and social position which had, five years before, commanded five thousand dollars as the price of endorsing, with photographs, a beauty product which she had never used. She had been married to Francis Macomber for eleven years.

"He is a good lion, isn't he?" Macomber said. His wife looked at him now. She looked at both these men as though she had never seen them before.

One, Wilson, the white hunter, she knew she had never truly seen before. He was about middle-height with sandy hair, a stubby mustache, a very red face and extremely cold blue eyes with faint white wrinkles at the corners that grooved merrily when he smiled. He smiled at her now, and she looked away from his face at the way his shoulders sloped in the loose tunic he wore with the four big cartridges held in loops where the left breast pocket should have been, at his big brown hands, his old slacks, his very dirty boots and back to his red face again. She noticed where the baked red of his face stopped in a white line that marked the circle left by his broad-brimmed hat that hung now from one of the pegs of the tent pole.

"Well, here's to the lion," Robert Wilson said. He smiled at her again and, not smiling, she looked curiously at her husband.

Francis Macomber was very tall, very well built if you did not mind that length of bone, dark, his hair cropped like an oarsman, rather thin-lipped; he was considered handsome. He was dressed in the same sort of safari clothes that Wilson wore, except that his were new; he was thirty-five years old, kept himself very fit, was good at court games; held a number of big-game fishing records, and had just shown himself, very publicly, to be a coward.

"Here's to the lion," he said. "I can't ever thank you for what you did."

Margaret, his wife, looked away from him and back to Wilson. "Let's not talk about the lion," she said.

Wilson looked over at her without smiling, and now she smiled at him.

"It's been a very strange day," she said. "Hadn't you ought to put your hat on, even under the canvas at noon? You told me that, you know."

"Might put it on," said Wilson.

"You know you have a very red face, Mr. Wilson," she told him, and smiled again.

"Drink," said Wilson.

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"I don't think so," she said. "Francis drinks a great deal but his face is never red."

"It's red today." Macomber tried a joke.

"No," said Margaret. "It's mine that's red today. But Mr. Wilson's is always red."

"Must be racial," said Wilson. "I say, you wouldn't like to drop my beauty as a topic, would you?"

"I've just started on it."

"Let's chuck it," said Wilson.

"Conversation is going to be so difficult," Margaret said.

"Don't be silly, Margot," her husband said.

"No difficulty," said Wilson. "Got a damn fine lion."

Margot looked at them both, and they both saw that she was going to cry. Wilson had seen it coming for a long time and he dreaded it. Macomber was past dreading it.

"I wish it hadn't happened. Oh, I wish it hadn't happened," she said and started for her tent. She made no noise of crying but they could see that her shoulders were shaking under the rose-colored sun-proofed shirt she wore.

"Women upset," said Wilson to the tall man. "Amounts to nothing. Strain on the nerves and one thing 'n' another."

"No," said Macomber. "I suppose that I rate that for the rest of my life, now."

"Nonsense. Let's have a spot of the giant killer," said Wilson. "Forget the whole thing. Nothing to it, anyway."

"We might try," said Macomber. "I won't forget what you did for me, though."

"Nothing," said Wilson. "All nonsense."

So they sat there in the shade where the camp was pitched under some wide-topped acacia trees with a boulder-strewn cliff behind them, and a stretch of grass that ran to the bank of a boulder-filled stream in front, with forest beyond it, and drank their just-cool lime drinks and avoided each other's eyes while the boys set the table for lunch. Wilson could tell that the boys all knew about it now, and when he saw Macomber's personal boy looking curiously at his master while he was putting dishes on the table he snapped at him in Swahili. The boy turned away with his face blank.

"What were you telling him?" Macomber asked.

"Nothing. Told him to look alive or I'd see he got about fifteen of the best."

"What's that? Lashes?"

"It's quite illegal," Wilson said. "You're supposed to fine them."

"Do you still have them whipped?"

"Oh, yes. They could raise a row if they chose to complain. But they don't. They prefer it to the fines."

"How strange," said Macomber.

"Not strange, really," Wilson said. "Which would you rather do? Take a good birching or lose your pay?" Then he felt embarrassed at asking it, and before Macomber could answer, he went on, "We all take a beating every day, you know, one way or another."

This was no better. Good God, he thought, I am a diplomat, aren't I?

"Yes, we take a beating," said Macomber, still not looking at him. "I'm awfully sorry about that lion business. It doesn't have to go any further, does it? I mean, no one will hear about it, will they?"

"You mean, will I tell it at the Mathaiga Club?"

Wilson now looked at him coldly. He had not expected this. So he's a bloody four-letter man as well as a bloody coward, he thought. I rather liked him, too, until today. But how is one to know about an American?

"No," said Wilson. "I'm a professional hunter. We never talk about our clients. You can be quite easy on that. It's supposed to be bad form to ask us not to talk, though."

He had decided now that to break would be much easier. He would eat, then, by himself and could read a book with his meals. They would eat by themselves. He would see them through the safari on a very formal basis. What was it the French called it—distinguished consideration? It would be a damn sight easier than having to go through this emotional trash. He'd insult him and make a good clean break. Then he could read a book with his meals, and he'd still be drinking their whisky.

That was the phrase for it when a safari went bad. You ran into another white hunter, and you asked, "How is everything going?" and he answered, "Oh, I'm still drinking their whisky," and you knew everything had gone to pot.

"I'm sorry," Macomber said and looked at him with his American face that would stay adolescent until it became middle-aged, and Wilson noted his crew-cropped hair, fine eyes only faintly shifty, good nose, thin lips and handsome jaw. "I'm sorry I didn't realize that. There are lots of things I don't know."

So what could he do? Wilson thought. He was ready to break it off quickly and neatly, and here the beggar was apologizing after he had just insulted him. He made one more attempt. "Don't worry about my talking," he said. "I have a living to make. You know in Africa no woman ever misses her lion and no white man ever bolts."

"I bolted like a rabbit," Macomber said.

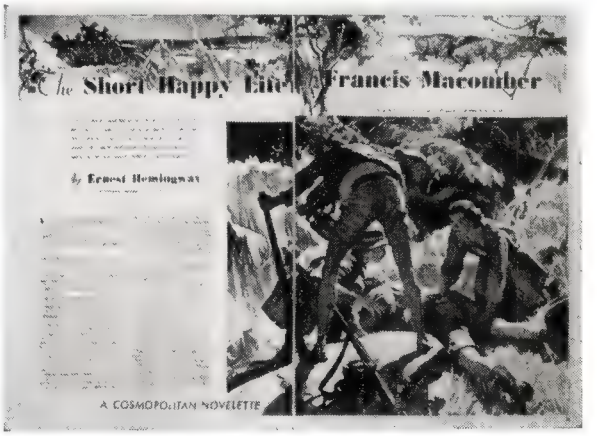
Now, what in hell were you going to do about a man who talked like that? Wilson wondered.

Wilson looked at Macomber with his flat, blue, machine-gunner's eyes, and the other smiled back at him. He had a pleasant smile if you did not notice how his eyes showed when he was hurt.

"Maybe I can fix it up on buffalo," he said. "We're after them next, aren't we?"

"In the morning if you like," Wilson told him. Perhaps he had been wrong. This was certainly the way to take it. You most certainly could not tell a damned thing about an American. He was all for Macomber again. If you could forget the morning. But of course you couldn't. The morning had been about as bad as they come.

"Here comes the Memsahib," he said. She was walking over from her tent, looking refreshed and cheerful and quite lovely. She had a very perfect oval face, so



Cosmopolitan readers first saw "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" in the September, 1936, issue of the magazine. The pages reproduced here were illustrated by Dean Cornwell.

perfect that you expected her to be stupid. But she wasn't stupid, Wilson thought; no, certainly not stupid.

"How is the beautiful red-faced Mr. Wilson? Are you feeling better, Francis, my pearl?"

"Oh, much," said Macomber.

"I've dropped the whole thing," she said, sitting down at the table. "What importance is there to whether Francis is any good at killing lions? That's not his trade. That's Mr. Wilson's trade. Mr. Wilson is really very impressive killing anything. You do kill anything, don't you?"

"Oh, anything," said Wilson. "Simply anything."

They are, he thought, the hardest in the world; the hardest, the cruelest, the most predatory, and the most attractive; and their men have softened or gone to pieces nervously as they have hardened. Or is it that they pick men they can handle? They can't know that much at the age they marry, he thought. This woman had told him she had been married eleven years. Well, he was grateful that he had gone through his education on American women before now; because this was a very attractive one.

"We're going after buff in the morning," he told her.

"I'm coming," she said.

"No, you're not."

"Oh, yes, I am. Mayn't I, Francis?"

"Why not stay in camp?"

"Not for anything," she said. "I wouldn't miss something like today for anything."

When she left, Wilson was thinking, when she went off to cry, she seemed a hell of a fine woman. She seemed to understand, to realize, to be hurt for him and for herself and to know how things really stood. She is away for twenty minutes, and now she is back simply enameled in that American female cruelty. They are the damnedest women. Really, the damnedest!

"We'll put on another show for you tomorrow," Francis Macomber said.

"You're not coming," Wilson said.

"You're very mistaken," she told him. "And I want *so* to see you perform again. You were lovely this morning. That is, if blowing things' heads off is lovely."

"Here's the lunch," said Wilson. "You're very merry, aren't you?"

"Why not? I didn't come out here to be dull."

"Well, it hasn't been dull," Wilson said. He could see the boulders in the river and the high bank beyond with the trees on the side where it had happened, and he remembered the morning.

"Oh, no," she said. "It's been charming. And tomorrow. You don't know how I look forward to tomorrow."

"That's eland he's offering you," Wilson said.

"They're the big cowy things that jump like hares, aren't they?"

"I suppose that describes them," Wilson said.

"It's very good meat," Macomber said.

"Did you shoot it, Francis?" she asked.

"Yes."

"They're not dangerous, are they?"

"Only if they fall on you," Wilson told her.

"I'm so glad."

"Why not let up just a little, Margot?" Macomber said, cutting the eland steak and putting some mashed potato, gravy and carrot on the down-turned fork that tined through the piece of meat.

"Tonight we'll have champagne for the lion," Wilson said. "It's a bit too hot at noon."

"Oh, the lion," Margot said. "I'd forgotten the lion!"

So, Robert Wilson thought to himself, she *is* giving him a ride, isn't she? Or do you suppose that's her idea of putting up a good show? How should a woman act when she discovers her husband is a bloody coward? She's damn cruel, but they're all cruel. They govern, of course, and to govern one has to be cruel sometimes. Still, I've seen enough of their damn terrorism.

"Have some more eland," he said to her politely.

That afternoon, late, Wilson and Macomber went out in the motorcar with the native driver and the two gunbearers. Mrs. Macomber stayed in the camp. It was too hot to go out, she said, and she was going with them in the early morning.

As they drove off, Wilson saw her standing under the big tree looking pretty rather than beautiful in her faintly rosy khaki, her dark hair drawn back off her forehead, her face as fresh, he thought, as though she were in England. She waved to them as the car went off through the swale of high grass and curved around through the trees into the small hills of orchard bush.

In the orchard bush they found a herd of impala, and leaving the car, they stalked one old ram with long, widespread horns and Macomber killed it with a very creditable shot that knocked the buck down at a good two hundred yards and sent the herd off, bounding wildly and leaping over one another's backs in long, leg-drawn-up leaps as unbelievable and as floating as those one makes sometimes in dreams.

"That was a good shot," Wilson said. "They're a small target."

"Is is a worth-while head?" Macomber asked.

"It's excellent," Wilson told him. "You shoot like that and you'll have no trouble."

"Do you think we'll find buffalo tomorrow?"

"There's a good chance of it. They feed out early in the morning, and with luck we may catch them in the open."

"I'd like to clear away that lion business," Macomber said. "It's not very pleasant to have your wife see you do something like that."

I should think it would be even more unpleasant to do it, Wilson thought, wife or no wife, or to talk about it, having done it. But he said, "I wouldn't think about that any more. Anyone could be upset by his first lion. That's all over."

But that night after dinner and a whisky and soda by the fire before going to bed, as Francis Macomber lay on his cot with the mosquito bar over him and listened to the night noises, it was not all over. It was neither all over, nor was it beginning. It was there exactly as it happened, with some parts of it indelibly emphasized, and he was miserably ashamed of it.

But more than shame he felt cold, hollow fear in him. The fear was still there like a cold, slimy hollow in all the emptiness where once, many years before, his confidence had been, and it made him feel sick. It was still there with him now.

It had started the night before when he had wakened and heard the lion roaring somewhere up the river. It was a deep sound, and at the end there were coughing grunts that made the lion seem to be just outside the tent, and when Francis Macomber woke in the night to hear it, he was afraid. He could hear his wife breathing quietly, asleep.

There was no one to tell he was afraid, nor to be afraid with him, and lying alone, he did not know the Somali proverb that says a brave man is always frightened three times by a lion: when he first sees his track, when he first hears him roar and when he first confronts him. Then, while they were eating breakfast by lantern light out in the dining tent, before the sun was up, the lion roared again, and Francis thought he was just at the edge of camp.

"Sounds like an old-timer," Robert Wilson said, look-

ing up from his kippers and coffee. "Listen to him cough."

"Is he very close?"

"A mile or so up the stream."

"Will we see him?"

"We'll have a look."

"Does his roaring carry that far? It sounds as though he were right in camp."

"Carries a hell of a long way," said Robert Wilson. "It's strange the way it carries. Hope he's a shootable cat. The boys said there was a very big one about here."

"If I get a shot, where should I hit him to stop him?" Macomber asked.

"In the shoulders," Wilson said. "In the neck, if you can make it. Shoot for bone. Break him down."

"I hope I can place it properly," Macomber said.

"You shoot very well," Wilson told him. "Take your time. Make sure of him. The first one in is the one that counts."

"What range will it be?"

"Can't tell. Lion has something to say about that. Don't shoot unless it's close enough so you can make sure."

"At under a hundred yards?" Macomber asked.

Wilson looked at him quickly. "Hundred's about right. Might have to take him a bit under. Shouldn't chance a shot at much over that. A hundred's a decent range. You can hit him wherever you want, at that. Here comes the Memsahib."

"Good morning," she said. "Are we going after that lion?"

"As soon as you deal with your breakfast," Wilson said. "How are you feeling?"

"Marvelous," she said. "I'm very excited."

"I'll just go and see that everything is ready." Wilson went off. As he left, the lion roared again. "Noisy beggar," Wilson said. "We'll put a stop to that."

"What's the matter, Francis?" his wife asked him.

"Nothing," Macomber said.

"Yes, there is," she said. "What are you upset about?"

"Nothing," he said.

"Tell me." She looked at him. "Don't you feel well?"

"It's that damned roaring," he said. "It's been going on all night, you know."

"Why didn't you wake me?" she said. "I'd love to have heard it."

"I've got to kill the damned thing," Macomber said miserably.

"Well, that's what you're out here for, isn't it?"

"Yes. But I'm nervous. Hearing the thing roar gets on my nerves."

"Well, then, as Wilson said, kill him and stop his roaring."

"Yes, darling," said Francis Macomber. "It sounds easy, doesn't it?"

"You're not afraid, are you?"

"Of course not. But I'm nervous from hearing him roar all night."

"You'll kill him marvelously," she said. "I know you will. I'm awfully anxious to see it."

"Finish your breakfast and we'll be starting."

"It's not light yet," she said. "This is a ridiculous hour."

Just then the lion roared in a deep-chested moaning, a suddenly guttural ascending vibration that seemed to shake the air and ended in a sigh and a heavy, deep-chested grunt.

"He sounds almost here," Macomber's wife said.

"My God!" said Macomber. "I hate that damned noise."

"It's very impressive."

"Impressive! It's frightful."

Robert Wilson came up then carrying his short, ugly, shockingly big-bored .505 Gibbs and grinning.

"Come on," he said. "Your gunbearer has your Springfield and the big gun. Everything's in the car. Have you solids?"

"Yes."

"I'm ready," Mrs. Macomber said.

"Must make him stop that racket," Wilson said. "You get in front. The Memsahib can sit back here with me."

They climbed into the motorcar and in the gray first daylight moved off up the river through the trees. Macomber opened the breech of his rifle and saw he had metal-cased bullets, shut the bolt and put the rifle on safety. He saw his hand was trembling.

He felt in his pocket for more cartridges and moved his fingers over the cartridges in the loops of his tunic front. He turned back to where Wilson sat in the rear seat of the doorless box-bodied motorcar beside his wife, saw them both grinning with excitement, and Wilson leaned forward and whispered:

"See the birds dropping. Means the old boy has left his kill."

On the far bank of the stream Macomber could see, above the trees, vultures circling and plummeting down.

"Chances are he'll come to drink along here," Wilson whispered, "before he goes to lay up. Keep an eye out."

They were driving slowly along the high bank of the stream, which here cut deeply to its boulder-filled bed, and they wound in and out through big trees as they drove. Macomber was watching the opposite bank when he felt Wilson take hold of his arm. The car stopped.

"There he is," he heard the whisper. "Ahead and to the right. Get out and take him. He's a marvelous lion."

Macomber saw the lion now. He was standing almost broadside, his great head up and turned toward them. The early morning breeze that blew toward them was just stirring his dark mane, and the lion looked huge, silhouetted on the rise of bank in the gray morning light, his shoulders heavy, his barrel of a body bulking smoothly.

"How far is he?" asked Macomber, raising his rifle.

"About seventy-five. Get out and take him."

"Why not shoot from where I am?"

"You don't shoot them from cars," he heard Wilson saying. "Get out. He's not going to stay there all day."

Macomber stepped out of the curved opening at the side of the front seat, onto the step, and down onto the ground. The lion still stood looking majestically and coolly toward this object that his eyes only showed in silhouette, bulking like some super-rhino.

There was no man smell carried toward him, and he watched the object, moving his great head a little from side to side. Then, watching the object, not afraid, but hesitating before going down the bank to drink with such a thing opposite him, he saw a man-figure detach itself from it, and he turned his heavy head and swung away toward the cover of the trees as he heard a cracking crash and felt the slam of a .30-06, 220-grain solid bullet that bit his flank and ripped in sudden, hot, scalding nausea through his stomach.

He trotted, heavy, big-footed, swinging wounded full-bellied through the trees toward the tall grass and cover, and the crash came again, to go past him ripping the air apart. Then he crashed again and he felt the blow as it hit his lower ribs and ripped on through, blood sudden, hot and frothy in his mouth, and he galloped toward the high grass where he could crouch and not be seen and make them bring the crashing thing close enough so he could make a rush and get the man that held it.

As Macomber got out of the car, he had not thought

how the lion felt. He only knew his hands were shaking and, as he walked away from the car, it was almost impossible for him to make his legs move. They were stiff in the thighs, but he could feel the muscles fluttering. He raised the rifle, sighted on the junction of the lion's head and shoulders and pulled the trigger. Nothing happened, though he pulled until he thought his finger would break. Then he knew he had the safety on, and as he lowered the rifle to move the safety over, he moved another frozen pace forward, and the lion, seeing his silhouette now clear of the silhouette of the car, turned and started off at a trot.

As Macomber fired, he heard a *whunk* that meant that the bullet was home; but the lion kept on going. Macomber shot again, and everyone saw the bullet throw a spout of dirt beyond the trotting lion. He shot again, remembering to lower his aim, and they all heard the bullet hit, and the lion went into a gallop and was in the tall grass before he had the bolt pushed forward.

Macomber stood there feeling sick at his stomach, his hands that held the Springfield still cocked, shaking and his wife and Robert Wilson were standing by him. Beside him too, were the two gunbearers chattering in Wakamba.

"I hit him," Macomber said. "I hit him twice."

"You gut-shot him, and you hit him somewhere forward," Wilson said without enthusiasm.

The gunbearers looked very grave. They were silent now.

"You may have killed him," Wilson went on. "He's got into a bad place, though."

"Why is it bad?"

"Can't see him until you're on him."

"Oh," said Macomber.

"Come on," said Wilson. "The Memsahib can stay here in the car. We'll go to have a look at the blood spoor."

"Stay here, Margot," Macomber said to his wife. His mouth was very dry, and it was hard for him to talk.

"Why?" she asked.

"Wilson says to."

"We're going to have a look," Wilson said. "You stay here. You can see even better from here."

"All right."

Wilson spoke in Swahili to the driver. He nodded and said, "Yes, Bwana."

Then they went down the steep bank and across the stream, climbing over and around the boulders and up the other bank, pulling up by some projecting roots, and along it until they found where the lion had been trotting when Macomber first shot. There was dark blood on the short grass that the gunbearers pointed out with grass stems, and as they followed this toward the swale of high grass that ran away behind the riverbank trees, the gunbearers on each side of the trail pointing down to each spot with their grass stems, they found a trail of spatters of light red frothy blood that led into the high grass.

"It's as I said," said Wilson, looking over the high grass. "You gut-shot him and you hit him forward. He may be dead in there now; or he may be lying doggo waiting for us." He took out his tobacco pouch and filled a pipe.

"What do we do?" asked Macomber.

"Not much choice," said Wilson. "We can't bring the car over. Bank's too steep. We'll let him stiffen up a bit, and then you and I'll go in and have a look for him."

"Can't we set the grass on fire?" Macomber asked.

"Too green."

"Can't we send beaters?"

Wilson looked at him appraisingly. "Of course we can," he said. "But it's just a touch murderous. You see, we know the lion's wounded. You can drive an unwounded lion—he'll move on ahead of a noise—but a wounded lion's going to charge. You can't see him until you're right on him. He'll make himself perfectly flat in cover you wouldn't think would hide a hare. You can't very well send boys in there to that sort of a show. Somebody's bound to get mauled."

"What about the gunbearers?"

"Oh, they'll go with us. It's their *shauri*. You see, they signed on for it. They don't look too happy, though, do they?"

"I don't want to go in there," said Macomber. It was out before he knew he'd said it.

"Neither do I," said Wilson very cheerily. "Really no choice, though." Then, as an afterthought, he glanced at Macomber and saw suddenly how he was trembling and the pitiful look on his face. "You don't have to go in, of course," he said. "That's what I'm hired for, you know. That's why I'm so expensive."

"You mean you'd go in by yourself? Why not leave him there?"

Robert Wilson, whose entire occupation had been with the lion and the problem he presented, and who had not been thinking about Macomber except to note that he was rather windy, suddenly felt as though he had opened the wrong door in a hotel and seen something shameful.

"What do you mean?"

"Why not just leave him?"

"You mean, pretend to ourselves he hasn't been hit?"

"No. Just drop it."

"It isn't done."

"Why not?"

"For one thing, he's certain to be suffering. For another, someone else might run onto him."

"I see."

"But you don't have to have anything to do with it."

"I'd like to," Macomber said. "I'm just scared, you know."

"I'll go ahead when we go in," Wilson said, "with old Kongoni tracking. You keep behind me and a little to one side. Chances are we'll hear him growl. If we see him, we'll both shoot. Don't worry about anything. I'll keep you backed up . . . As a matter of fact, you know, perhaps you'd better not go. It might be much better. Why don't you join the Memsahib while I just get it over with?"

"No, I want to go."

"All right," said Wilson. "But don't go in if you don't want to. This is my *shauri* now, you know."

"I want to go," said Macomber.

They sat under a tree and smoked.

"Want to go back and speak to the Memsahib while we're waiting?" Wilson asked.

"No."

"I'll just step back and tell her to be patient."

"Good," said Macomber. He sat there, sweating under his arms, his mouth dry, his stomach hollow-feeling, wanting to find courage to tell Wilson to go on and finish off the lion without him. He could not know that Wilson was furious because he had not noticed the state he was in earlier and sent him back to his wife.

While he sat there, Wilson came up. "I have your big gun," he said. "Take it. We've given him time, I think. Come on." Macomber took the big gun, and Wilson said: "Keep behind me and about five yards to the right, and do exactly as I tell you." Then he spoke in Swahili to the two gunbearers, who looked the picture of gloom. "Let's go," he said.

"Could I have a drink of water?" Macomber asked,

and Wilson spoke to the older gunbearer, who wore a canteen on his belt. The man unbuckled it, unscrewed the top and handed it to Macomber, who took it, noticing how heavy it seemed and how hairy and shoddy the felt covering was in his hand. He raised it to drink and looked ahead at the high grass with the flat-topped trees behind it. A breeze was blowing toward them, and the grass rippled gently in the wind. He looked at the gunbearer, and he could see the gunbearer was suffering, too, with fear.

Thirty-five yards into the grass the big lion lay flattened out along the ground. His ears were back, and his only movement was a slight twitching up and down of his long, black-tufted tail. He had turned at bay as soon as he had reached this cover, and he was sick with the wound through his full belly, and weakening with the wound through his lungs that brought a thin foamy red to his mouth each time he breathed. His flanks were wet and hot, and flies were on the little openings the solid bullets had made in his tawny hide, and his big yellow eyes, narrowed with hate and with pain, looked straight ahead, only blinking when the pain came as he breathed. His claws were dug deep in the soft-baked earth.

All of him—pain, sickness, hatred and all his remaining strength—was tightened into an absolute concentration for a rush. He could hear the men talking, and he waited, gathering all of himself into this preparation for a charge as soon as the men should come into the grass. As he heard their voices coming, his tail stiffened to twitch up and down, and as they came to the edge of the grass, he made a coughing grunt and charged.

With Kongoni, the old gunbearer, in the lead watching the blood spoor, Wilson watching the grass for any movement, his big gun ready, the second gunbearer looking ahead and listening, Macomber close to Wilson, his rifle cocked, they had just moved into the grass when Macomber heard the blood-choked coughing grunt and saw the swishing rush in the grass. The next thing he knew he was running; running wildly, in panic in the open, running toward the stream.

He heard the *ca-ra-wong!* of Wilson's big rifle, and again in a second crashing *carawong!* and, turning, saw the lion, horrible-looking now, with half his head seeming to be gone, crawling toward Wilson at the edge of the tall grass while the red-faced man worked the bolt on the short ugly rifle and aimed carefully as another blasting CARAWONG! came from the muzzle, and the crawling, heavy yellow bulk of the lion stiffened and the huge mutilated head slid forward, and Macomber, standing by himself in the clearing where he had run, holding a loaded rifle, while two black men and a white man looked back at him in contempt, knew the lion was dead. He came toward Wilson, his tallness seeming a naked reproach, and Wilson looked at him and said: "Want to take pictures?"

"No," he answered.

That was all anyone had said until they reached the motorcar. Then Wilson had said: "Hell of a fine lion. Boys will skin him out. We might as well stay here in the shade."

Macomber's wife had not looked at him nor he at her, and he had sat by her in the back seat with Wilson sitting in the front seat. Once he had reached over and taken his wife's hand without looking at her, and she had removed her hand from his. Looking across the stream to where the gunbearers were skinning out the lion, he could see that she had been able to see the whole thing. While they sat there his wife had reached forward and put her hand on Wilson's shoulder. He turned, and she had leaned forward over the low seat and kissed him on the mouth.

"Oh, I say!" said Wilson, going redder than his natural baked color.

"Mr. Robert Wilson," she said. "The beautiful red-faced Mr. Robert Wilson."

Then she sat down beside Macomber again and looked away across the stream to where the lion lay, with uplifted, white-muscled, tendon-marked naked forearms and white bloating belly, as the black men fleshed away the skin. Finally the gunbearers brought the skin over, wet and heavy, and climbed in behind with it, rolling it up before they got in. The motorcar started. No one had said anything more until they were back in camp.

That was the story of the lion. Macomber did not know how the lion had felt before he started his rush, nor during it when the unbelievable smash of the .505 with a muzzle energy of two tons had hit him in the mouth; nor what kept him coming after that, when the second ripping crash had smashed his hindquarters and he had come crawling on toward the crashing, blasting thing that had destroyed him. Wilson knew something about it and only expressed it by saying, "Damned fine lion," but Macomber did not know how Wilson felt about things, either. He did not know how his wife felt, except that she was through with him. His wife had been through with him before but it never lasted. He was very wealthy, and would be much wealthier, and he knew she would not leave him ever, now. That was one of the few things that he really knew. He knew about that; about motorcycles, that was earliest; about motorcars; about duck shooting; about fishing—trout, salmon and big sea; about sex in books, many books, too many books; about all court games; about dogs; not much about horses; about hanging on to his money; about most of the other things his world dealt in; and about his wife not leaving him.

His wife had been a great beauty, and she was still a great beauty in Africa, but she was not a great-enough beauty any more at home to be able to leave him and better herself; and she knew it, and he knew it. She had missed the chance to leave him, and he knew it. If he had been better with women, she would probably have started to worry about his getting another new beautiful wife; but she knew too much about him to worry about him, either.

Also, he had always had a great tolerance, which seemed the nicest thing about him if it were not the most sinister. All in all, they were known as a comparatively happily married couple, one of those whose disruption is often rumored but never occurs, and as the society columnist put it they were adding more than a spice of ADVENTURE to their much-envied and ever-enduring ROMANCE by a SAFARI in what was known as DARKEST AFRICA until the MARTIN JOHNSONS lighted it on so many silver screens where they were pursuing OLD SIMBA the lion, the buffalo, TEMBO the elephant, and, as well, collecting specimens for the MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

This same columnist had reported them ON THE VERGE at least three times in the past, and they had been. But they always made it up. They had a sound basis of union. Margot was too beautiful for Macomber to divorce her; and Macomber had too much money for Margot ever to leave him.

It was now about three o'clock in the morning and Francis Macomber, who had been asleep a little while after he had stopped thinking about the lion, had wakened and then slept again, woke suddenly, frightened in a dream of the bloody-headed lion standing over him, and, listening, while his heart pounded, he

realized that his wife was not in the other cot in the tent. He lay awake with that knowledge for two hours.

At the end of that time his wife came into the tent, lifted her mosquito bar and crawled cosily into bed.

"Where have you been?" Macomber asked in the darkness.

"Hello," she said. "Are you awake?"

"Where have you been?"

"I just went out to get a breath of air."

"You did like hell."

"What do you want me to say, darling?"

"Where have you been?"

"Out to get a breath of air."

"That's a new name for it."

"Well, you're a coward."

"All right," he said. "What of it?"

"Nothing as far as I'm concerned. But please let's not talk, darling, because I'm very sleepy."

"You think that I'll take anything."

"I know you will, sweet."

"Well, I won't."

"Please, darling, let's not talk. I'm so very sleepy."

"There wasn't going to be any of that. You promised there wouldn't be."

"Well, there is now," she said sweetly.

"You said if we made this trip that there would be none of that. You promised."

"Yes, darling. That's the way I meant it to be. But the trip was spoiled yesterday. We don't have to talk about it, do we?"

"You don't wait long when you have an advantage, do you?"

"Please let's not talk. I'm so sleepy, darling."

"I'm going to talk."

"Don't mind me, then, because I'm going to sleep." And she did.

At breakfast they were all three at the table before daylight, and Francis Macomber found that, of all the many men that he had hated, he hated Robert Wilson the most.

"Sleep well?" Wilson asked in his throaty voice, filling a pipe.

"Did you?"

"Topping," the white hunter told him.

You bastard, thought Macomber.

So she woke him when she came in, Wilson thought, looking at them both with his flat, cold eyes. Well, why doesn't he keep his wife where she belongs? What does he think I am, a plaster saint? Let him keep her where she belongs. It's his own fault.

"Do you think we'll find buffalo?" Margot asked, pushing away a dish of apricots.

"Chance of it," Wilson said and smiled at her. "Why don't you stay in camp?"

"Not for anything," she told him.

"Why not order her to stay in camp?" Wilson said to Macomber.

"You order her," said Macomber coldly.

"Let's not have any ordering, nor," turning to Macomber, "any silliness, Francis," Margot said quite pleasantly.

"Are you ready to start?" Macomber asked.

"Any time," Wilson told him. "Do you want the Memsahib to go?"

"Does it make any difference whether I do or not?"

The hell with it! thought Robert Wilson. The utter complete hell with it. So this is what it's going to be like. Well, this is what it's going to be like, then.

"Makes no difference," he said.

"You're sure you wouldn't like to stay in camp with her yourself and let me go out and hunt the buffalo?" Macomber asked.

"Can't do that," said Wilson. "Wouldn't talk rot if I were you."

"I'm not talking rot. I'm disgusted."

"Bad word, disgusted."

"Francis, will you please try to speak sensibly?" his wife said.

"I speak too damned sensibly," Macomber said. "Did you ever eat such filthy food?"

"Something wrong with the food?" asked Wilson.

"No more than with everything else."

"Pull yourself together, laddybuck," Wilson said very quietly. "There's a boy waits at table that understands a little English."

"The hell with him!"

Wilson stood up and puffing on his pipe strolled away, speaking a few words in Swahili to one of the gunbearers who was standing waiting for him. Macomber and his wife sat on at the table. He was staring at his coffee cup.

"If you make a scene I'll leave you, darling," Margot said quietly.

"No, you won't."

"You can try it and see."

"You won't leave me."

"No," she said. "I won't leave you, and you'll behave yourself."

"Behave myself? That's a way to talk. Behave myself."

"Yes. Behave yourself."

"Why don't *you* try behaving?"

"I've tried it so long. So very long."

"I hate that red-faced swine," Macomber said. "I loathe the sight of him."

"He's really *very* nice."

"Oh, *shut up!*" Macomber almost shouted. Just then the car came up and stopped in front of the dining tent, and the driver and the two gunbearers got out. Wilson walked over and looked at the husband and wife sitting there at the table. "Going shooting?" he asked.

"Yes," said Macomber, standing up. "Yes."

"Better bring a woolly. It will be cool in the car," Wilson said.

"I'll get my leather jacket," Margot said.

"The boy has it," Wilson told her. He climbed into the front with the driver, and Francis Macomber and his wife sat, not speaking, in the back seat.

Hope the silly beggar doesn't take a notion to blow the back of my head off, Wilson thought to himself. Women *are* a nuisance on safari.

The car was grinding down to cross the river at a pebbly ford, and then climbed, in the gray daylight, angling up the steep bank where Wilson had ordered a way shoveled the day before, so they could reach the parklike wooded rolling country on the far side.

It was a good morning, Wilson thought. There was a heavy dew, and as the wheels went through the grass and low bushes he could smell the odor of the crushed fronds. It was an odor like verbena, and he liked this early morning smell of the dew, the crushed bracken and the look of the tree trunks showing black through the early morning mist, as the car made its way through the untracked, parklike country.

He had put the two in the back seat out of his mind now and was thinking about buffalo. The buffalo that he was after stayed, in the daytime, in a thick swamp where it was impossible to get a shot; but in the night they fed out in an open stretch of country and, if he could come between them and their swamp with the car, Macomber would have a good chance at them in the open.

He did not want to hunt buff with Macomber in thick cover. He did not want to hunt buff or anything else

with Macomber, but he was a professional hunter and he had hunted with some rare ones in his time. If they got buff today there would only be rhino to come, and the poor man would have gone through his dangerous game and things might pick up. He'd have nothing more to do with the woman, and Macomber would get over that, too. He must have gone through plenty of that before, by the look of things. Poor beggar. He must have a way of getting over it.

Well, it was the poor sod's own bloody fault. He, Robert Wilson, carried a cot on safari to accommodate any windfalls he might receive. He had hunted with a certain clientele, the international fast sporting set. He despised them when he was away from them, although he liked some of them well enough at the time; but he made his living by them, and their standards were his standards as long as they were hiring him. They were his standards in all except the shooting.

He had his own standards about the killing, and they could live up to them or get someone else to hunt with them. He knew, too, that they all respected him for this. This Macomber was an odd one, though. Damned if he wasn't. Now the wife. Well, the wife. Yes, the wife. Hm, the wife. Well, he'd dropped all that.

He looked around at them. Macomber sat grim and furious. Margot smiled at him. She looked younger today, more innocent and fresher, and not so professionally beautiful. What's in her heart, God knows, Wilson thought. She hadn't talked much last night. At that it was a pleasure to see her.

The motorcar climbed up a slight rise and went on through the trees and then out into a grassy prairie-like opening and kept in the shelter of the trees along the edge, the driver going slowly, and Wilson looking carefully out across the prairie and all along its far side. He stopped the car and studied the opening with his field glasses. Then he motioned to the driver to go on, and the car moved slowly along, the driver avoiding wart-hog holes and driving around the mud castles ants had built. Then, looking across the opening, Wilson suddenly turned and said: "By God, there they are!"

And looking where he pointed, while the car jumped forward and Wilson spoke in rapid Swahili to the driver, Macomber saw three huge black animals looking almost cylindrical in their long heaviness, like big black tank cars, moving at a gallop across the far edge of the open prairie. They moved at a stiff-necked, stiff-bodied gallop and he could see the upswept wide black horns on their heads as they galloped, heads out; the heads not moving.

"They're three old bulls," Wilson said. "We'll cut them off before they get to the swamp."

The car was going a wild forty-five miles an hour across the open, and as Macomber watched, the buffalo got bigger and bigger until he could see the gray, hairless, scabby look of one huge bull and how his neck was a part of his shoulders and the shiny black of his horns as he galloped a little behind the others that were strung out in that steady plunging gait. And then, the car swaying as though it had just jumped a road, they drew up close and he could see the plunging hugeness of the bull, and the dust in his sparsely haired hide, the wide boss of horn and his outstretched, wide-nostriled muzzle, and he was raising his rifle, when Wilson shouted, "Not from the car, you fool!" and he had no fear, only hatred of Wilson, while the brakes clamped on and the car skidded, plowing sideways almost to a stop, and Wilson was out on one side and he on the other, stumbling as his feet hit the still speeding-by of the earth.

And then he was shooting at the bull as he moved away, hearing the bullets whunk into him, emptying his rifle at him as he moved steadily away, finally remembering to get his shots forward into the shoulder, and as he fumbled to reload, he saw the bull was down. Down on his knees, his big head tossing, and seeing the other two still galloping, he shot at the leader and hit him. He shot again and missed and he heard the *carawonging* roar as Wilson shot and saw the leading bull slide forward onto his nose.

"Get that other," Wilson said. "Now you're shooting!" But the other bull was moving steadily at the same gallop and he missed, throwing a spout of dirt, and Wilson missed and the dust rose in a cloud, and Wilson shouted, "Come on! He's too far!" and grabbed his arm and they were in the car again, Macomber and Wilson hanging on the sides and rocketing over the uneven ground, drawing up on the steady, plunging, heavy-necked, straight-moving gallop of the bull.

They were behind him and Macomber was filling his rifle, dropping shells onto the ground, jamming it, clearing the jam; then they were almost up with the bull when Wilson yelled, "Stop!" and the car skidded so that it almost swung over, and Macomber fell forward onto his feet, slammed his bolt forward and fired as far forward as he could aim into the galloping, rounded black back, aimed and shot again, then again, then again, and the bullets, all of them hitting, had no effect on the buffalo that he could see. Then Wilson shot, the roar deafening him, and he could see the bull stagger. Macomber shot again, aiming carefully, and down the bull came, onto his knees.

"All right," Wilson said. "Nice work. That's the three."

Macomber felt a drunken elation. "How many times did you shoot?" he asked.

"Just three," Wilson said. "You killed the first bull. The biggest one. I helped you finish the other two. Afraid they might have got into cover. You had them killed. I was just mopping up a little. You shot damn well."

"Let's go to the car," said Macomber. "I want a drink."

"Got to finish off that buff first," Wilson told him. The buffalo was on his knees, and he jerked his head furiously and bellowed in pig-eyed, head-tossing, roaring rage as they came toward him.

"Watch he doesn't get up," Wilson said. Then, "Get a little broadside and take him in the neck just behind the ear."

Macomber aimed carefully at the center of the huge jerking rage-driven neck and shot. At the shot the head dropped forward.

"That does it," said Wilson. "Got the spine. They're a hell of a looking thing, aren't they?"

"Let's get the drink," said Macomber. In his life he had never felt so good.

In the car Macomber's wife sat, very white-faced. "You were marvelous, darling," she said to Macomber. "What a ride!"

"Was it rough?" Wilson asked.

"It was frightful. I've never been more frightened in my life."

"Let's all have a drink," Macomber said.

"By all means," said Wilson. "Give it to the Memsahib." She drank the neat whisky from the flask and shuddered a little when she swallowed. She handed the flask to Macomber, who handed it to Wilson.

"It was frightfully exciting," she said. "It's given me a dreadful headache. I didn't know you were allowed to shoot them from cars, though."

"No one shot from cars," said Wilson coldly.

"I mean, chase them from cars."

"Wouldn't ordinarily," Wilson said. "Seemed sporting enough to me, though, while we were doing it. Taking

more chance driving that way across the plain full of holes and one thing and another than hunting on foot. Buffalo could have charged us each time we got out and shot if he liked. Gave him every chance. Wouldn't mention it to anyone, though. It's illegal, if that's what you mean."

"It seemed very unfair to me," Margo said, "chasing those big helpless things in a motorcar."

"Did it?" said Wilson.

"What would happen if they heard about it in Nairobi?"

"I'd lose my license, for one thing. Other unpleasantnesses," Wilson said, taking a drink from the flask. "I'd be out of business."

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

"Well," said Macomber, and he smiled for the first time all day. "Now she has something on you."

"You have such a pretty way of putting things, Francis," Margot Macomber said.

Wilson looked at them both. If a four-letter man marries a five-letter woman, he was thinking, what number of letter would their children be? What he said was:

"We lost a gunbearer. Did you notice it?"

"My God, no," Macomber said.

"Here he comes," Wilson said. "He's all right. He must have fallen off when we left the first bull."

Approaching them was the middle-aged gunbearer, limping along in his knitted cap, khaki tunic, shorts and sandals cut from old motor tires, gloomy-faced and disgusted-looking. As he came up, he called out to Wilson in Swahili and they all saw the change in the white hunter's face.

"What does he say?" asked Margot.

"He says the first bull got up and went into the bush," Wilson said with no expression in his voice.

"Oh," said Macomber blankly.

"Then it's going to be just like the lion," said Margot.

"It's not going to be a damned bit like the lion," Wilson told her. "Did you want another drink, Macomber?"

"Thanks, yes," Macomber said. He expected the feeling he had had about the lion to come back but it did not. For the first time in his life he felt really wholly without fear. Where the fear had always been, he had a feeling of definite elation.

"We'll go and have a look at the second bull," Wilson said. "I'll tell the driver to put the car in the shade."

"What are you going to do?" asked Margaret Macomber.

"Take a look at the buff," Wilson said.

"I'll come."

"Come along."

The three of them walked over to where the second buffalo bulked blackly in the open, head forward on the grass, the massive horns swung wide.

"He's a very good head," Wilson said. "That's close to a fifty-inch spread."

Macomber was looking down at him with delight.

"He's hateful-looking," said Margot. "Can't we go into the shade?"

"Of course," Wilson said. "Look," he said to Macomber, and pointed. "See that patch of bush?"

"Yes."

"That's where the first bull went in. The gunbearer said when he fell off the bull was down. He was watching us helling along and the other two buff galloping. When he looked up there was the bull up and looking at him. Gunbearer ran like hell, and the bull went off slowly into that bush."

"Can we go in after him now?" asked Macomber eagerly.

Wilson looked at him appraisingly. Damned if this isn't a strange one! he thought. Yesterday he's scared sick, and today he's a ruddy fire-eater.

"No, we'll give him a while."

"Let's please go into the shade," Margot said. Her face was white, and she looked ill.

They made their way to the car where it stood under a single wide-spreading tree, and all climbed in.

"Chances are he's dead in there," Wilson remarked. "After a little we'll have a look."

Macomber felt a wild unreasonable happiness that he had never known before. "By God, that was a chase!" he said. "I've never felt any such feeling. Wasn't it marvelous, Margot?"

"I hated it," she said bitterly. "I loathed it."

"You know, I don't think I'd ever be afraid of anything again," Macomber said to Wilson. "Something happened in me after we first saw the buff and started after them—when I hit the ground the first time. Like a dam bursting. It was pure excitement."

"Cleans out your liver," said Wilson. "Damn funny things happen to people."

Macomber's face was shining. "You know, something did happen to me," he said. "I feel absolutely different."

His wife said nothing and eyed him strangely. She was sitting far back in the seat, and Macomber was sitting forward talking to Wilson, who was turned sideways talking over the back of the front seat.

"You know, I'd like to try another lion," Macomber said. "I'm really not afraid of them now. After all, what can they do to you?"

"That's it," said Wilson. "Worst one can do is kill you. How does it go? Shakespeare. Damned good. See if I can remember. Oh, damned good. Used to quote it to myself at one time. Let's see. 'By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once: we owe God a death; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.' Damned fine, eh?"

He was very embarrassed, having brought out this thing that he had lived by, but he had seen men come of age before and it always moved him. It was not a matter of their twenty-first birthday. It had taken a strange chance of hunting, a sudden precipitation into action without opportunity for worrying beforehand, to bring this about with Macomber; but regardless of how it had happened, it had most certainly happened.

Look at the beggar now, Wilson thought. It's that some of them stay little boys so long, Wilson thought. Sometimes all their lives. Their figures stay boyish when they're fifty. The great American boy-men. Damned strange people. But he liked this Macomber now. Damned strange fellow. Probably meant the end of cuckoldry, too. Well, that would be a damned good thing. Beggar had probably been afraid all his life. Don't know what started it. Any number of things might start it. But over now. Hadn't had time to be afraid with the buff. That and being angry, too.

Motorcar, too. Motorcars made it familiar. Be a damn fire-eater now. He'd seen it work the same way in the war. More of a change than any loss of virginity. Fear gone like an operation. Something else grew in its place. Main thing a man had. Made him into a man. Women knew it, too. No bloody fear.

From the far corner of the seat Margaret Macomber looked at the two of them. There was no change in Wilson. She saw Wilson as she had seen him the day before when she had first realized what his great talent was. But she saw the change in Francis Macomber now.

"Do you have that feeling of happiness about what's going to happen?" Macomber asked, still exploring his new wealth.

"You're not supposed to mention it," Wilson said,

looking at the other's face. "Much more fashionable to say you're scared. You'll be scared too, plenty of times."

He was thinking to himself. I've seen it happen the other way too. Seen the damn fire-eaters go to pieces too. Man's a damned odd animal. Woman's much more consistent.

"But you *have* a feeling of happiness about action to come?" Macomber insisted.

"Yes," said Wilson. "There's that. Doesn't do to talk too much about all this. Talk the whole thing away. No pleasure in anything if you mouth it up too much."

"You're both talking rot," said Margot. "Just because you've chased some helpless animals in a motorcar you talk like heroes."

"Sorry," said Wilson. "I have been gassing too much." She's worried already, he thought.

"If you don't know what we're talking about, why not keep out of it?" Macomber asked his wife.

"You've gotten awfully brave awfully suddenly," his wife said contemptuously, but her contempt was not secure. She was very afraid of something.

Macomber laughed, a natural hearty laugh. "You know I *have*," he said. "I really have."

"Isn't it sort of late?" Margot said bitterly. She had done the best she could for many years, and the way they were together now was no one person's fault.

"Not for me," said Macomber.

Margot said nothing, but sat back in the corner of the seat.

"Do you think we've given him time enough?" Macomber asked Wilson cheerfully.

"We might have a look," Wilson said. "Have you any solids left?"

"The gunbearer has some."

Wilson called in Swahili and the older gunbearer pulled a box of solids out his pocket and brought them over to Macomber, who filled his magazine and put the remaining shells in his pocket.

"You might as well shoot the Springfield," Wilson said. "You're used to it. We'll leave the Mannlicher in the car with the Memsahib. Your gunbearer can carry your heavy gun. I've this damned cannon. Now, let me tell you about them." He had saved this until the last because he did not want to worry Macomber. "When a buff comes, he comes with his head high and thrust straight out. The boss of the horns covers any sort of a brain shot. The only shot is straight into the nose. The only other shot is into his chest or, if you're to one side, into the neck or the shoulders. After they've been hit once, they take a hell of a lot of killing. Don't try anything fancy. Take the easiest shot. They've finished skinning out that head now. Should we get started?"

He called to the gunbearers, who came up wiping their hands, and the older one got into the back.

"I'll only take Kongoni," Wilson said. "The other can watch to keep the birds away."

As the car moved slowly across the open space toward the island of brushy trees that ran in a tongue of foliage along a dry watercourse, Macomber felt his heart pounding, but it was excitement, not fear.

"Here's where he went in," Wilson said. Then to the gunbearer in Swahili, "Take the blood spoor."

The car was parallel to the patch of bush. Macomber, Wilson and the gunbearer got down. Macomber, looking back, saw his wife, with the rifle by her side, looking at him. He waved to her; she did not wave back.

The brush was very thick ahead and the ground was dry. The middle-aged gunbearer was sweating heavily, and Wilson had his hat down over his eyes and his red neck showed just ahead of Macomber. The gunbearer said something in Swahili to Wilson and ran forward.

"He's dead in there," Wilson said. "Good work." He turned to grip Macomber's hand, and as they shook hands grinning at each other, the gunbearer shouted wildly and they saw him coming out of the bush sideways, fast as a crab, and the bull coming, nose out, mouth tight-closed, blood dripping, massive head straight out—coming in a charge, his little pig-eyes bloodshot.

Wilson, who was ahead, was kneeling shooting, and Macomber, as he fired, not hearing his shot in the roaring of Wilson's gun, saw fragments like slate burst from the huge boss of the horns, and the head jerked. He shot again at the wide nostrils and saw the horns jolt and fragments fly. He did not see Wilson now and, aiming carefully, shot again with the buffalo's huge bulk almost on him and his rifle almost level with the oncoming head, nose out; and he could see the little wicked eyes and the head started to lower, and he felt a sudden white-hot, blinding flash explode inside his head, and that was all he ever felt.

Wilson had ducked to one side to get in a shoulder shot. Macomber had stood solid and shot for the nose, shooting a touch high each time and hitting the heavy horns, splintering and chipping them like hitting a slate roof, and Mrs. Macomber in the car, had shot at the buffalo with the 6.5 Mannlicher as it seemed about to gore Macomber and had hit her husband about two inches up and a little to one side of the base of his skull.

Francis Macomber lay now, face down, not two yards from where the buffalo lay on his side, and his wife knelt over him with Wilson beside her.

"I wouldn't turn him over," Wilson said. The woman was crying hysterically.

"I'd get back in the car. Where's the rifle?"

She shook her head, her face contorted. The gunbearer picked up the rifle.

"Leave it as it is," said Wilson. Then, "Go get Abdulla to witness the manner of the accident."

He knelt down, took a handkerchief from his pocket and spread it over Francis Macomber's crew-cropped head. The blood sank into the dry, loose earth.

Wilson stood up and saw the buffalo on his side, his legs out, his thinly haired belly crawling with ticks. "Hell of a good bull," his brain registered automatically. He called to the driver and told him to spread a blanket over the body and stay by it. Then he walked over to the motorcar where the woman sat crying.

"That was a pretty thing to do," he said in a toneless voice. "He *would* have left you, too."

"Stop it," she said.

"Of course it's an accident," he said. "I know that."

"Stop it," she said.

"Don't worry," he said. "There will be a certain amount of unpleasantness, but I will have some photographs taken that will be very useful at the inquest. There's the testimony of the gunbearers and the driver, too. You're perfectly all right."

"Stop it," she said.

"There's a hell of a lot to be done," he said. "And I'll have to send a truck off to the lake to wireless for a plane to take the three of us to Nairobi. Why didn't you poison him? That's what they do in England."

"Stop it. Stop it. Stop it!" the woman cried.

Wilson looked at her with his flat blue eyes. "I'm through now," he said. "I was a little angry. I'd begun to like your husband."

"Oh, please stop it," she said. "Please, please stop it."

"That's better," Wilson said. "Please is much better. Now I'll stop."

THE END

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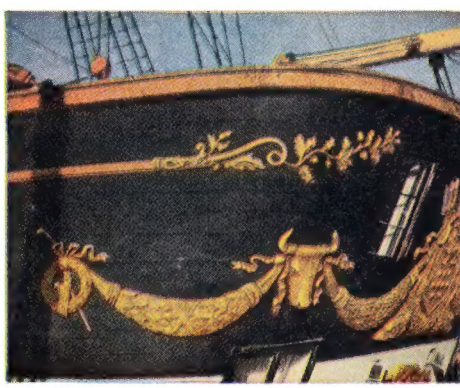

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